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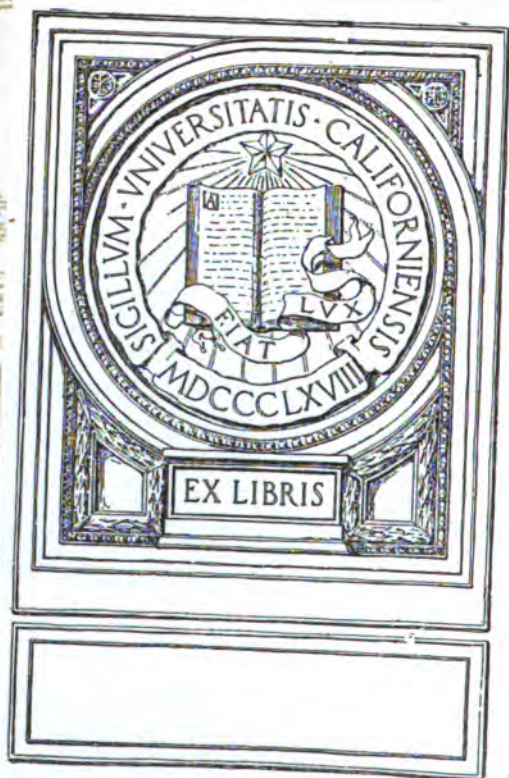
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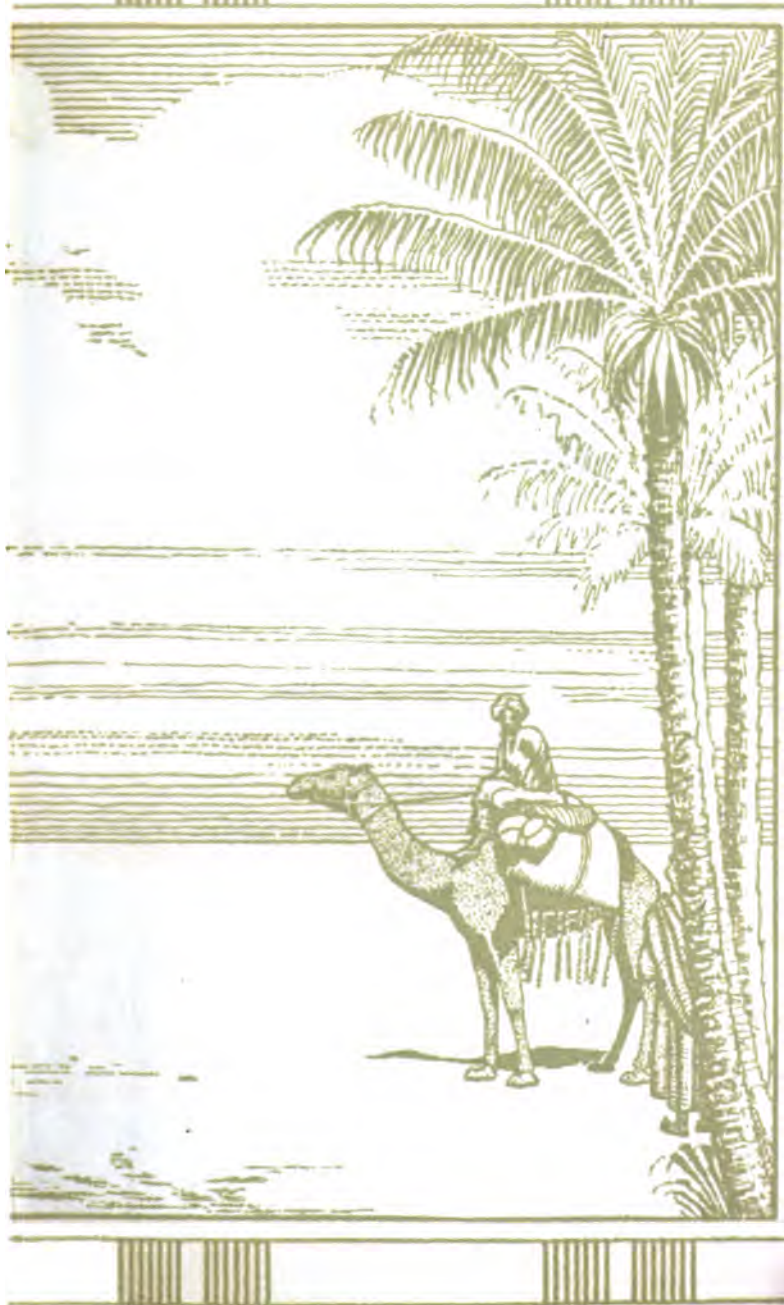
FROM
CAIRO TO THE
CATARACT



BLANCHE M. CARSON







**FROM CAIRO TO THE
CATARACT**

THEORY OF CALCULUS

TO VINI
ANNOUO



EGYPT.



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From
CAIRO
TO THE
CATARACT

BY
**BLANCHE MABURY
CARSON**

Illustrated



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TO THE
LIBRARY OF THE
CONGRESS

First Impression, March, 1909

**Electrotyped and Printed at
THE COLONIAL PRESS:
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To

My Mother

*The loving recipient and patient reader of
many long letters, this volume
is affectionately
dedicated*

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EGYPT
CAIRO TO THE CATARACT

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MILES

EGYPT

CAIRO TO THE CATARACT

TO VNU
AIRPORT

PREFACE

FOR the facts of Egyptian history the author is indebted to the following:

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FROM CAIRO TO THE CATARACT

*"S. S. Finland." Trans-Atlantic Red Star
Line. New York, November 12th, 1907.*

A STUPENDOUS roar from the whistle!

The heavy throbbing of the throttle shook the ship from stem to stern. Then came the gongs! The deafening din dulling the ears and drowning the voices. Up one side, and down the other, through salon and smoking room, upper deck, hurricane and steerage, went the stewards beating their devil's tattoo on the big brass pans, the resounding clangour warning visitors off the ship.

The leave-taking began all over again! Hurried handshakes, frantic embraces, quick kisses and repeated messages whispered in husky voices with sudden blinding of tears.

"Non-passengers ashore!" shouted the First Officer. With final pressure of hand, last caress and promise of frequent posts, the

2 FROM CAIRO TO THE CATARACT

devoted fathers and fiancés, overstaying their extra minute's grace, made a rush and a jump for the gangplank — one end already in mid-air.

The passengers lined the rails, the spectators pressed to the pier's edge, shouting last words and commissions across the increasing chasm as long as their voices carried. The dock hands hauled away the planks and let go the forward cable. Wider and wider grew the wedge of blue below between ship and wharf as the boat's bow swung out to mid-stream.

"Cast off everything!" called the Captain, and with the dropping of the hawser aft, the great leviathan floated free at last. The band burst forth with a lively air, the hundreds of friends assembled on shore waved farewell and wished Godspeed to the staunch ship and its human freight. B. and I waved answer, although we knew not a soul in that vast multitude.

"We're off! Hurrah, for Egypt and India!" B. gleefully exclaimed, while a wave of conflicting emotions swept over us — exultant expectation mingled with pathos of parting, joyful anticipation joined with vague apprehension of possible hazard on the long, long voyage over three oceans, Atlantic, Indian and Pacific, before we make home port

on the far side of the continent, the California coast.

As the pier faded to a speck, we turned for a brisk promenade down the deck, and now are dashing off these dozen lines to be mailed by the harbour pilot, who is taking us out to sea, when he goes ashore an hour hence in the sailboat waiting off Sandy Hook.

*November 16th, Mid-Atlantic,
1800 miles from New York.*

OUR ship has just been exchanging Marconigrams with six other vessels all within a radius of two hundred miles! We have learned their names, latitude and direction, and do not feel ourselves so isolated to-night as we had supposed. The Professor of our party — more of him anon — has likewise sent a message, "All well," to the Agent in New York, to be forwarded to our various homes. The aerogram is to any passing ship which, when within hailing distance, will transmit it by wireless to Sandy Hook. We feel very up-to-date, I assure you.

It is not yet two weeks since we left California, yet it seems ages. The transcontinental trip was longer and more tiresome than ever. The one interesting incident was our meeting a party of three Englishwomen, from thirty to forty years of age, who were on their way home from a tour around the world. They had envied the "conducted" parties they met, who saw all the important

sights and travelled in the most comfortable way. This was pleasant news to us, just booked for a party starting on the grand tour, of which the trip up the Nile is merely the first chapter. Heretofore when in Europe B. and I have always gone about by ourselves, and have looked askance at the "Cookies," but India seemed so remote and so barbaric we thought best to seek the protection of a "personally conducted" party.

New York was full of life and bustle, and we were in the midst of it at the Hotel Knickerbocker. The morning after our arrival we met our Conductor, Mr. Richards — tall, gray, smiling and capable. He informed us that the "Princess Irene" of the Red Star Line had met with an accident which would prevent her sailing on schedule time. In order not to miss connection with our Nile steamer, he had taken passage for us on the "Finland," a boat of the same line, running to Antwerp. Thence we will proceed by rail via Paris to Marseilles, where we will again take ship for Egypt. Such sudden change of plan nearly took our breath away; when we found, however, that it meant no delay, but a glimpse of Europe, with a day at Paris thrown in, we considered ourselves fortunate.

Saturday, November 12th, we were up at

seven, and by nine were well on our way to the boat with bags and trunks piled high on the carriage. Mr. Richards was awaiting us and at once conducted us to our cabin.

We then met the three other members of our party. Madam Shinn, aged 77, widow of a former prominent member of the New York bar, is a lady of fine features and distinguished manners. Although slightly deaf and unable to walk far, she seems equal to the exigencies of travel. In her fur hood and long black cloak she looks like an Eskimo, while her delicate pink and white complexion is as fair and fresh as any girl's. This is her twenty-third trip across the water. Miss Martha, her daughter, middle-aged and practical, is devoted to her mother.

Lastly there is the Professor, an old friend of these ladies and most chivalrous in his attention to Madam Shinn, leading her about as tenderly as a child. He not only calls her "Honey" and "Dear" — he is from Texas — but "Sisters" us, and "Brothers" Richards and the passengers generally, to the infinite amusement of all. Soon after we were introduced, the Professor said, "Now, Richards, you take care of the young ladies and I'll look after the old ones!"

As I am a widow of forty with not a few

gray hairs, and B. has twenty-five summers to her credit, we smiled at the joke. We are already known as the Professor's party, and the deck-steward has labelled all our chairs with his name.

At luncheon the first day out a small side table was assigned us, over which the Professor willingly presided. Pale, slight, of medium height, with jet black hair and piercing eyes, he is a man of rare intelligence and charms with his brilliant conversation. Every meal is a feast; we sit long after the other tables are cleared, and our steward has now learned to be patient. The Professor has made some records in mountain climbing, and had many hairbreadth escapes, all of which he relates with spirit. He has brought with him a small library of twenty or thirty volumes, and threatens to write up the trip in the form of a novel and put us all in. Every good joke goes down at once in his notebook.

Sunday morning the Captain invited the Professor to conduct service in the salon. Miss Martha, for years the soprano of her home choir, led the singing, while Mr. Richards officiated at the piano, playing the tunes by ear. In the congregation were seven young women from the second cabin going

out as missionaries to India. That afternoon the Professor prevailed upon two of them, who had been in the work several years, to tell us of their experiences in the Orient.

Their mission in India contains about 7,000 children, mostly those who had come to them during the famine, and whose parents had died from starvation rather than lose caste by eating foreign food.

One missionary told of going to the house of a Hindu to teach English to a girl of fourteen. During the lesson an old man of sixty passed through the room, whereupon her pupil immediately arose. In answer to the teacher's query as to who he was, she replied, "My husband." When asked why she was so anxious to learn English, she confessed after some hesitancy, "So that in the next life I may be born an American woman."

Although the list of passengers is small there are a number of prominent people aboard, among whom is a member of the Swedish Parliament, and his daughter, a talented singer.

Another interesting fellow-traveller, M. Fontaine, of Belgium, has written a book on Arbitration, which gives an account of all the arbitration treaties ever made. He is also musical and plays Chopin and Brahms for us.

*Grand Hotel, Paris,
November 24th.*

WE have just breakfasted, and have half an hour before taking the train for Marseilles. It has been delightful to get this glimpse of Europe and not to pass it by utterly.

Early Sunday morning as we reached the English Channel a gale struck us, driving the "Finland" toward the Dover breakwater. It took two tugs to pull her off. The ship had been rolling and pitching tremendously, but we had accepted it all as legitimate Channel weather—never suspecting how near to disaster we had been.

The voyage up the Scheldt in the late afternoon under a gray brooding sky was most beautiful. The yellow water stretching far on either side was barred from the low level land of Holland by miles of massive dykes. Here and there, silhouetted against the sky, were clumsy Dutch windmills reaching wide arms for every chance breeze. The even growth of bordering woods, already in

mid-November, bereft of their foliage, repeated the low shore line. There was a sense of breadth and wideness in the landscape that bespoke a spirit of peace and calm. As we neared the city the long twilight with its Norse mystery gave place to the night. By the aid of the harbour signals the Captain felt his way up past buoy after buoy toward the circle of lights whose glimmering meant Antwerp. The band played a joyous air as the gang-plank was thrown out, and we once more set foot on terra firma. It took so long to get our eleven trunks together that it was eight o'clock before we reached the hotel.

Next morning when we visited the Cathedral the exquisite little wooden figures of the choir-stalls, so wonderfully carved, caused us to break the tenth commandment; after numerous inquiries we found the studio of Herr Van Windt, Antwerp's famous carver, but unfortunately all his copies had been sold, and he is now at work exclusively upon a set of forty-five figures in stone for the façade of the Cathedral.

The five o'clock evening express brought us into Paris at ten that night. The long ride from the Gare du Nord to the Grand Hotel through the brilliantly lighted streets of the French capital was most exhilarating.

Our one day in Paris lasted until long after midnight, and was spent in the Louvre Gallery, with an hour only for shopping. In the evening we heard the opera of "Salammbô," its gorgeous Egyptian *mise en scène* being a most fitting introduction to the land of the Pharaohs, whither we were bound.

The Mediterranean Sea.

Friday, November 25th.

WE took the *train de luxe* from Paris early yesterday morning and did not arrive at Marseilles until midnight. Our party filled one small first-class compartment, very luxurious for Europe, but we felt rather crowded. Madam Shinn dozed most of the time, while the rest of us listened to the Professor, who talked incessantly. He likes to solve every mystery on the spot. He told us how to calculate longitude and latitude, how to tell the speed of a train by counting the number of clicks made in twenty seconds by the cars passing over the ends of the rails; all such mathematical niceties delight him.

Our Conductor had contracted a cold. The Professor at once prescribed for him, telling him he should look after himself — some day he would die of heart failure. On the "Finland" when slightly indisposed, the Professor had called in the ship's surgeon. But when the doctor found that his patient had already taken eleven different kinds of

medicine, he refused to give him anything more. The Professor now further cheered us by saying he was very delicate, being subject to fainting spells.

"And you, Miss Martha," he added, addressing Miss Shinn, "you are so stout you will go off suddenly some day of apoplexy!"

B. and I looked at each other aghast! Was this the kind of party we two healthy women had joined in order that *we* might have some one to care for us in case of sickness in a foreign land? It did not lessen our concern to have Madam Shinn now confide to us that a few years ago she had broken two ribs on her left side, and just three weeks before sailing had fallen down stairs and broken three more on the other side.

But to return to Marseilles: On arrival we found there had been a slight fall of snow and it was very cold — yet this was southern France.

This morning sixty guests from the hotel sailed with us for Egypt. Two specials from Paris, which just made connections, added their quota of passengers.

The big court of our hotel was full of bustle and stir. By eleven o'clock trunks and steamer-chairs — the latter selected with care to last all the way round to San Francisco

—had been tossed up on top of the long buses. Mme. Shinn had sat for an hour, hooded and cloaked, awaiting impatiently the moment of departure. Finally, when fifteen of us had been tucked snugly inside, the big bus started for the docks, three quarters of an hour distant.

Our boat, a P. and O. Liner, was crowded with passengers. We stood on the upper deck and watched the belated ones arrive. The butchers' and bakers' supplies were the very last aboard—whole sides of beef and barrels of potatoes and oranges were hurried up the gangways by white-capped scullions and cooks. There was no lack of entertainment, for all the mountebanks in Marseilles with an overflow from Italy had congregated on the stone quays determined to extract our last sou.

Here and there were spread small squares of dingy red carpet on which clowns turned somersaults, athletes held wrestling matches, and girls in cheap red cotton bloomers squirmed through tiny hoops. One old man balanced on his chin a ladder to the top of which his poodle climbed, while his white-haired wife feebly played a violin. Farther on an Italian mother appealed to another group of passengers by stolidly grinding out

of an antiquated hand-organ the gay airs, "Funiculi, Funicula" and "Santa Lucia." Her two mites of children in Neapolitan dress sang the words in husky voices and held out tambourines for chance coppers. Near by a miserable woman and her three ragged children were scraping up the few gleanings of coal from a lighter just unloaded.

The ship weighed anchor promptly at twelve and left behind not only the mountebanks and numerous vendors with their strands of gay coral, but also two young women passengers who had gone ashore on the Captain's promise that he would not sail till one.

*Saturday, November 26,
The Mediterranean Sea.*

THIS is our second day out, the sea is calm, the air balmy, and all the passengers are in evidence. On the "Finland" the complexion of the ship was American; from the Mediterranean east it is decidedly British. Wives of English officers stationed in various East India colonies are returning with their children and amahs after a vacation in the mother-country. These dark, copper-skinned women in voluminous white draperies and silver anklets, their muslin veils falling backward from their glossy black hair, are fascinating figures to us — our first glimpse of the Orient. Those from Madras make the best servants. They are devoted nurses and will sit on the floor by the hour to amuse their young charges.

Our sailors are Lascars — another name for Oriental seamen — slight and small, with pointed black beards. It is a wonder such slender men can work the ropes. They are clad in white cotton trousers and long blue

cotton shirts reaching to the knee and confined at the waist by a big bandanna, the wide red fold and fluttering points showing in the back, while the other ends barely knot in front. Their small turbans are likewise red. With noiseless bare-foot tread they move about the ship and deftly and unobtrusively perform their tasks. The Lascar has almost entirely superseded the European on Eastern lines.

The boat is literally crowded, the steamer-chairs being two and three deep along the deck. Old India travellers have canopies and side-curtains of green denim over their chairs to keep out the reflection from the water, which in Oriental seas is almost as bad as the direct rays of the sun. We often see on the lower deck aft our little band of missionaries who crossed with us on the "Finland."

Our Commander has just been telling us of the exciting times in these waters a few years ago when the Russian fleet was due to pass the Canal on its way to the War with Japan. Every one was on the *qui vive* to catch a glimpse of the ships. Our Commander happened to sight the convoy several times during one voyage from England to Egypt. Various mysterious masts would suddenly appear in the western horizon, but

not liking the proximity of their big guns, he would as quickly steam beyond range.

Later he learned that this was a division of five battle-ships under command of Admiral Nebogatoff. Our Commander could easily distinguish their order. They were proceeding in double column, closely followed and surrounded astern and abeam in the form of a letter U by a British "squadron of observation" twice their strength. From the English Channel to the Pillars of Hercules ten ships of the line of King Edward's Home Fleet had "observed" the warships of the Czar. And at Gibraltar, the strangers were met by Great Britain's Mediterranean squadron, which in turn acted as "escort of observation" the remainder of the way to Port Said. Fast or slow, as moved the Russian, so moved the British fleet.

"And," concluded our Commander, "when night would settle over the face of the waters and no lights show from either squadron, while they kept up their swift race through the darkness, we put all steam on, and our P. and O. easily fled away before them."

Cairo, Egypt,

Wednesday morning, November 30th.

YESTERDAY in the middle of the morning, although it was hours before we sighted the African continent, little gray swallows, harbingers of land, came out to greet us, chirping and twittering as they perched on rail and mast. In the late afternoon, as we neared the level shores of Egypt, the milky sea stretched away in liquid miles, with just on the horizon the outline of Port Said dimly visible. The soft blue sky wore a delicate sunset flush as our ship steamed slowly up the harbour past the monument of De Lesseps—a fine bronze statue on a massive stone base—and anchored in mid-stream not far from the docks.

A swarm of boats and launches immediately surrounded us. Two huge barges came to the luggage end of the vessel and took off our trunks. We said good-bye to a number of fellow passengers bound for India direct, and walked down the gang-way to the launch. Madam Shinn managed the shaky

stairway very well with the Professor's assistance.

Several large coal lighters were presently towed alongside the P. and O. An army of black imps, each clad in a single grimy garment reaching to the knee, rose from their squatting position on the barges. Filling their baskets with coal, they nimbly sprang up one steep plank, dumped their load in the ship's hold, and ran briskly back by another. This slow method of coaling is still adhered to because it gives employment to so many.

The customs examination — a mere form — was gone through in the midst of great yelling and shouting and calling out "Mind! Mind!" to make way for the porters. After they had been paid these men continued to pester the different members of the party for fees. B. pretended she did not understand and answered them in German; I replied in French. The Professor told them confidentially that we none of us had any money, that Richards had it all. Finally he gave in so far as to promise them six pence apiece if Richards would do the same. Poor Richards was at once surrounded and besieged, but he pretended to be deaf.

Having an hour to wait, we promenaded the long platform, and gazed out over the

Delta, which is wide as a sea, and was covered with picturesque sails. Our attention was presently attracted to a Moslem standing on the narrow platform of a side-tracked car. Spreading down his robe for a prayer-rug, he removed his shoes and began his devotions: these consisted of repeated kneelings and risings and bowings of the forehead to the ground; he must have practised long to be able to calculate to such a nicety the space required for so elaborate a ritual.

Meanwhile a swarthy, keen-eyed peddler passed from door to door of the waiting train, selling Egyptian stamps. Every one patronized him, eager to know the required postage for foreign letters and post-cards. The Professor, who writes long volumes, which keep him up invariably into the small hours of the night, and whose bill for postage is never less than two or three dollars, purchased heavily. After the man withdrew we began to count our stamps, got out our Baedekers, and found that the wily Egyptian had charged us just double! The Professor started in instant pursuit, "to do unto him as they do" in Texas, but the man was nowhere to be seen.

Ben Hassan, an oily-tongued native, put in this hour running from one to another of

the party, praising his "learning and his goodness" and urging us to take him as guide. Our would-be cicerone watched us like a hawk and mounted guard at the door of our compartment until ordered off by the guard.

Although night fell quickly and hid the landscape from view, we could see the lights of occasional ships steaming along the Suez Canal which our line paralleled a few hundred feet away. Our proximity to this gigantic feat of modern engineering made us the more eager to know something of its history. The Professor was only too happy to regale us with an account of the opening of the Canal and the part played by the Empress of the French in particular on that occasion — facts gleaned from his little travelling library which included Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer's fascinating volume, "France in the 19th Century."

"Port Said," began the Professor, "sprang into existence with the overturning of the first spadeful of dirt. It is all made ground; the mud dredged from the lagoon of Lake Menzaleh, to make a channel for the approach of deep water vessels, having been dumped on this one spot. Thus was made the northern port of the Suez Canal which received

its name Port Said after the Khedive Said then reigning. Ismailia commemorates the Viceroy in power at the completion of the waterway.

“Every crowned head and prince, every scholar and scientist, had been bidden to the inauguration by Khedive Ismail, who had travelled the length and breadth of Europe, delivering his invitations in person. To the Viceroy’s dismay the Sultan of Turkey, the real Sovereign of Egypt, at once signified his intention to attend. The poor Khedive saw his part on the programme relegated to that of a mere vassal attendant on his liege, a satellite eclipsed by the sun, and suffered a most miserable quarter of an hour until the Turkish Vizier persuaded the Sultan of the unwisdom of the journey: again the Viceroy’s star was in the ascendant.

“Affairs in France being then in too critical a state to permit Napoleon III to leave his realm, he sent the Empress Eugenie as a fitting representative of his country’s appreciation of the unparalleled achievement of her illustrious son, M. Ferdinand de Lesseps. The charming young Empress of France, then at the height of her beauty, power, and popularity, sailed on the war steamer ‘L’Aigle’ accompanied by a French squadron of escort.

She was the only lady of royal rank to attend the opening festivities.

"Going by way of Constantinople the Empress was given a magnificent fête by Sultan Abdul Aziz, on which occasion her dark Spanish beauty was resplendent in amber satin and diamonds.

"Nov. 16th 'L'Aigle' reached Port Said and was greeted by a chorus of bands playing the then popular French air composed by Queen Hortense, mother of Napoleon III.

*"Partant pour la Syrie
Le brave et jeune Dunois."*

"That afternoon her Majesty attired in a black hat and a pale gray silk gown festooned with flounces of Brussels lace, attended the Fête of Benediction. The Khedive with the Empress Eugenie led the procession, followed by the Emperor of Austria, the Prince of Prussia, and the Prince and Princess of Holland. Facing the royal dais were two platforms, one bare save for a prayer-tower beside which stood five Moslem priests in red, green, black, violet, and light blue, the other decked with altar, candles, and crucifix, and crowded with abbots and acolytes.

"The Mohammedans began the services;

their youngest priest ascended the high pulpit and in a few reverent words besought Allah's benediction on the work accomplished, the country, and its ruler. Then Abbé Bauer, the Empress' private chaplain (a converted Hungarian Jew), came forward, clad in velvet. He pronounced a long harangue, in the middle of which the weary Khedive, exhausted with the labour of planning for the comfort of his royal guests, fell asleep and snored audibly. The Abbé concluded by baptizing the united waters, Atlantic, Mediterranean, and Indian with Eau de Cologne.

"Even up to the very morning of the Opening, Nov. 17th, many claimed it was impossible for an ironclad to clear the canal; others predicted disaster to any large vessel making the attempt. A general anxiety and apprehension of accident prevailed.

"It had been arranged that the warships should lead the procession at intervals of fifteen minutes and at a speed of less than five miles an hour. There was great discussion as to which should go first and tempt the dreadful hazard. The brave commanders chivalrously waived the honour in favour of the lady, and 'L'Aigle' was allowed to lead the line. As a famous wit observed when leading the way to the dining-room, 'We're

all going to the devil! You first, Madame.' Accordingly the Empress Eugénie was the first to pass into the Canal. 'At that moment,' as Mrs. Latimer so aptly expresses it, 'the eyes of the world were on Egypt,' 'the venerable great-grandmother of civilization,' and 'Eugénie was the Cleopatra of the occasion.'

"By night the van of the fleet had reached Ismailia in safety. Here where six months before was desert waste the Khedive had hurriedly erected an enormous palace in which to house his royal guests, and celebrate the Inaugural Ball.

"Nov. 18th was the day of the great Fête. In the morning exhibitions of *jereed* throwing and of Arab horsemanship were given — the latter more or less a failure because of the heavy sand. In the middle of the performance there came dashing down the tract a gay *camelcade* on the trot, led by the Empress of France in yellow habit and streaming yellow veil; her maids and attendants followed hard after on similar ungainly beasts, while every cavalier in Ismailia that could procure a mount of any kind raced alongside. A well-meaning Italian workman shouted to her Majesty, 'Lean back or you'll fall off heels over head!' Her smiling ac-

ceptance of this homely advice captivated the hearts of all.

“ Six thousand guests were in attendance that evening at the Vice-Regal Ball, many of whom, report says, belied their Christian civilization by their lawless behaviour. Again the beautiful Empress was the cynosure of all eyes. An English gentleman present on that occasion gives this testimony to her charm: ‘ It is impossible to overrate the gracious influence of the Empress Eugénie. The occasion, great as it was, would have lost its romance if she had not been there. She it was who raised the spirit of chivalry, subdued the spirit of strife, enmity, and intrigue among rival men, and over commerce, science and avarice spread the gauzy hues of poetry.’

“ By Nov. 19th all the forty-seven ships had arrived at Suez. The French vessel ‘ La Pelouse ’ drawing eighteen feet had run aground, although an equally large Russian cruiser had cleared the channel without mishap.

“ Nov. 25th M. De Lesseps was married at Suez to Louise Helena Autard de Braggard; on which occasion in recognition of the successful completion of the Canal, a stupendous undertaking, the Empress Eugénie, on behalf of France, presented M. De Lesseps

an ancient silver trireme, a gift symbolic of his great contribution to nautical science.

"Ten short months later," concluded the Professor, "so fickle is Fortune, the beautiful Empress found herself fleeing as a fugitive on an English yacht to seek sanctuary in the island home of her royal cousin, the noble Queen Victoria."

We now proceeded to the dining-car, where we whiled away another of the five hours required by the journey to Cairo. The table d'hôte dinner was as well appointed and as carefully served as that of an American Pullman. Opposite us sat a naïve young Britisher who explained the features of the country, the value of its coins, and wrote out for us a vocabulary of useful words.

B., to tease him, referred to the peculiar English custom of sisters dressing alike. "We had two such on our P. and O.," she said, "who always appeared in hats and gowns of identical colour and pattern!"

"Yes," he replied, "that was a cast-iron rule in our household — my three grown sisters were made to dress alike. It was that sort of parental discipline that made myself and my sister run away. Father insisted I take a position in the bank. When I objected, he kicked me out, and I ran away and

married an actress. First I tried acting, and then being a soldier, but neither paid; so now I'm an Inspector of Salt in the Civil Service and father sends me £60 a year to stay away." The young fellow had a good face, had been married five years and was homesick, and we felt sorry for him. At Ismailia he left the train and we nodded him a cheerful adieu through the car window.

In going from Ismailia to Zigazaz we traversed the length of the district of ancient Goshen.

We are now coming to Old Testament Ground, and if you look in your Bagster you can follow along with us. The Professor took out his Bible and read us the passages bearing upon this region.

We entered Egypt from Port Said, going southward by train along the eastern border of Lake Menzaleh, a few miles below which are the ruins of Tanis, ancient Zoan, the capital of the Hyksos, where stood a colossus of Ramses the Great, ninety feet in height, and where Moses performed the miracles before the eyes of the hard-hearted Pharaoh. The long, straight road debouched westward at Kantarah near a site colonized by the Jews after the fall of Jerusalem. From Ismailia we travelled through the land of Goshen

along the road whither Jacob and his sons journeyed on their way down into Egypt in the time of the seven years' famine.

After living seventeen years in this land of exile the aged patriarch called his sons about him and divided his patrimony among them, bestowing on one a blessing, on another a curse — to Judah a sceptre, to Simeon and Levi dispersion, but to Joseph, "the fruitful bough — whose branches run over the wall," the lion's share, dominion and increase of tribe. Then Israel charged the twelve that they should carry him back to Canaan and bury him with his fathers in the cave which Abraham had bought from Ephron the Hittite for a burying-place. "And when Jacob had made an end of commanding his sons he yielded up the ghost, and was gathered unto his people."

Joseph now commanded his servants, the physicians, to embalm his father; "and the physicians embalmed Israel;" and "the Egyptians mourned for him threescore and ten days." Then Joseph, obtaining permission of Pharaoh, "went up to bury his father; and with him went up all the servants of Pharaoh," and "all the elders of the land of Egypt and all the house of Joseph and his brethren;" — "only their little ones and

their flocks and their herds they left in the land of Goshen."

When it came Joseph's time to die he also "took an oath of the children of Israel, saying: 'God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones from hence.'" The closing verse of the last chapter of Genesis records: "So Joseph died, being an hundred and ten years old; and they embalmed him, and he was put in a coffin in Egypt." Later when the Israelites were ready to cross the Red Sea, the oath was kept. In Exodus 13-19, we read: "And Moses took the bones of Joseph with him, for he had straightly sworn the children of Israel saying: 'God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones away hence with you.'"

A little farther on our train passed close to Pithom, one of Pharaoh's treasure-cities, built by the Hebrews out of bricks made without straw, "where the Egyptians made the children of Israel to serve with rigour."

When we reached the station at Cairo at once the charm and picturesqueness of Africa confronted us. We were puzzled and fascinated. A sea of swarthy faces, muffled in white, a bright sparkling of conical red caps, and a mass of green and yellow draperies—

bodies swathed in multitudinous folds of brilliant hue — pressed round us.

A babel of strange tongues broke forth on the air. With some trepidation our little party stepped upon the platform, and were taken in charge by the head porter of the Grand Hotel Continental, dressed in regulation blue uniform and brass buttons, his Egyptian blood betokened by his red fez. Victorias were in waiting and we were soon clattering noisily at neck-break speed through the deserted streets of Cairo, passing occasionally a poor merchant asleep on a bundle of dried palm leaves before his locked cupboard of a shop, — the southern stars with unwonted brilliance shining down upon us from the deep midnight sky.

The wide glass doors of the hotel opened automatically at our approach. Within stood two attendants in crimson robes. They wore long baggy trousers of yards and yards of cloth pleated about the waist and gathered in a pouch at the tops of black gaiters, zouave jackets and belts a mass of gold broidery, and the inevitable tarbush, the Egyptian fez. These were but two of an army of servants whose picturesqueness gave the touch of Oriental splendour for which our imagination longed.

Late as it was we had "high tea" in the supper-room where the orchestra was still on duty. After midnight our trunks arrived, carried on the backs of porters, the weight being partially borne by a strap around their foreheads.

Cairo,

Wednesday evening, November 30th.

CAIRO is the western metropolis of the Orient and a most cosmopolitan city. Its wonderful climate makes it the winter resort of thousands of Europeans and Americans, while its sunny skies and its wise administration by the British make it the favourite home of the wealthy Asiatic, be he Turk, Syrian or Jew — all build splendid palaces of stone or stucco along the broad avenues of the modern city. The native quarter, a hive of narrow lanes with lofty minarets and shining domes shut in by small shops and dingy dwellings, is a place quite apart.

It is comical to see these Nubians, black as night, trigged out in the heavy cloth uniform of the English police, all except the helmet. The street-car force, also Egyptian, appear very clumsy in their European dress. Mansfield Pasha is the head of the Cairene police force. The British give the minor positions to natives and reserve the important offices for themselves.



A HAREM OUT FOR A RIDE.

70 1941 ABSTRACT

We see few women. Occasionally a Mohammedan beauty, her person enveloped in a big blue cloak puffed out like a balloon by the wind, rides by astride on a brown burro, the toes of her heelless slippers tucked in the short stirrups which thrust her knees nearly up to the level of her chin. She wears the customary two veils, — a black band bound about her forehead and a pendent veil across her face below the eyes, — the two held together by a brass cylinder resting on the bridge of the nose. The only features visible are the deep black eyes which gaze curiously out with the frightened look of a caged deer. Sometimes we meet a family group. This morning we passed the four wives of a Mussulman, — his harem, — sitting tailor-fashion on a long two-wheeled cart, their babies with them, and the paterfamilias afoot beside the donkey.

The lot of the Moslem woman is far from happy. She is not only regarded as a mere chattel, but as a wile of the devil as well. Upon this point Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole cites the words of the great Mohammed himself: "The unalterable iniquity of woman-kind is an incontrovertible fact among the men of the East; it is part of their religion. Did not the blessed Prophet say, I stood at

the gate of Paradise and lo! most of its inhabitants were poor: and I stood at the gates of Hell and lo! most of its inhabitants were women. Is it not moreover a physiological fact that woman was made out of a crooked rib of Adam, which would break if you tried to bend it, and if you left it alone would always remain crooked?"

Apropos of harems: An amusing incident happened to Mr. and Mrs. Gorham and their friend, Miss Cox, guests at our hotel. They were told that one passport would suffice for the three on their recent trip through Palestine. Later they discovered on examination that it was made out in true Oriental fashion: "Gorham Pasha and harem," which resulted in somewhat mixed feelings in the whole trio as to just who was who. Moreover the gentleman in question, being of an independent American spirit, objected to the waste of time incident to having this precious document viséed every time the party entered or left a town; so when they arrived at Damascus, without having attended to this little preliminary, the *Pasha* was arrested and thrown into prison, and his *harem*, between them, had to put up a good round sum to bail him out.

The natives, both men and women, are clad

in long, flowing robes of deep blue or black; while the chamber-boys of our hotel wear costumes of white cotton — for all the world like night-shirts. Many of the men are tall and slender with small heads and fine features. All have a dignified bearing and the better class are decidedly aristocratic.

The first concession to European dress the native makes is to lay aside the huge yellow paddles — which by courtesy we call slippers — for a civilized shoe or gaiter. Then instead of his splendid, all-enveloping outer robe he assumes a European overcoat; gradually his under robe grows shorter and shorter and finally he dons trousers. This is his last concession; to his tarbush — a taller fez with dark blue tassel — he clings, never parting from it except to sleep, for it is the peculiar badge of the disciple of Mohammed. Over the tarbush many wind a turban. The orthodox turban among the Arabs is a goodly piece of cloth; it must reach seven times around the head, a length equivalent to that of the body, in order that it may serve as its owner's winding-sheet, and thereby accustom him to the thought of death. The descendant of Mohammed wears a white turban, while the Hajis who has made pilgrimage to Mecca is entitled to a green one.

Our hotel is on the main avenue, facing the Esbekiyeh Gardens. Across the entire front of the building, a few feet above the level of the street, is a wide terrace enclosed in an iron railing. Here Madam Shinn and I had tea this afternoon, sitting under the shade of potted palms and oleanders while we watched the kaleidoscopic scene below. A constant stream of carriages passed from both directions, for all Europeans ride; Coptic Effendi in government employ trotted proudly by on well-groomed horses, urged on with voice and stick by tall, lean Arab runners in clumsy blue gowns. Swarthy Mohammedans with long legs nearly touching the ground rode by on the rumps of tiny burros. A smart dog-cart next caught my eye, the ribbons held by a swell young Englishwoman, while the tiger was a big Egyptian resplendent in gold. Every person of position has a dozen servants, all elaborately gold-embroidered. I should want a retinue.

Opposite in the Esbekiyeh was a fair young French mother with her pretty babe in the arms of a dark-skinned nurse, whose bright yellow gown and necklace of gold coins showed under her loose black drapery.

About four o'clock B. and I went in search of a book-store. We had to pass through



THE BOULEVARD BEFORE THE HOTEL CONTINENTAL, WITH THE ESBEKIYEH GARDENS OPPOSITE.

70 5th.
Agriculture

the crowd of peddlers and vendors of every description, dragomans and loafers generally, who from morning till night throng the sidewalk adjoining our hotel. As we stepped into this moving mass we were at once surrounded. The "posty-card" man thrust a package of cards into my hand, while a soft-voiced dragoman on my right with the bow of a Chesterfield beseeched me to let him conduct me around Cairo. At the same moment my vista was shut in by two huge bouquets of La France roses presented by a flower peddler, who balanced on his head the while a can of flaming poinsettias. At this juncture a glittering circlet was thrown over my head, and the man with beads dangled necklace after necklace before my eyes, and finally thrust his person directly before me, every inch of him covered with shining strands of coloured glass, so that it was hard to resist him, — quite hard until I caught sight of an English grandmother bedizened with a half dozen of these same showy trifles, whereupon the tawdriness of it all dawned suddenly upon me.

Although it is December, dainty baskets of delicious strawberries appeared as if by magic, and we sampled them on the spot, two berries a millieme. Lads bearing long stuffed

crocodiles on their heads, and carrying trays of scarabs and amulets manufactured in Birmingham in their hands, followed us like hawks, grinning at us as they darted across our path every few moments to present their wares. It was in this same crowd, before he had gone a dozen steps from the hotel this morning, that the Professor had his watch stolen. By the aid of the police, however, he recovered it, but not before he had landed in jail a gang of five newsboys, organized thieves. Now the Professor wears his time-piece pinned conspicuously in his watch-pocket with a big white safety-pin.

At the table d'hôte to-night, which was at the fashionable hour of eight, we found the guests mostly English with some few from out-of-the-way corners of Europe. A big blond German rubbed shoulders with a dainty French count, the fierce grizzled Russian with the slender effervescent Italian, while next the artist with open collar and wide tie sat a long-haired archæologist, lost in reverie over ages long gone by. The ladies all were gowned in gorgeous toilets, while a few British officers in short scarlet jackets and red-striped trousers added brilliance to the scene.



THE GREAT NILE BRIDGE.

*Thursday, December 1st,
Cairo.*

THIS morning Mr. Richards introduced to us Selim, our Cairo dragoman, a most imposing individual of portly figure, unctuous, jealous for his reputation, demanding consideration, and not to be troubled by many trifling questions. He is a Copt, a Christian like ourselves, he wishes us to understand, and possesses but one wife. Moreover, he is a travelled personage, having held some responsible position in the Egyptian concession, at the Chicago Fair.

Selim to-day took us first to the Pyramids, driving westward across the great Nile bridge, which is guarded by two massive bronze lions. The bridge is open at certain hours to allow ships to pass up the river. We happened to arrive at such a time, and found, congregated near the approach, fashionable turn-outs, native carts, trim soldiers, swarthy mounted police, vendors in long blue or white robes with hand-carts of sweets or fruits, turbans of every shade bobbing here and there,

sheiks in silken caftans, Arabs in dirty green and yellow gowns astride huge camels, laden with cane or alfalfa, and Syrians on donkeys, the curling toe of their tasselled slippers resting on their stirrups — all waiting to pass. No less a concourse had gathered on the opposite bank. As the bridge swung to, the impatient crowds surged forward from both sides in a mad rush to be the first across. Our driver likewise lashed up his horses, and as I saw the towering camels come on, cleaving a way for themselves through the moving mass, and heard the screams and shouts of the various teamsters, I held my breath, expecting some catastrophe. Nothing worse happened, however, than the loss of a few bunches of alfalfa, which a long-eared donkey at once appropriated.

- ✓ The road to the Pyramids extends eight miles to the southwest, and is in reality a causeway raised several feet above the level of the low land it crosses. This avenue dates back to 1869, the time of the opening of the Suez Canal. That year Egypt swept her front steps and furbished up her monuments.
- ✓ In order that his chief guest, the Empress Eugénie, might visit the Pyramids with comfort, the Khedive ordered this carriage road constructed thither, and a kiosk erected near

the Sphinx where her Majesty could rest and shelter from the sun while viewing the monuments at leisure. Every man for miles around was summoned to the task and compelled to do forced labour without food, tools or pay. This *corvée* system which the Khedive used for all his public works was like that of Egypt's ancient kings, Khufu and Khafre.

Mme. Eugénie Bonaparte occasionally comes over in her declining years to pass a winter under Egypt's mild skies. "Two years ago," said Mr. Richards, "when in Cairo, I went to dine with a friend at The Savoy, where the widowed ex-Empress was stopping incognito under the title of Comtesse de Pierrefonds. My friend and I joined the group gathered in the hallway to salute the elderly white-haired lady, pale of face and gowned in quiet black, as she passed leaning on a cane between the waiting guests, and followed by her small suite on their way to the dining-salon. A faint smile and slight inclination of the head acknowledged the courtesy accorded to former rank, past beauty and feeble age."

This high road to the Pyramids is indeed a magnificent way shaded by lofty wide-spreading *lebbek* trees arching overhead — trees planted when the road was made. On

one side runs an electric line with first and second class and women's compartments. The carrying of an electric tram to monuments of such unquestioned antiquity — to the very base of the Pyramids — is a bridging of the centuries by the spirit of modern utilitarianism which seems most irreverent effrontery.

As the country at this season is inundated by the Nile, our road for miles was a dyke with water on either side of us. The ancients poetically attributed this yearly flooding of the Nile to the tears of Isis weeping for Osiris. Their proverb for the impossible was a similar allusion, "Can man arrest the tears of Isis as they flow?"

The land which has been flooded for two or three months is now being drained. Men and boys were standing ankle-deep in slush, hoeing and scraping the mud with a narrow blade, for it was too wet to be ploughed. Sowers followed scattering the seed which they carried in their robes, and after them came other fellahs dragging branches of palms over the seeded section to cover it. Selim says the seed formerly was trampled in by driving cattle and sheep over the land. Here and there on a bit of high ground were saucy black crows strutting about with a gray spot

like a pointed shawl on their shoulders. Farther on men were fishing with trousers rolled high above the hips. One fellah stood where the current was strong, reached round in the muddy stream with his hands, and flung his catch ashore to a dirty urchin who put it in his robe.

✓ Nothing more picturesque than this drive can be imagined. A continuous string of patient donkeys trotted by, buried under stacks of alfalfa; long lines of stately camels, tied nose and tail, stalked past us covered with great bundles of sugar-cane, the long stems sweeping the ground as they trod; quaint Egyptian carts, crowded to the limit with picturesque folk, demanded right of way, while companies of Arabs, their swarthy faces contrasting strangely with the white drapery of their head-dress, strode by, staff in hand, and garments fluttering in the breeze.

Suddenly between the hurrying trunks of lebbek trees shading the highway, we caught glimpses of faint pointed pinnacles that seemed to float like phantom islands, rose red, in the distant amber haze. The nearer we approached the Pyramids, the more stupendous and overpowering appeared their mass and size. Vast and primeval, these titanic shapes press with tremendous gravity earth's level

floor, grappling far fingers on every side deep into the sandy soil; their pointed crests, hoar with the cycles of many suns, rise like lesser Alps from the desert's dusty plain; compact and grim these mighty piles stand like the everlasting hills, enduring, unmoving, their mystery close-locked under myriad slabs, only to be revealed at that latter day "when the heavens roll together as a scroll," when "the earth melts with fervent heat," and "the sea gives up her dead."

One does not marvel that the ancient Greeks counted these mountains of masonry in their classic list of seven world wonders; the Pyramids are to-day the only one of the seven extant. Being in the foreground the Great Pyramid so absorbs sky and horizon as completely to fill the eye, to the exclusion not only of the group of lesser monuments near, but of its equally gigantic mate just beyond. Not a mound but a mountain, erected layer by layer with labour unthinkable — not alone a tomb, but a temple, it afforded both sepulchre and sanctuary. One wonders what the prototype, what the creed of a race requiring for the adequate expression of its faith a geometry of such gigantic blocks of granite. Whatever the doubt or

the dogma dominating their builders, we cannot but believe that —

“The hand that rounded Peter’s dome
And groined the aisles of ancient Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free.

.

“Earth proudly wears the Parthenon
As the best gem upon her zone,
And morning opes with haste her lids
To gaze upon the Pyramids.

.

“And nature gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into the race,
And granted them an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat.”

We reached Mena House near the Pyramids in time for one o’clock tiffin. It is a most artistic hotel modelled after a Saracen mosque. The arches of its windows and corridors are filled in with exquisite lattice screens. The dining-room is especially Oriental in its use of the beautiful horseshoe arch, peculiar to the Mosque of Cordova. The tables were festive with roses, while the grounds are planted with eucalyptus and acacia; here, too, as elsewhere near Cairo, flourish the scarlet poinsettia and the purple bou-

ganvillia. A short shower delayed our driving on to the Pyramids until three o'clock.

Beside the Great Pyramid, which is the one usually ascended, there are two others approaching it in size, and groups of smaller ones near.

↗ At last we had arrived, this was the desert, this the Egypt of our dreams.

Dismissing the carriage we plunged on foot into the deep sand, the glaring golden sand that burned through our shoes and gleamed into our eyes. Weary with walking the heavy way, we sank on the shifting soil, scooped handfuls of the glittering grains, sifting their gritty particles through our fingers. Before, behind, around, naught but an endless sea of sand! Even the giant Pyramids themselves, looming bare and bald, seemed but huge mountains of rusty sand raised by sweeping siroccos. All was one single substance, vast, elemental, monotonous.

Must not this unmeasured desert storehouse, this inexhaustible supply of sand, have furnished material for our earth planet? Were not these the primeval atoms, this the star dust of which spheres were constructed?

In this wide and lonesome space the foundations of the earth were laid; here time began with the beginning of days: "And

the evening and the morning were the first day." In this workshop mountains were moulded; hills and valleys made; and here Adam, — the dust-man, was formed. "As the sand which is upon the sea shore, so shall thy seed be," was the wondrous promise to the patriarch Abraham, a dweller beside the desert.

Overhead the fierce African sun, single and all-enveloping, beats down with resistless force on the bare brown earth, compelling undivided homage. The monotheism of Hebrew and Moslem, desert-bred, is not far to seek. Now that we have trod its sands, and felt its sun, endured its thirst, and seen its desolation, the history of Egypt and adjacent Palestine is no longer a sealed volume; the imagery of the Prophet, the poetry of the Psalmist, and the parable of the Nazarene all have a meaning and significance before unknown.

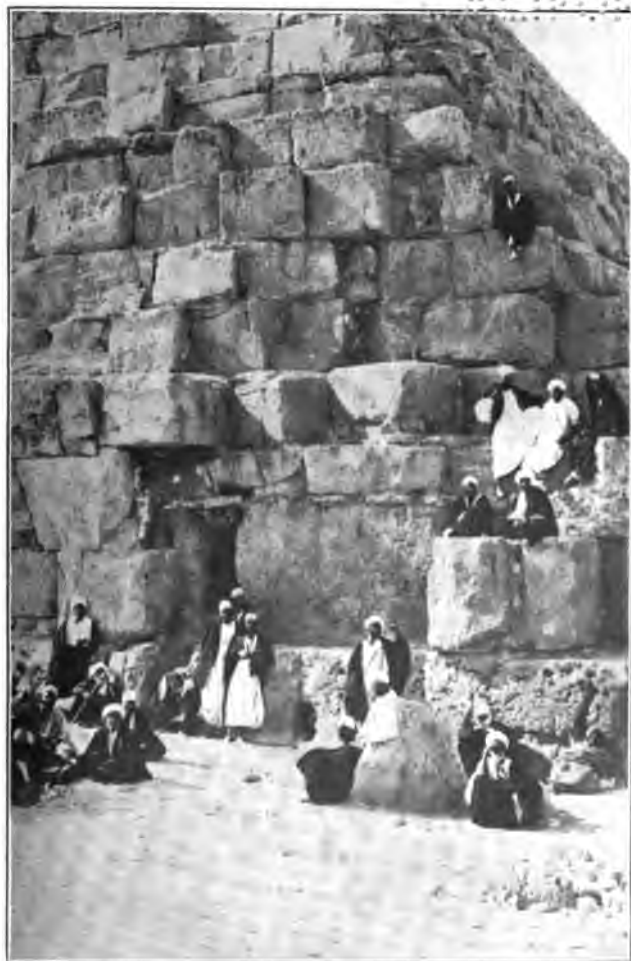
But Selim is calling, "Do we wish to climb Khufu?"

All the way out the party had bravely discussed making the ascent, but as we neared the foot of this formidable pile their courage oozed out. While we debated the question, the voluble Arabs, eager to exhibit their agility, crowded about us offering to run up the

Great Pyramid and back in six minutes for a shilling. B. chose one man, who immediately discarded his outer garment and girt up his loins. She took out her watch and he made a dash for the Pyramid, climbing like a goat without pausing for breath. At the top he waved a salute and then came jumping down, first on one foot, then on the other over blocks three and four feet high, and arrived breathless and smiling at the end of nine minutes to claim his shilling. A breeze had delayed him somewhat, but even then it was a marvellous feat.

Thus encouraged, the Professor, B., and I decided to make the attempt. We each paid our two shillings to the sheik who was in charge of a lot of Arabs lined up in a row. B. told the sheik to choose the cleanest ones for her. Three helpers were assigned to each of us. All the way up B.'s three kept telling her how clean they were. The Arabs at once seized upon their respective victims, one at each elbow, and a third behind to push.

The altitude of the Great Pyramid is 451 feet, but the ascent is made from one corner up an angle 750 feet. Many of the blocks are over four feet high. We now discarded our jackets and pinned on our hats securely. We had worn our oldest shoes and our short-



THE BEDOUINS OF THE PYRAMIDS.

VOX POPULI ANNO 1840

est walking skirts, but they were not half short enough. Accordingly two of the men unwound their long white turbans from their fezes and tied them around our hips to hold up our skirts. Then two of my helpers climbed ahead and reached back to pull me up, while the third stood behind "to boost," and I was only too glad of his aid. Besides these a volunteer carried a jug of water to quench our thirst and incidentally extract a piastre now and then.

We rested frequently. At the first stopping place the Professor got out his pills and took some nitro-glycerine — "dynamite," he calls it, and gave some to each of the ten Arabs, who were his sworn friends on the spot. The medicine-man they revere as a god, and at once confided to him not only their own ailments, but those of their numerous wives and children as well.

As we started on the Arabs urged us to go more slowly. A sturdy Frenchman with his three helpers passed us and reached the top long before us. After the second halt the steps grew steeper and narrower. In some places there was just room to place a foot, and the blocks were breast high. I was entirely winded and quite helpless, and my natives had literally to haul me up over the

ledge. B.'s pusher was "boosting" with all his might. "You're heavier than the gentleman," he told her—a puff of wind would blow the Professor away!—insinuating he deserved a bigger fee. B. promised everything, for was she not at his mercy?

Near the top we paused on a narrow step, and as I glanced back, the layers of stone projecting scarcely a foot looked like a smooth incline, and I felt sick at the thought of the descent, with nothing to break a fall. After many halts we finally gained the top; the people and camels below looked like pygmies, and I had long since ceased to hear their voices. I hurrahed and waved my handkerchief; they waved back scarfs and umbrellas.

Now, for a few straight facts; skip them, if you like. These Pyramids of Gizeh, built exactly facing the four cardinal points of the compass, are one of five groups of Pyramids extending southward for twenty miles along the eastern edge of the plateau called the Libyan Desert. The stone for them came mostly from the Mokattam cliffs on the east, and was transported across the Nile and over the sandy plain.

Lepsius' layer theory of construction was long approved. According to it, each heir

apparent of the ancient Pharaohs, as soon as he became twenty-one, began to build himself a pyramid-tomb, constructed with passage leading by many turns and trap-doors to a secret vault; every succeeding year he added an outer layer; the longer his life, the larger the pyramid. At his death the steps of the sides were filled in smooth with triangular stones by his successor.

A recent examination of these piles by the architect Dr. Borchardt discredits this naïve assumption of enlargement at the rate of a layer a year, but discovers in many pyramids evidence of a change of plan during construction. Dr. Borchardt concedes that long-lived kings probably remodelled their monuments on much larger lines; as was certainly the case with King Khufu's Pyramid.

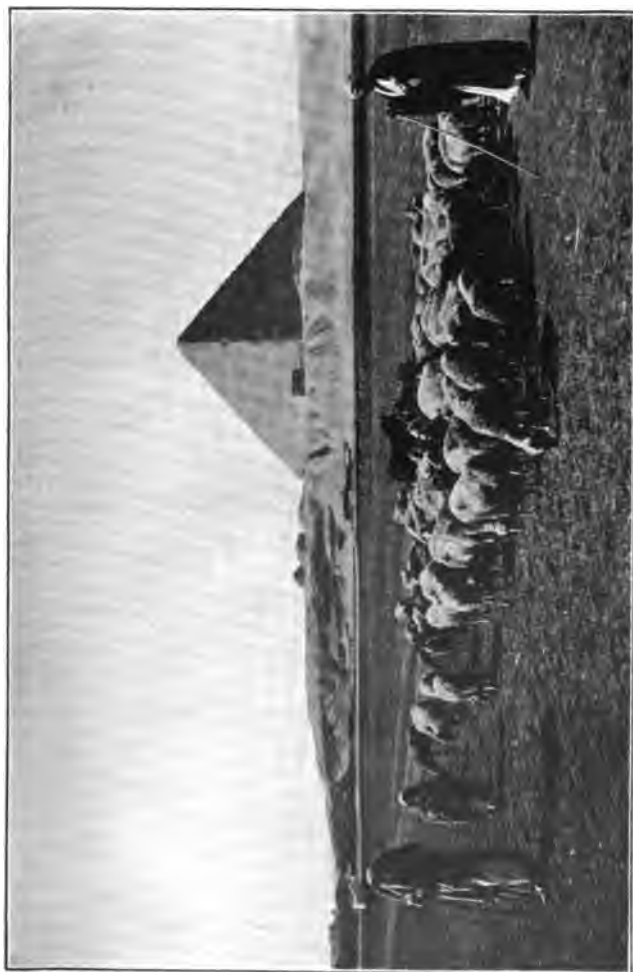
- ✓ The Great Pyramid at Gizeh was built B. C. 2900 by Khufu (Cheops) of Memphis, the founder of the Fourth Dynasty. The base of the Pyramid covers thirteen acres, while the mound itself measures 755 feet on each side and has an altitude of 451 feet. Originally it was some twenty feet larger each way, but the outer casing has been used as a quarry by later generations.

Khufu elected to place his Pyramid on the edge of the mesa in order that it might com-

mand both "White Wall" and Sacred City — Memphis and Heliopolis. His Great Pyramid Khufu named "Horizon," for into it he would sink when his earthly course was run, even as the sun sinks to rest below the western horizon.

Herodotus, who visited Egypt in the fifth century B. C., is authority for most of the legends relating to Khufu. He attributes to this Pharaoh a most cruel and vicious disposition. Hearing of a magician who could restore a severed head to its body, Khufu sent for the man and offered a slave for experiment. The wizard objected to a human subject, but called for a goose and performed the miracle, tradition says, to the satisfaction of monarch and multitude.

The historian declares that Khufu locked up the temples and forbade all sacrifices to the gods, in order that he might expend their revenue and appropriate the work of their attendants upon his own monument. Khufu was said to have forced the labour of 100,000 men for twenty years in the building of his pyramid-tomb, exclusive of the ten years spent in constructing from river to pyramid site the stone causeway up which the huge blocks weighing tons were hauled by mere man power. These enormous slabs were set



THE GREAT PYRAMID.

side by side in long rows, their hundred feet of seams, not over one five-hundredths of an inch in width, being then filled in with cement — the whole evidencing a mechanical skill in the cutting and polishing of edges and surfaces not exceeded by the present day optician, but with this difference — the ancient worked in acres — in inches, the modern. It was charged against Khufu and Khafre, the builders of the two Great Pyramids, that the construction of their sepulchres had retarded the life of the nation by more than a century.

Surely the monarch was mad, the men maniacs who undertook such superhuman tasks. Long the mystery remained unsolved, until the reading of their hieroglyphics finally revealed the reason of these vast piles. The nation was driven by a superstitious fear of future extinction, possessed by a nightmare of annihilation; thus impelled, the race spent its life constructing its tomb. Even so, it is incredible that one man, albeit a god-king, could compel the labour of millions to the selfish purpose of securing immortality for his single soul.

The small ivory statuette of Khufu, found at Abydos, reveals to history the forceful features of this Pharaoh who bestrode his age like a colossus. Dr. Flinders Petrie remarks

the "enormous driving power of the man," adding, "There is no face quite parallel to this in all the portraits we know, Egyptian, Greek, Roman or modern."

The costume and attitude of this statuette illustrate the official dress and pose of Egyptian royalty from the time of Khufu down to the very days of the Ptolemies and their Roman successors; thus early had these features of art become stereotyped.

Their general belief in immortality proves that it was no new doctrine, but a faith whose credence had grown with the centuries. Despite the perversion to which they put it, to the Egyptians belong the gratitude of the ages for the idea of immortality.

Politically the Pyramid is the earliest evidence known of a union among the petty tribes of primeval ages into a nation thoroughly organized under a strong head. By what processes these people arrived at this high stage of development earth's annals do not disclose. The nation jumps full-armed upon the world-stage into the earliest lime-light of history.

The Great Pyramid originally was surrounded by a wide pavement, with mortuary chapel on the east front, both now destroyed. Khufu's royal residence was probably on the

south. The three small pyramids to the east, in line with the parent pile, were the tombs of members of the royal family.

Khafre (Khephren), who came to the throne eight years later, was the builder of the Second Pyramid, the lower layer of which is of the more costly granite of the first Cataract; otherwise the monument is smaller and of far inferior workmanship. The remains of its causeway leading to the edge of the plateau still exist, also this royal road's splendid granite Gateway — long erroneously named "The Temple of the Sphinx."

The nice measurement requisite for the building of the Pyramids, and the fine fitting of faces to the points of the compass, demanded a proficiency of geometrical skill, the development of which the Greeks attributed to the necessity the Egyptian was under each year to re-survey his field after the obliteration of landmarks by the annual inundation of the Nile.

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling," called B. "Dinner's ready," and as I turned from the panorama of sand and sky, there on the apex of the Pyramid the Arabs were serving hot coffee, made by the water carrier while we drew breath, and very acceptable it was after our fatiguing exertions.

The Professor, instead of enjoying the wonderful view, took out his Baedeker with its list of Arabic nouns, lined up the natives before him, and gave out words for them to translate, by word or sign. Strange to say, they all knew their own language and the Professor was not only delighted with them, but pleased with his own pronunciation as well.

One of the men said he had four wives who were always quarrelling. Every now and then he had to beat them all around to keep the peace; but the last wife was as "young and strong as a bull," so that he had to get his son, a lad of twelve, to hold her by the feet whenever he chastised her. The Moham-medan is allowed four wives, but by a special dispensation his harem may number eleven. The Copts pride themselves on being Christian, and have but one.

Refreshed, we now walked about on the lofty platform which was over thirty feet square. The view from the summit is most unique. At our feet to the southwest were grouped five smaller pyramids, and just below us on the southeast lay the crouching ✓ Sphinx with head raised, awaiting the day of awakening. Beyond, on either side, was a picture of life and death, fertility and des-

olation; on the west, dancing with fiery heat, undulated the Libyan Desert, a dreary waste, along the confines of which to the south of us, dotted here and there, stood the sentinel pyramids — masses of rock adding their brown and yellow note to the picture of desolation.

In vivid contrast lay on the east the verdant valley of the Nile with fields of waving cane and tall palms interlacing above the mud huts of the fellaheen. Northeast on the opposite bank of the river at the end of the long straight road of lebbek trees was the great city of Cairo, covering an area of eleven square miles, a mass of stone and stucco, clustered domes and myriad minarets showing above crumbling walls and lofty gateways. From the limestone ridge just south of the metropolis the Citadel boldly fronted us — embattled walls of gray masonry encircling the grim fortress, and the splendid Alabaster Mosque of Mohammed Ali, its pale yellow dome and tapering minarets piercing the sky. Still farther south and just above the fortress rose the frowning Mokattam cliffs of deep reddish brown, six hundred and fifty feet in height, keeping guard over city and Citadel nestling at their feet.

After we had started up the Pyramid two French women ambled up on donkeys, and, after much chattering, began the ascent. Painted and powdered, with fluffy silk petticoats and ostrich plumes nodding in the breeze, they tripped along the path, their high French heels clicking on the stones as they walked. One persevered to the top, but the other, more timid, stopped half way up, and insisted on returning. The descent, however, is much more formidable. The path was so precipitous, that the lady became paralyzed with fear. Two Arabs had to take hold of her arms, and two her feet, and thus carry her down.

When we were ready to descend our Arabs again offered their turban-bands, protesting at the same time that they would surely take cold, — intimating, of course, that they deserved an extra fee. I had one end of the long white scarf tied about my waist, while the other end was held firmly by a native above to keep me from falling; two of my helpers stood below ready to catch me and brace me up by pushing against my shoulders as I jumped down. The man in the rear was always very strong. When B., who is rather plump, slipped once or twice, screaming vociferously, her rear guard jerked her so sharply

that for a few moments she dangled in mid-air, her waist nearly cut in two. We had to rest fully as often on the way down, for our legs gave out with so much jumping. The Professor, who is thin as a reed, trembled like a leaf. Shod in white canvas, his feet were nearly blistered from the vigorous manner in which his Arabs jumped him down, causing him to rebound like a rubber ball at every leap.

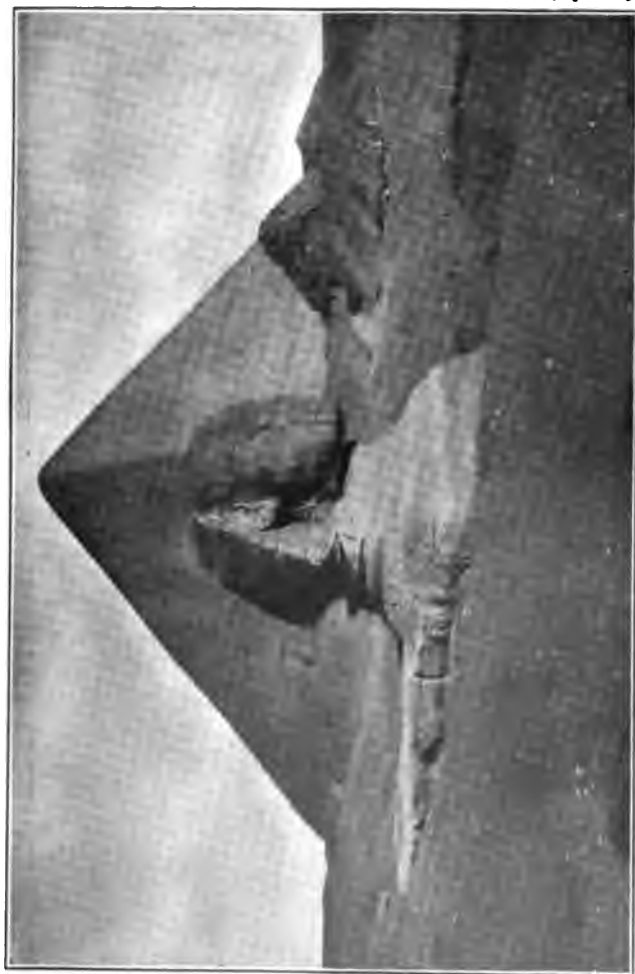
The first French woman now passed us, being vigorously assisted on her way up, her Paris hat cocked over one ear, her silk petticoat in tatters, and the leather of her delicate kid shoes all scarred and hanging in shreds.

We were just an hour and a half in making the trip up and back. All of a-tremble, we came limping up to the rest of the party, who were jeeringly sympathetic; B. was so weak that if a feather had struck her back of the knees, she would have gone down like a nine-pin! For several days it was exquisite agony to rise or sit, but one ascends a pyramid but once in a lifetime!

With many "Oh's!" and "Ah's!" and some misgivings the party now climbed into the gay saddles on the backs of the kneeling camels, and holding tightly to the pommels, were jerked up into space and carried rock-

ing over the sandy way three hundred and fifty yards to the southeast to interview the Sphinx which looms grandly up before one even from that high vantage-point.

- ✓ The Sphinx faces the east; it is hewn out of a ridge of solid rock, to which slabs of limestone have been added to round out its form. The body extends along this ridge a hundred and fifty feet; the head is thirty feet high, the paws fifty feet long, and the monument altogether seventy feet in height. The body is buried in sand, but a pit has been dug about the front of it, round the edge of which we rode and looked across at the monster image lying there huge and imperturbable — the riddle of the ages. The head originally bore the royal serpent. The eyebrows, nose and rays of the head-dress were painted red. The nose and beard have been broken off and their fragments strew the ground. Between the paws was discovered an open temple, in the middle of which lies a small recumbent lion facing the Sphinx. Close to the breast is an altar and the memorial stone of Thutmose IV, on which he is seen sacrificing to the Sun-god Harmakhis, who is represented as a sphinx. The inscription relates that the god appeared one day to the sleeping prince, promising the youth the crown of Egypt if



THE SPHINX AND THE GREAT PYRAMID.

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the latter would "free him from the dust of the desert sand that encumbered him." This Thutmose did, B. C. 1538 — about the time that Moses was rescued from the bulrushes by Pharaoh's daughter. The record further indicates that Thutmose IV regarded Khafre as the builder of the Sphinx.

In the Gizeh Museum at Cairo is a stela or slab which was found at one of the Pyramids near the Sphinx and which bears an engraving of the great image there mentioned as being in existence in the days of Khufu and Khafre, B. C. 2900. This inscription proves the origin of the Sphinx to be undoubtedly prehistoric. Archæologists are yet undecided as to whether or not Khafre was the architect. The many sphinxes in Egypt were usually portraits of the Pharaohs — the lion's body symbolizing imperial power.

The Great Sphinx is the only isolated one known in Egypt; they are usually in pairs or in long avenues leading to temples. Those of the Pharaonic period are almost invariably masculine, with either a man's or a ram's head.

M. J. de Rouge quotes an inscription at Edfu to the effect that the Sphinx was a representation of Horus, the power of good, who assumed the form of a human-headed

lion in order to vanquish Set, the power of darkness or evil. In this shape Horus was also revered in the Nome Leontopolites.

The Khufu stela calls the Sphinx "Horus-on-the-Horizon." The image, says Miss Amelia B. Edwards, faces east in order to greet the return of his father Osiris from the underworld. Egyptologists now consider that this Sphinx represents Re-Harmakhis, god of the rising sun, and that it has the features of whatever king of the ancient empire erected it, and who, being the son of a god, regarded himself the earthly representative of Harmakhis.

The monarch who imagined the Sphinx thought in mountains, calculated in cosmic cycles; disdaining the petty art of mortals he reshaped the land, reformed the hills. Like another Yawah the mighty Khafre laid bare a rib from earth's rocky ridges, fashioned and formed it afresh into this new strange shape, half beast, half man. The vast animal length extends couchant, close-lying on earth's large side, not wholly separate from her unconscious mass, its brute form dominated and subdued by the majestic human head. Into the dead stone the designer breathed a marvellous spirit; into the dull ear whispered a wondrous word — some

secret of a far-off time to come, some hint of higher things. Mortality perplexed and puzzled still stands and listens beside the monstrous image, waiting for some murmur of the message and the hour.

High above mortal discord and pain, aloof, serene, with the large patience of prophetic vision, undoubting, unhasting, the silent Sphinx lifts his august head, gazes out above and beyond earth's little circle, eastward to infinity's larger horizon, waiting for the dawning of an endless day, watching for the appearing of the deathless Osiris, looking for the resurrection of the human soul — the promised immortality.

Not for ever will the Sphinx gaze upon interminable wastes of sand. Now at last will the desert be made to bloom as a garden, to blossom like the rose. This miracle is being wrought by an intelligent Arab of Cairo, who is sinking wells and installing irrigating pumps at the very foot of Pyramid and Sphinx.

We rode on a few yards to the Granite Temple, a building now more correctly known as the Royal Gate to causeway and Pyramid court. It is built of translucent alabaster and red granite monoliths of hardest stone highly polished. The slabs are sixteen

feet long and four square; they are fitted so closely and without the aid of mortar that it is impossible to insert even the blade of a pen-knife between them. This is the oldest building extant of the Egyptian empire; absolutely bare of decoration, it is nevertheless imposing by reason of its mass and simplicity. A well in the court-yard yielded up seven black diorite statues of Khafre, builder of the second Pyramid. In the Cairo Museum is an unusually fine seated statue of the same king, also in diorite; its wonderful vivacity of expression attests the skill attained by ancient sculptors of this hard stone.

Miss Shinn, being timid, was one of the last to remount and by mistake got on the wrong camel. Thereupon ensued a fierce altercation between the respective camel-drivers, some half dozen mixing in the fray; the men finally had to be separated, but not before they had covered themselves with blood. We were late in reaching Cairo and were thankful for the closed carriage which protected us from the heavy rain then falling; yet "in Egypt it never rains!"

Cairo,

Friday, December 2nd.

JUST now the Faithful are observing the annual fast of Ramadan, which lasts a moon, the Moslem calendar counting thirteen months to the year. During the four weeks every good Mohammedan abstains from food from sunrise till sunset, not a drop of water even passing his lips. Indeed the code admonishes the worshipper not to delay beginning his fast until sunrise, but to refrain from food "from the moment there is sufficient light to distinguish a black thread from a white:" which moment is signalized by the firing of a gun from the Citadel. This morning the gun boomed an hour and three minutes before dawn — a long fast and thirst for a man in active service in such a hot climate. The Moslem makes up for it after sunset, however, by gorging himself the livelong night. The ordinance is so generally observed, that when Ramadan falls in summer the mortality is great.

For the Christian's "God willing" the

Moslem substitutes, "If Allah spare my life!" and even the ancient Egyptian delivered himself in like phrase: "If Ammon spare my life!"

In Egypt there are three Sabbaths; Friday for the Mohammedan; Saturday for the Jew; and Sunday for the Christian. This being Friday, every other tourist in Cairo, like ourselves, drove to the plaza to see the Khedive on his weekly visit to the mosque. All the native population were on foot, bound for the same place. Men in long flowing robes of white or deep blue, some with red turbushes, some with white turbans, passed along the narrow way that led down into a dilapidated quarter of Old Cairo, the street being lined temporarily with red poles from which fluttered triangular banners of crimson cloth. Women crouched on every roof observing the crowd, but sadly and from afar, for religion was not for them. Tiny naked children rode astride a shoulder of their mother, their little hands resting on her head. The women wore the usual black veil, but the only feature really hidden by the drapery was the mouth — which every Egyptian woman is most careful to conceal. Some of the veils were heavy with silver coin, their owner's fortune.

Within a block of the plaza men were sitting on straw mats washing hands and feet with water from small earthen jugs preparatory to the service. Under an improvised canopy we found seats, even arm-chairs, at a shilling apiece, reserved for foreign visitors. Here we had nearly an hour to wait before his Majesty appeared. The small hillocks near were crowned by mud huts, of which the multitude quickly took possession — a shifting mass of blue, white and red. The small Egyptian police with short whips undertook to keep the natives back, repeatedly driving them away, only to have them close in again the moment the officer's back was turned.

We could look across the plaza into the mosque and see the turbaned heads bowing, and the figures continually rising and prostrating themselves on the marble floor. A regiment of cavalry on stocky Arabian steeds of dappled gray rode up on the trot and lined two sides of the square. Then came the high officials of state driving up in splendid carriages. The Turkish Ambassador was especially magnificent. The two runners of Oriental custom in full white muslin knee-breeches were most picturesque; carrying erect long wands held close to the body, they ran before the minister's coach to clear the

way. Their red zouave jackets were a mass of gold embroidery, and the black silk tassels two feet long dangled wildly from their fezes as they ran, while their *bouffant* sleeves of white muslin swelled in the breeze like sails.

A smart young English officer spent a busy half hour trying to make his crooked line of native infantry toe the mark, but finally gave it up as hopeless.

A clatter of hoofs and clanking of sabres announced the Khedive! His escort was mounted on superb brown Syrian horses excellently drilled. The Prince, a stout gentleman with fair skin and reddish moustache, was in European costume except for his tarbush. He repeatedly raised his hand to his head in military salute, but no answering shout came from all that mass of subjects. As he entered the mosque there was a salvo of twenty-one guns. The cavalry now executed some intricate manoeuvres, wheeling in fine style. The inevitable bead-boys were out in full force, first one and then another came by, holding out tempting strings, their arms aglitter with blue, white, green and gold glass and iridescent shells.

At the close of a short half hour the Khedive reappeared and again there was a cannonade of twenty-one guns. He stepped into

his carriage and was driven quickly away, his guard of cavalry swinging into line after him at a brisk pace. The police tried to maintain their line until the other carriages also had gone, but the people no longer feared them and poured into the Plaza like a flood. We drove through this mass of strange humanity — dusky, swarthy faces of every shade of brown — Syrians, Armenians, Nubians, and Ethiopians mingling with Egyptians, Arabs, Copts and Turks. This pageant is, however, as nothing compared to that of the Salemlík, or going to Mosque of the Sultan of Turkey, who is so fearful for his life that whenever he goes abroad he requires his Grand Viziers to run afoot beside his carriage, and has never less than a regiment of troops to guard his progress.

On the way we passed near the little island of Rhoda in the middle of the Nile. A half hour sufficed to cross by ferry, walk in the picturesque old garden, and inspect the Nilometer, whose marble column erected in the thirteenth century, still measures the ebb and flow of the Nile.

On this island, according to Mr. Jeremiah Lynch, the well-known Egyptologist, stood the palace of Pharaoh's favourite daughter. She was a widowed queen before she was a

wife, her husband, the King of the Hittites, to whom she had been married by proxy, having died while she was yet journeying toward his realm. Being virgin, she would have been debarred in the hereafter from the joys of Paradise, according to the tenets of the Egyptian religion. Only a king was eligible to mate with the daughter of a Pharaoh; but kings were as scarce in ancient Egypt as in modern Europe. In such dilemmas it was customary for a monarch to wed his own daughter; this Ramses did, making her consort and queen, and bestowing upon her a palace on the Nile here on this island of Rhoda. This was the favourite daughter of the great Ramses—she who, according to hieroglyphics recently discovered, rescued from his floating basket of bulrushes, as it drifted near her home, the infant Moses, destined later to deliver his people from the bondage of Egypt.

The Zikrs of the Dervishes take place every Friday afternoon. We went first to see the Howling Dervishes. The performance was held in an enclosed garden on a platform thirty feet square, shaded by tall trees, while all the Europeans in Cairo—each party with its dragoman—sat in chairs round about. The Zikr is supposed to be

a religious exercise, the devotees working themselves into an ecstatic frenzy by repeating in unison the name of Allah, but the entrance fee and the eagerness for a large audience gave it a decided commercial aspect. The Dervishes, in trailing gray robes, removed their turbans and allowed their long straggling locks to fall about their shoulders as they seated themselves in a row on the floor and began to sway backward and forward, bowing low to the earth at each cry of "Allah! Allah!" This rhythmic motion gained in impetus and the shouting grew louder and louder, until the Dervishes stopped short exhausted, and the "Allah" sank to a sigh, "Hu! Hu!"

A no less fanatical scene is enacted in the mosque of El Akbar by the Dancing Dervishes. Men and boys in long white gowns, which sweep the floor when they walk but stand out conically as they turn in the dance, were engaged in twirling around in their bare feet, keeping as closely as possible to one spot. Their hair and beards were long and they wore high fezes of gray felt. They extended their arms on either side, the right hand upward toward heaven, the left toward earth, their heads rolling in sympathy with the movement of their bodies. A diabolic tooting

of fifes and beating of drums added to the weirdness of the scene. A boy of twelve — small for his age — twirled rapidly thus for forty-five minutes, and when we left, disgusted with such antics, he was still spinning like a top. And this they called religion!

Cairo,

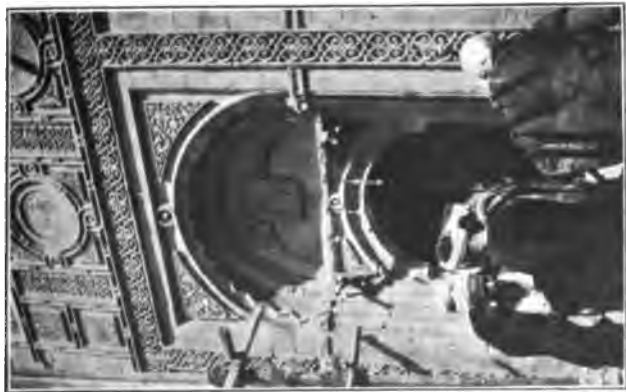
Saturday, December 3rd.

TO-DAY we visited the great University Mosque. Students from Arabia, Persia, and all the Moslem world come here to study the Koran. The course is from four to six years. No native women are allowed within the mosque, but exception is made in favour of foreigners. A tall, stout warden, stick in hand, saw to it that we had slippers tied over our shoes before we were permitted to put foot even in the vestibule. The latter opened on a large quadrangular court entirely surrounded by an arcade, under which were groups of students sitting cross-legged on the pavement in circles about their teachers, receiving instruction or reciting chapters from Koran. As they recited they swayed back and forth to emphasize the rhythm and assist their memory. Here and there isolated figures were studying aloud, rocking themselves to the cadence of the passages. It was a perfect bedlam. Not only the court but the whole interior of the mosque was given over

to these groups of students. The attendants were of all ages, from boys of six to gray-haired men of sixty. The youths are left here by their parents who send them presents of food from time to time. Each student has a locker, a tiny cupboard a foot and a half square, in which to bestow his possessions. The scholars sleep above the mosque, and the government allows each pupil three loaves of brown bread a day. We were cautioned not to indulge in levity or ridicule, for the fanaticism of the Mohammedans causes them to take offence easily.

The mosque itself is a forest of columns, many connected by double arches one above the other, the pillars being of horizontal courses of red and white stone. The great Liwan, or Hall of Instruction, has a hundred and forty columns and occupies an area about equal to that of four city blocks; it is said to accommodate four thousand scholars. The floor is covered with matting, and one had to be careful where he stepped lest he stumble over some shapeless mass of black rags, which would suddenly become animate and prove to be a student taking a siesta.

We paused beside several groups. Some were writing texts on metal tablets. One elderly class was being instructed by a bright



DOORWAY OF UNIVERSITY MOSQUE.



COURT OF UNIVERSITY MOSQUE.

young teacher of twenty-five. A white-haired pupil ventured most deferentially to ask a question. The teacher, irritated at the interruption, turned upon him fiercely, and in most strident tone explained the difficulty. The Koran is in Arabic. When a pupil can recite the whole text from memory he may become a teacher; that is the sum of a Mohammedan's learning.

Although all are followers of the Prophet, the students come from many lands, and are of many races, some of which are traditional enemies. So intense is this hatred that the more quarrelsome tribes, the Syrians in particular, have to be housed apart in separate rooms. Their flashing black eyes and sensitive features betoken a temper easily aroused.

Returning, we noticed a sign, "Church Missionary Society," and as it was the noon hour we stopped to visit the school. The institution is under the care of the Presbyterian Mission, and has in attendance one hundred and fifty boys. Most of the converts are from the Coptic church, an early form of Christianity. The Copts are eager to learn enough of the three R's to obtain a government position, or to act as dragomans. The Jews, who do not care for such emoluments, study to become merchants. Because Bible stories are

taught in conjunction with grammar and arithmetic, the Mohammedan will not allow his children to attend. The Dean of the Anglican Church in Cairo told us that in two years he had had but one Mohammedan convert — and she a poor little girl who was regarded as an outcast.

The principal, an earnest, intelligent man, showed us over the building, the little scholars giving the military salute as we passed. The rooms were furnished with desks, blackboards, and maps. The boys proudly pointed to Washington and Chicago. The principal then read us a letter he had received from an absent pupil; it was written in English, and closed, "Giving you my love and much salaams!"

The teachers are Armenians, and one of them, Korn Gob Gob, had had a Turkish rug-shop in Atlantic City, but assured us that he had not cheated the Americans *much*! Some of the tiniest boys read words of three letters to us in the sweetest voices, and their bright, eager faces beamed with delight at our praise.

As we drive along the narrow, crowded streets our driver brings down his whip in the old Egyptian fashion on the backs of the passers-by who get in his way. The police

also use their canes freely, and some of their assistants — possibly self-appointed — enjoy showing their authority by the use of the whip. These officers are autocrats. They can hold up a public carriage and inspect its wheels. If the vehicle has not been properly cleaned of mud they can order it off the street. It is well there is some one at hand of whom the natives have a wholesome fear.

At noon more bundles of rags — long, swathed, mummy-like figures — were to be seen strewn along the sidewalks or under the trees. The flies are so bad and the sun so bright that when the workman lies down for his mid-day siesta, he envelops his head completely in his black outer robe, and might easily be taken for a corpse.

At the doors of shops and palaces attendants are in waiting. They are allowed chairs, which they never use to sit in but to squat in — this they do literally, their knees up to their chins, their slippers on the ground beside them.

This evening after dinner Selim took us to an Egyptian wedding at the house of the bride's father, a wealthy merchant. We women were invited into the harem, two large rooms packed with women and children of all ages, who sat cross-legged on floor and di-

vans eating sweets and peanuts. They were the household and its guests assembled to wait for the groom to come and claim his bride.

The women wore brocaded satins of every shade, covered with spangles of silver and gold. For jewels they had immense earrings, a mass of diamonds, and heavy cables of gold wound several times around the neck with a huge watch pendant. One woman delighted in pink cotton gloves, the colour of her satin gown, and over them displayed a wealth of jewelled rings. Stays were evidently unknown and it was as well, since the company were accustomed to sit on the floor.

Every woman had as a covering for her face, when in the presence of the opposite sex, a veil or scarf of black or white net spangled with geometric designs in gold and silver which were clamped into the net, its value varying with the weight of the precious metal used.

A dancing-girl in red silk and diadem of pendent gold coins trod a measure for our benefit. The dance consisted for the most part of shuffling the feet and twitching the body, the regular "danse du ventre," and seemed to delight the native guests, although we found it very distasteful. The music was furnished by a tambourine and drum and the

singing was a monotonous nasal chant. At the conclusion of the performance the dancer, to our surprise, passed her tambourine. We hastily fished out our purses and were about to contribute, when the host interfered and rebuked her sharply.

Part of the time we were entertained by three bright little boys from nine to twelve years of age, all in red fezes with dancing tassels. They were scholars of the government school and spoke English well, although with the slight accent of their Irish schoolmaster. One volunteered to recite for us, a piece about pussy-cats quarrelling over a rat. Another pushed him aside, saying, "Oh, I can speak one larger than that!" and forthwith launched upon a string of verses, recited in breathless haste, beginning:

"Brave little soldiers,
Standing at attention!"

Their ambition is to become dragomans. They are bright and quick, we are told, until they reach the age of sixteen, and have to begin to work; then the struggle for existence is so severe that they grow dull and sullen.

After waiting seated on stiff chairs in the middle of the large room, gazed at by curious

feminine eyes from nine till half past ten, we grew weary and inquired of our passing host — the only man present, and at sight of whom the visiting ladies held up their silver veils — when the bride would appear. He took pity on us and led the way into a small room where stood the little bride of fourteen, short and stout, her face plastered white with powder, and her dark eyes made unnaturally large by a dose of belladonna. She wore corsets which seemed to make her rigid, and a lovely pink satin gown of European cut. A crown of silver rested on her thick jet black tresses, and long streamers of silver tinsel fell from her temples to her feet. The dresser was ablaze with pink candles. On the bed, curtained in pink satin with a coverlet of the same rich fabric, lay the bride's bundle of clothing tied up in a big red bandanna ready for her departure, which was momentarily expected.

We each made our felicitations to the little lady, which her father interpreted to her, and were then conducted without to a large tent where the boyish groom of eighteen, in European costume and fez, and his friends were congregated, drinking coffee and listening to three hired singers chant the Koran — the invariable Egyptian amusement. The gen-



BRIDAL PROCESSION NEAR CAIRO, BRIDE BEING IN THE COVERED BOX.

70 1980
ANNUAL

tleman shook hands with us and offered us coffee. We congratulated him, and assured him the bride was charming. These festivities had lasted a week and this was the closing night. Presently a man mounted a chair and began to ask the groom a series of questions. The best man, as we would say, then rose and toasted the young bridegroom, who was now led to meet his bride, whom he would see for the first time, to conduct her to his home.

During the fast of Ramadan Selim says there is no marrying or giving in marriage, but with the beginning of Bairam the sound of the bridal timbrel is heard in the land.

Weddings are week-long affairs. The first day the relatives assemble at the bride's house, — the men in the selamlik, the women in the harem. After the groom has signed the contract, three of his sponsors bear it to the bride, a eunuch leading the way, and calling aloud to the female slaves, "Get out of the way, attend to Mohammedan customs!"

Before the open door of the bride's apartment hangs a heavy curtain; here the messengers pause and cry: "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" No answer.

A second time the question is put; again there is no response, feminine etiquette de-

manding a proper pretence of shyness. After this second longer pause the interrogation is made for the third and last time, and if then there is no reply the whole affair is declared off. The usual "I will," however, is generally forthcoming and the gentlemen return rejoicing to conclude the contract.

The intermediate days are devoted to the display of gifts and trousseau, to dinners and dancing in which the bride, being in retirement, has no part. The last night of the seven occurs the procession of the bride, invitations to which ceremony are the most coveted of all. Miss Ellen Chennell's "Recollections of an Egyptian Princess by her Governess" describes one such fête in the royal harem, the bride being the Princess Fatma, daughter of the Khedive.

On that occasion an elaborate dinner, *à la franque*, was given by the four Princesses, wives of Khedive Ismail. The company then adjourned to a large salon on the upper floor, where they were entertained by the slow Oriental dancing of five or six female slaves, with flowing tresses, and wearing long loose Turkish trousers of pink silk gathered at the ankle; the somersault concluding each movement being most modest.

At 10 o'clock the doors at one end of the

salon opened and two long lines of eunuchs bearing candelabra filed in and stood shoulder to shoulder the length of the hall. Presently between the flaming candles came the bride decked in her most gorgeous gown and adorned with every jewel that could find place on her person, a long silver veil falling from headdress to train. A eunuch supported her on each side to help carry the weight of her gown. The guests stood on stools to watch her progress, but the glare of the many candles and the dazzle of clustered diamonds made it impossible for them to see clearly. The farther doors to the throne-room were flung open and the guests rushed toward it, but only those nearest were able to enter, for as soon as the bride had passed within the doors were quickly closed after her, and she was led to a seat on the canopied dais between her mother and the Queen Mother.

Then came the exciting moment so eagerly anticipated by the expectant guests—the ceremony of the Shower of Coin, gold in the throne-room, silver in the salon. An Effendi, a lady of rank, thrust her hand into a bag borne by a slave and flung a shining shower of newly minted coin among the assembled guests, who scrambled nimbly for the coveted

souvenirs. The gold pieces were of various values from 1s. to 5s., the silver from 2½d. to 5d.

At her first fête, Miss Chennell says she was not fortunate enough to get inside the throne-room: she further relates that no sooner had the Shower of Coin occurred than a cry of alarm came from within, "The Princess is ill!" Almost immediately the glittering form of the pale bride loaded with gems was brought out, half carried, half dragged—the weight of her jewels, the heat of the rooms and the excitement of the ceremony being too much for her.

The following day the Princess was borne in procession to the home of her husband, where during the long years of monotonous married life the recollection of that wedding week would become a romance of cherished memory feeding fancy and imagination.

The poor starved lives of these pampered women are anything but enviable. Although indulged in jewels and dresses, stuffed with sweet-meats and saturated with attar of rose, these childish souls and untrained minds are confined in gilded cages, the plated bars of which are iron underneath, the doors close-locked, their keys kept by eunuchs with authority delegated from husbands and fathers.

Without implements or books, with employment neither for hand or mind, all glimpse of the world without hidden by high palace walls, these Mohammedan women are limited to the little flowered courts of their harems. On the occasional drives of the favoured few, shuttered blinds obstruct their view; and if indulged to the extent of an opera, the brilliance of the performance is dulled by the screen of lace across their box.

Cairo,

Sunday, December 4th.

THIS afternoon we visited some of the famous mosques in the heart of Old Cairo. We came first to the Babez-Zuweleh, a massive gateway of the ancient city wall flanked by two huge towers. Here the spirit of a Cairene saint is thought to dwell and reveal his presence by flashes of light. Heavily veiled women and men on crutches were standing with faces pressed close to the gate and hands caressing it, praying to be healed, and tying to the heavy brass nails of its doors bunches of hair, flowers, and bits of cloth;—similar votive offerings already covered its entire surface.

Near by is the Mosque of El-Muaiyad, a caliph of the fifteenth century, and one notorious for his oppression of Christian and Jew. He ordained that the former should go clad in sombre blue with black turban, and should wear a wooden cross of five pounds weight suspended about his neck; for the Jew he decreed a dress of flaunting yellow

also with black turban, and condemned him to carry about a six pound ball — an intolerable burden.

At every turn one finds a mosque in Cairo. In your last letter you asked me to write more in detail of those in Egypt.

The simplest form demands merely a small square enclosure protected from desecration, with a mark indicating the direction of Mecca. It is usually beside fresh water, or if that is not accessible, ablutions may be performed with sand. Some mosques are for daily prayer except on Friday. Others are tomb mosques, while in the *Gamías* a sermon is preached every Friday. These *Gamías* have a large court with the invariable fountain for preliminary purification. The eastern side of the court is the sacred place or *Liwan*, and is covered with matting or carpet. It contains the *Kibla* or *Mirab*, the prayer-niche in the direction of the holy city, Mecca, and the *Mimbar*, the high narrow flight of steps with canopied pulpit. Near the centre of the *Liwan* stands the *Dikkeh*, a raised platform from which the assistants repeat the words of the *Koran* for the benefit of those in the rear of the hall. The tomb of the founder usually occupies a corner of the mosque. The building is lighted by chandeliers and thousands of

tiny oil lamps suspended by long wires from the ceiling. It is crowded with them!

Near the entrance is generally a larger fountain enclosed in a beautiful marble pavilion decorated with exquisite carving and texts, and shaded by wide eaves. In the upper chamber is held the elementary school attached to the mosque. After learning the alphabet and the multiplication table, the scholar masters the ninety-nine "Beautiful Names" of 'Allah, so that he may repeat the ninety-nine prayers of the Mohammedan rosary. He then commits the Koran to memory, and is graduated.

The Gamia Ibn Tulun, erected in 879, is the oldest in Cairo, and legend claims it as the spot of Abraham's sacrifice. It is of brick covered with stucco and is in the style of the Kaba of Mecca. The court, which is the size of a city block, is covered by a massive dome with eight openings, and is surrounded on three sides by a deep double arcade. On the fourth side, the Liwan, the arcade is quadruple. Just above the slightly pointed arches is a rich frieze carved in stucco, while a border of texts from the Koran runs around the top of the wall. The roof of the arcade is of beams of date-palm encased in sycamore. Slender windows set high in the wall have



FOUNTAIN IN THE COURTYARD OF A MOSQUE.



A TOMB MOSQUE.

elaborate gratings of stucco filled with rich gold and crimson glass.

As we walked through the solemn silence under the lofty dome in the subdued light of the golden windows, the great mosque, bare of image or altar, with no chairs even, — for the Mohammedan adores standing, prostrating himself frequently, — one could but respect the austere dignity of such a temple, and the intensity of a faith requiring no outward symbol.

The Professor, who is a very High Churchman, and practises confession, was forcibly struck with the lack of accessories to worship.

“Why, Selim, they have no altar — no nothing! No? Don’t they believe in confession?”

“No,” answered the autocrat Selim, who is a Copt, “they confess to one God only — they believe in one God only, not in three like us Christians!”

The Professor was greatly impressed with the simplicity and spirituality of the worship, and wandered off muttering to himself, “Well, well, no altar — no nothing! Very spiritual — very!”

The one Coptic church, that of St. George, which every tourist visits, is a most dingy affair, but tradition claims it as the resting

place of the Virgin and Child during one month of their sojourn in Egypt. It is considered the model of all the Byzantine churches of the Coptic Christians in the land of the Nile.

Their ritual is unique and fatiguing. After venerating the various pictures of saints, hung on the Ikonostasis, or screen, which they use in common with the Greek Church, they kneel and kiss the hand of the priest. Since they must stand during the long three-hour service, many bring crutches for support. The priest passes through the congregation, placing his hand in blessing on the head of each member. Palm Sunday every worshipper receives a wreath of palms blessed by the priest, to wear under his tarbush throughout the year as a charm against all misfortune. Yearly baptism is practised on the eighteenth of January, the anniversary of the baptism of Jesus, at which time men and boys plunge into the large font at the end of the nave after it has been blessed by the priest. Three times a year the latter washes the feet of the whole congregation. The Copts are also rigorous in observance of fasts; the Professor was always quizzing Selim to learn if he were faithful to the tenets of his church.

But Selim interpreted his Bible more lib-

erally. When showing us through the Museum, he had pointed out the mummy of the Pharaoh of the Oppression, Merneptah — his name engraved on his cartouche.

"But," protested the Professor, "*that* Pharaoh was drowned in the Red Sea!"

"No, no," corrected Selim, the archæological sceptic, "that could not be, for here he is; only part of his army was drowned, — and, anyway," he added, "those stories are all rot!" — his knowledge of English slang was most amazing.

It certainly was rather convincing to see the well-preserved body of this monarch lying there before our eyes.

As we returned to the carriage we found our Jehu telling his rosary — its ninety-nine beads typifying the ninety-nine attributes of Allah. What other coachman of any civilized country would be found thus occupied?

Cairo,

Monday, December 5th.

THIS last day in Cairo Selim appeared in an exquisite robe of soft blue broadcloth with delicate braiding of black and silver on vest and sleeve. He delights in colour and every morning arrays himself in some new shade, rich golden brown, soft gray, dark green, or deep red — a most picturesque figure.

Almost every day we have driven at least once down to the Muski, just back of the Esbekiyeh Gardens and not far from the fine equestrian statue of Ibrahim Pasha. This statue, the first to be erected in Mohammedan Egypt, marks an epoch in Moslem art since it is in direct controvention of the code of Islam, which forbids the making of images or pictures either of men or animals.

From modern Cairo one passes directly to the native quarter. Nothing could be more fascinating! The narrow streets with the latticed balconies almost touching overhead are thronged with Orientals in brilliant hues; the Arab on his camel, its loose lip nibbling at fruit and flowers, the merchant on his donkey, the

scribe squatting beside the fountain, ready with inkhorn and reed pen to write letters for the trustful uneducated native, the sheik in silken caftan, the fellah in blue cotton, and a motley crowd afoot, make it difficult for the European in his victoria to pass. The sturdy water-carrier, bent double with the weight of his heavy goat-skin, walks along clinking his brass cups to attract attention. The auctioneer, with tray of goods on head, runs up and down the Muski calling out the bids his quick ear catches — the owner at his heels ready to close the bargain. Oily-tongued merchants, sitting tailor-fashion on the floor of tiny shops, smoke their long *narghilehs* while waiting to beguile the passing tourist. Mid-day or sunset finds these same busy traders kneeling on robes or prayer-rugs with unshod feet prostrating themselves towards Mecca.

Many of the bazaars are really covered passages, an awning being stretched across each narrow way to protect it from the fierce African sun. There are bazaars of various nations, Turkish and Syrian as well as Egyptian, and of various wares. One would be devoted to red and yellow slippers, another to fezes, a third to embroidered tunics, some to brass and some to sweets, dates and figs. The spice market dispenses attar-of-rose,

which is sold by weight, or in long tubular bottles, holding just one drop, a dollar a bottle.

The smells, the flies, the lepers and the diseases I have spared you, but they are all part of the picture.

Several times we have had to wait for a funeral to pass. It was invariably led by aged men chanting the creed, "Allah! Allah! There is no god but Allah!"—the casket carried on the shoulders of four men and covered with a rich Persian shawl.

To-day we visited the large shop of Hattoun, which is really a museum of ancient and modern Oriental articles. Coffee was served us in tiny cups while we sat on low stools and handled the many rich fabrics of our host, soft silks of delicate rainbow hues, zouave jackets and cloaks of white and pearl-gray cloth, blue or red velvet embroidered heavily in silver or gold thread; jewelled daggers and Damascus swords; ebony stools and cedar Koran-racks, inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl; coffee-pots and trays of brass and silver delicately wrought; opals and turquoise from Sinai.

The proprietor, an intelligent Syrian of considerable education, showed us a rare copy of the Koran, wonderfully illuminated, which

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TOMBS OF THE KALIFANS.

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he valued at six hundred and forty dollars. The Professor immediately began questioning him concerning his creed, and to his amazement found that the merchant was a Christian, an attendant at the Presbyterian Mission. We left them arguing religion while we bought opals and turquoise.

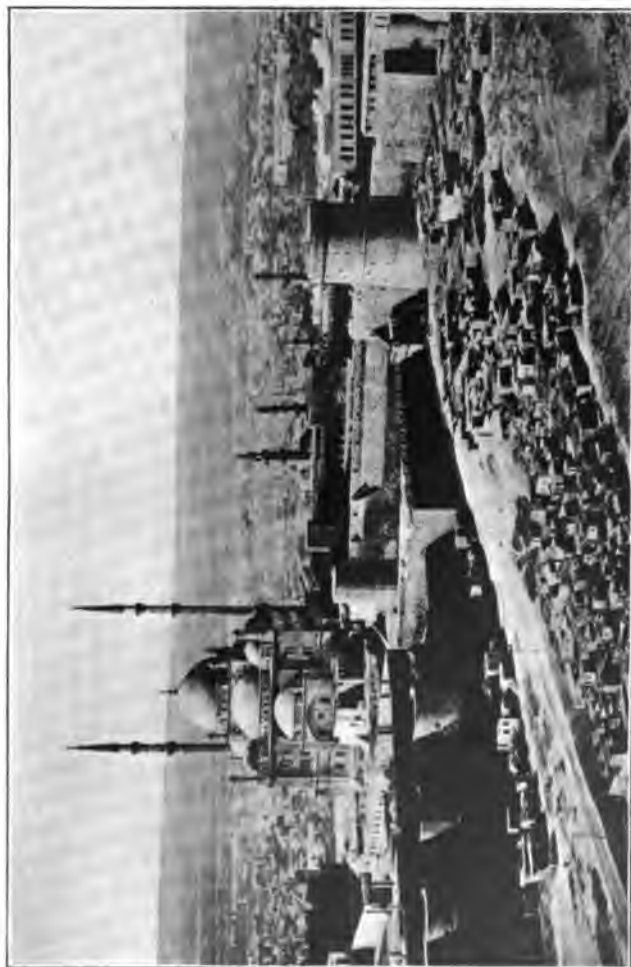
After tiffin we drove the length of the Muski and on east some distance through deep sand and blinding dust to the Tombs of the Kalifahs and the Mamelukes, which extend southward along the entire eastern border of Cairo. They are really tomb-mosques, most of them being in the form of cubes surmounted by stilted domes with one or two minarets.

The tomb-mosque of Sultan Barkuk has two beautiful minarets and two splendid domes, one over the female and the other over the male members of the family. It is a most perfect specimen of Arabian architecture because of its symmetry and its massive construction. The slender tapering minarets have galleries and balconies with beautiful stalactite cornices. The sheik in attendance and his family live in the enclosure. During the fast of Ramadan, which occurs this month, the families of the dead come to spend three days in prayer at the tomb.

Within these finer mosques we find bronze doors, rich carpets and pulpits exquisitely carved and inlaid with ivory. At the head and foot of each massive catafalque are marble columns, the top of the former being shaped like the turban of the deceased, its form indicating his rank. Each shaft is decorated; those over the men's tomb with roses or a slender cypress, while that of a princess would be carved with long braids of hair picked out in gold.

Close to the outskirts of Cairo at this point we could see the majestic Mosque of Sultan Hassan, which dates back to 1356. It is one of the most famous and served as a model for that of Ispahan, Persia. Its lofty portal, sixty feet in height, reminded me of the huge pylon of some ancient temple of the Pharaohs. Just beyond is the Place Rumeleh, the starting point of the caravans that make the annual Pilgrimage to Mecca.

"Last winter," said our Conductor, "I was fortunate enough to see the caravan start. It was a great sight and attended with much ceremony. Tents were erected in this large square and awnings spread with seats for high officials. As soon as the Khedive arrived the procession formed and filed before his Highness: two regiments of infantry —



THE CITADEL AND THE MOSQUE OF MOHAMMED ALI, FROM THE MOKATTAM CLIFFS.

70 VINI AUGUSTO

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with pennons flying from their lances — led off, then four or five camels, swung between two of which was the tinselled litter containing the sacred Mahmal, the new carpet — the yearly gift of the Khedive to the Mosque at Mecca. On the last camel sat a holy sheik stripped to the waist, his bushy head rolling from side to side in a pretended frenzy of religious emotion, which they said would last all the way to Mecca. Hundreds of camels followed carrying pilgrims to the number of several thousands. They paraded through the principal streets of Cairo and then passed on some distance into the desert where they went into camp for an indefinite period.

“Their final departure I did not see, as the time is always kept secret and the presence of foreigners frowned upon. The pilgrims were mostly men, although a few had their wives with them. A widow, I am told, sometimes makes the journey, but to do so she is obliged to enter into a temporary marriage with some poor Moslem whom on her return she remunerates handsomely for the favour,” laughed Mr. Richards.

As it was growing late we hastened on to the Citadel, which we had reserved as the climax of our week’s stay in Cairo.

A steep narrow way between walls of mas-

sive masonry leads to the rock on which the Citadel stands high above the plain. On the way up we met a company of Highlanders in kilts. Tommy Atkins holds the fort, assisted by the Egyptian soldier in khaki, and a very proud soldier he. This stronghold was erected in 1166 with stone taken from the smaller pyramids of Gizeh.

Selim pointed out to us the former narrower approach between high parapets where occurred the massacre of the turbulent Mamelukes by order of Mohammed Ali, March 1st, 1811: one only, Amin Bey, escaped on his horse by leaping through a gap in the wall into the moat below.

The terrace is crowned by the splendid *Gamía* Mohammed Ali, the Alabaster Mosque which dominates every picture of the Egyptian metropolis. Begun in 1824 on the site of the old palace, it was not completed till 1857, under Said Pasha. It is the only mosque we have found in perfect preservation. Its architect was a Greek who modelled it after that of St. Sophia at Constantinople. The walls and columns are of rich yellow alabaster. Immense Turkish rugs of rich crimson cover its spacious floor, while above the roof rises in a large central dome with four smaller ones encircling. The great



THE ALABASTER MOSQUE OF MOHAMMED ALI.

to vinyl
alcohol

outer court, paved with big blocks of marble, is lined on all sides with a splendid marble arcade. A fountain enclosed in a beautiful white alabaster pavilion adorns the centre.

The fortress also contains the famous Well of Joseph, 280 feet deep, into which, the Jews claim, the Patriarch Joseph was cast by his brethren. The fact is that when the Citadel was being built in the twelfth century the workmen discovered this pit filled with sand. Saladin Yusuf caused it to be re-opened and named it after himself.

Walking around the Alabaster Mosque to the southwest we came out upon the terrace which commands a world-famed view of Cairo, the city whose charm the Jewish hakim has so beautifully sung: —

“He who hath not seen Cairo, hath not seen the world.
 Her soil is gold;
 Her Nile is a marvel;
 Her women are as the bright-eyed houris of Paradise;
 Her houses are palaces, and her air is soft, with an odour
 above aloes, refreshing the heart;
 And how should Cairo be otherwise, when she is the mother
 of the world?”

To the north, set here and there among the low sandy Windmill hills, are the tombs of the Khalifas. Behind, and really dominating the fortress and nullifying its efficiency, tower

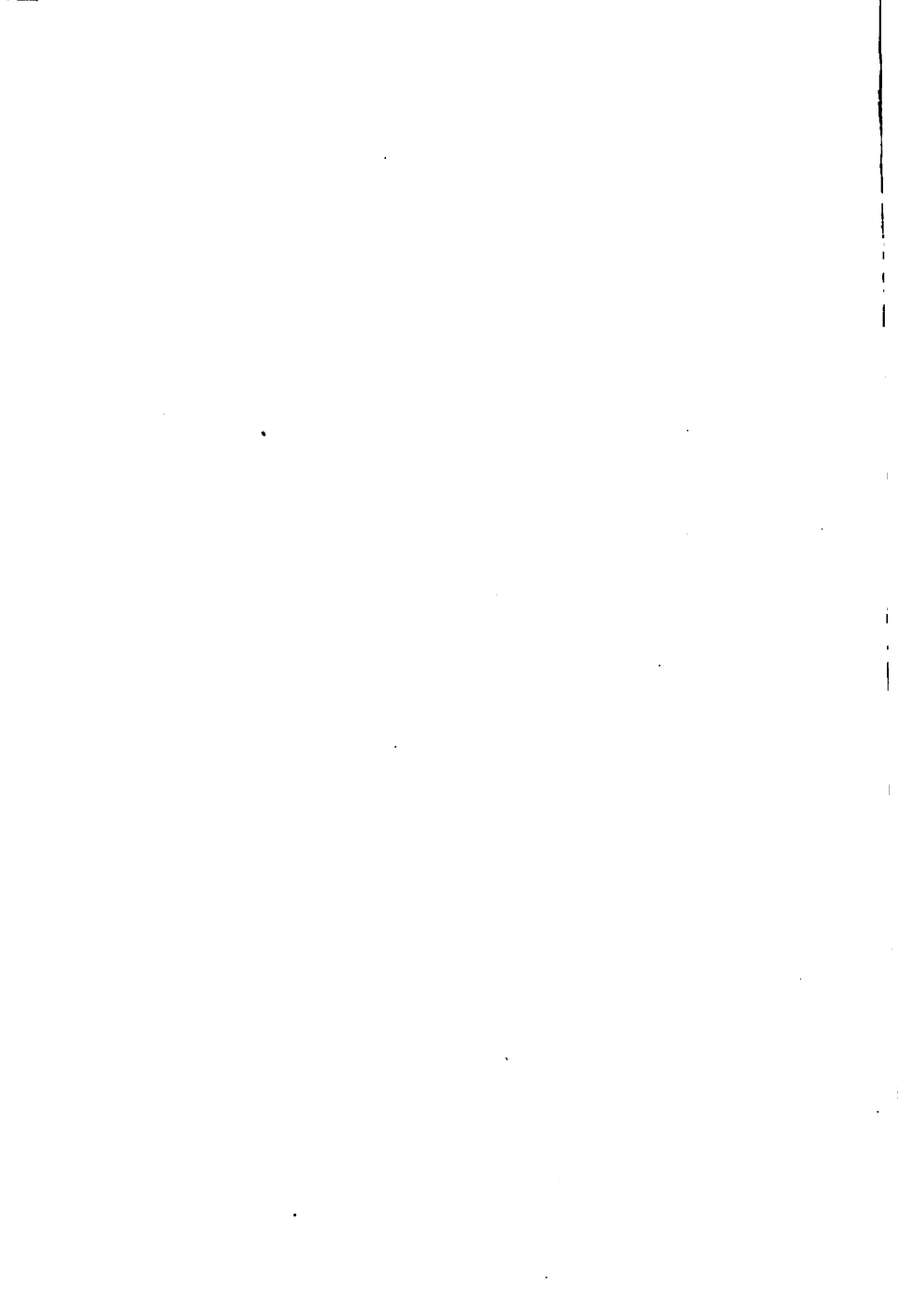
*"S. S. Rameses," on the Nile, Egypt,
December 6th.*

THIS morning we started for the Nile steamer, with our small trunks only. As we drove across the bridge to the wharf just beyond, the little double-decker floating on the water looked clean and fresh, a most inviting home for a three weeks' excursion. The manager of the steamship company was at the boat to see us off, and presented each passenger with a permit for which the ordinary tourist pays a pound, and which secures the entrée to all the monuments of Egypt; this revenue is devoted to the preservation of the monuments and ruins. He also gave to each a copy of Dr. Wallis Budge's book on Egypt, which contains chapters on both ancient and modern Egypt and answers many questions.

There are only about thirty passengers, for the season has barely begun, this being but the second trip of the "Rameses" up the Nile. As we put off from shore the barefoot Egyptian sailors with long poles pushed us



BEDRECHEN, THE LANDING STATION FOR SAKKARAH.



clear of the wharf, singing in unison as they worked.

Our start was made promptly at ten, and tiffin was served early, at half after eleven, in order that we might have time for the long excursion from Bedrechen to Sakkarah six miles distant. The moment the vessel came to land we hurried ashore to secure good donkeys. We were immediately surrounded by a shouting, jostling mob of Arabs and donkey-boys urging us to hire their beasts — the burros backing into us meanwhile, until in desperation we chose the nearest. Our dragoman, Hafiz, or Ahmed, his assistant, helped us jump into our saddles; and we were soon off, our runners at our heels.

A field of pampas-grass we passed reminded me of home. The first thing I knew, my donkey was running into that of a dignified white-haired gentleman and pushing it off the path; none of my sawing or pulling would correct the manners of my mount. The gentleman forgave the discourtesy, and we were soon comparing the climates of Cairo and San Diego, Mr. Simmons' home, to the detriment of the Egyptian capital. The rest of the company, no doubt, credited us with the usual California egotism.

Crossing the dry bed of an ancient branch

of the Nile, we came to some scattered blocks of granite and low heaps of mud walls crumbled and almost obliterated, over which century-old palms spread protecting branches. "Here," announced Hafiz, "is all that remains of that once famous metropolis, ancient Memphis, Egypt's first capital and the earliest city on earth known to history!" This haughty Babylon by the Nile with her mighty walls and many gates is now but a name. Upon her has fallen, even more heavily, the curse of Jerusalem; literally "Not one stone is left upon another."

Fittingly has the poet sung her desolation:

"Death lives in her foundations, and her days
Are willow-mourners by the water-side.
No more the Nile, around his marble bride,
Flings arms of brightness like a yellow blaze;
No more the marching Ages, with amaze,
Before her beauty in abeyance bide,
For she is dead; and, with her, Isis died;
And not a slave Osiris now obeys.

"When the young Years went naked yet of names,
Singing, she woke, all wonder; — that white ark
Whence Music wandered, like a mystic dove
Exploring God! Now over her loud fames
Oceans of silence unremembering move;
And she is named the Mother of the Dark!"

During long æons of archaic evolution in the earlier pre-historic age, the dwellers by

the Nile had lived and developed side by side but ever separate and distinct. There was the Upper Egypt of the South land, — its emblem, a lily; its sovereign, Lord of the White Crown; its ensign, a plant; its treasury, the "White House;" and its protecting patron, the serpent-goddess, or sacred uræus — while below lay the Lower Egypt of the Delta with papyrus emblem, a Lord of the Red Crown for king, a bee for ensign, for treasury the "Red House," and for tutelary genius the vulture-goddess, the holy hawk with outspread wings. Both rulers bore the title "Horus," and both claimed to reign as sons of the hawk-headed god, but Upper Egypt of the interior was ever the more Egyptian of the two. Thus the two in early ages.

In the course of time, however, at the beginning of history, according to Manetho, there arose in the thirty-fifth century B. C. a mighty man, Menes, the first monarch of united Egypt, or indeed of the world. Born at Thinis near Abydos in the south, he invaded and conquered the land of the Red Crown and cemented the conquest by establishing his capital at the beginning of the Delta in the narrow part of the Nile Valley, midway between Upper and Lower Egypt

— thus commanding the country from Philæ to the sea.

To make a site for the city, Menes changed the channel so that the river flowed to the east, and thus formed a barrier against the aggressive peoples of Mesopotamia and Syria. Menes reigned long and his successors ruled in prosperity over the united country more than four hundred years, but the tradition of two lands remained long indelible; the king was always "the double lord," his diadem "the double crown." Menes was deified during life, being called "The God" — his ministers of finance, "The two treasurers of the God" — titles continued for centuries. Because of its great wall, painted with white stucco, the city was called the "White Wall" in reference to the power of its conqueror, the Lord of the "White Crown." This poetic name was retained until Pepi I, a powerful Pharaoh of the Sixth Dynasty, erected his pyramid-city so close to the ancient capital that the "White Wall" thereafter took the name of the pyramid — Men-nofer, which the Greeks translated "Memphis."

Sakkarah, the Necropolis of ancient Memphis, extended over forty-five square miles, and included within its confines these seventy gigantic cairns, the Pyramids of the Pharaohs.



FALLEN COLOSSI OF RAMSES THE GREAT.

Memphis maintained its supremacy till Thebes and the worship of the Theban god, Am-on-Re, of Upper Egypt, superseded it 2000 B. C.

A little farther on, we came upon the famous fallen Colossi of Ramses the Great, recumbent statues which long lay half buried in the mud of the sacred lake adjoining the Temple of Ptah. The larger figure, which is 42 feet long, is now protected by a wooden shed. Climbing a high stairway, we looked down upon the prostrate giant. The huge form lay vast and neglected on the desert sand. The haughty granite features wore a look of austere dignity. Was it of this Colossus Shelley wrote the sonnet, "Ozymandias?"

"I met a traveller from an antique land
 Who said: 'Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
 Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,
 Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown
 And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
 Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
 The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed.
 And on the pedestal these words appear:
 "My name is Ozymandias, king of kings ;
 Look on my works, ye mighty and despair ;"
 Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
 The lone and level sands stretch far away."

These statues were probably erected by Ramses II after his long victorious war against the Hittites in the east. This Ramses, the Osymandyas or Sesostris of Greek story, was the greatest of all Egyptian monarchs. During his long reign of sixty-seven years he got possession of Palestine, defeated the Hittites, and erected innumerable temples and statues of himself all over his realm.

At Abu Simbel are colossal seated figures, at Karnak is a gigantic standing statue nearly seventy feet high, — everywhere we find the name of Ramses writ large; one tablet even crediting him with seventeen sons. For the express pleasure of one of the "little sons" of this Ramses was written that inimitable fairy tale, "Cinderella and the Glass Slipper," the delight of all childhood since history began.

Ramses II is especially famous as the Pharaoh of the Oppression. In the Gizeh Museum we saw his mummy lying in state under glass in its decorated coffin. Unswathed from its sheathings of cloth, the imperial head, wonderfully preserved, with high receding forehead, prominent cheekbones, and long neck encased in stock of mummy-cloth, looked not unlike a gentleman of the time of Washington and Lafayette.

Very recently Egyptologists have discovered that many of the temples and monuments bearing the name of Ramses II existed a thousand years prior to his time; archaeologists therefore believe that the epithet "Great," assumed by this Pharaoh, is a misnomer to which he was in no way entitled.

Prof. Naville, one of the official explorers of antiquities in Egypt says of Ramses II:

"The more we discover about Ramses the more convinced are we that he was a fraud. He was not great in any way, but his vanity was colossal. To satisfy this he conceived the notion of causing his name to be inscribed on every temple, statue and monument. We are now beginning to find him out."

Remounting, we passed along the outskirts of a small village nestled at the foot of tall palms where women sat in the sun by the dusty road-side, children ran after us crying for pennies, and all the dogs of the hamlet barked at us in chorus. A mile beyond on the edge of the western desert we came to the great Necropolis of Sakkarah extending four and a half miles north and south, and bordered by the eleven pyramids of Dahshur. The whole bed of the Necropolis is so honey-

combed with tombs — some of them containing mummies of cats and ibises — that we had to be careful where we stepped.

We now came to a series of rectangular mounds of brick or stone masonry with sloping sides — tombs called mastabas by modern natives because of their resemblance to the terrace or bench on which the Arab squats before his house or shop. A secret passage leads to the sepulchral vault hidden in the interior; some mastabas have as many as thirty such rooms.

We rode close by the crumbling rectangular terraces of the Step Pyramid and gazed with awe upon this venerable pile — the oldest stone monument known to history. From a base two hundred feet wide and considerably longer its six diminishing platforms rise to an almost equal height. This was the mausoleum of Zoser, a powerful king of the Third Dynasty. Before his time all tombs had been of sun-baked brick. Zoser was fortunate in having for Grand Vizier a most able man — one Imhotep — known not only as “architect to the god (king)” but also as proverb-maker and physician, learned in signs and simples — the original of the Greek Æsculapius. At the instigation of this minister Zoser began an epoch of stone-building, which

culminated during the next Dynasty in the Great Pyramid of Khufu.

We now met a party of tourists who were taking the sights in the opposite order. Among them was Mrs. Calvin, whom I had known in Cairo. An invalid and unable to ride, she was carried in state, her chair borne by four Arabs who sang as they marched. I made her a deep obeisance, but she laughingly assured me hers was no royal progress; but most unenviable; not only had she been twice tipped out, but all day long she was compelled to listen to the tuneless chanting of her escort.

As we dismounted at the Serapeum, the Apis Mausoleum, the donkey-boys crowded around, holding out their hands, and crying, "Something for the donkey for to eat!" Of course in that dry desert no alfalfa could be bought, but we each gave a fee for peace's sake, and then took the sloping path dug out of the sand down into the bowels of the earth. An iron gate protected the entrance, and a picturesque figure in heavy white drapery peered at us through the high bars, mounting guard and demanding to be shown our "ticket" before permitting us to pass. Within the guides were busy lighting candles and passing them about. The grease presently

melted and ran over our gloves, while our clothes got the benefit of the drippings from the candles of our neighbours, who pressed us on all sides. The smoke and fumes of the burning candles added to our discomfort and set us coughing. The tombs were close and dry, the temperature standing throughout the year at 80 Far. To this dryness of the air is due the remarkable preservation of the paintings on the walls of so many of the tombs.

Carefully following the guide, and minding our steps, we came first upon an immense slab of black granite, and not far beyond it a massive block of the same hard stone; these proved to be the lid and huge sarcophagus intended for the mummy of a sacred bull. They almost blocked the passage, and were evidently on their way to a waiting niche opening off the main corridor, when some invader, overthrowing the worship of Apis, interrupted the work.

As we penetrated farther, bats by the hundred, resenting our invasion, flew out from every niche and cranny, and almost swept our heads with their wide wings in their confused efforts to hide from the blinding candles. Climbing a ladder we looked down into one of these sarcophagi. "Here," proudly announced Hafiz, "King Edward, when Prince

of Wales, once ate tiffin" — a grewsome, suffocating place for a repast. It is eight by thirteen feet, and eleven high. Twenty-four such sarcophagi are *in situ* in various niches. All had been plundered except two in niches which had been walled up in the time of Ramses the Great, and which had remained undiscovered until recent years. Here the finger-marks on the limestone, and in the sand the footprints of the barefoot workmen were found undisturbed by Mariette after a lapse of thirty-five centuries.

The Apis was considered the living image on earth of the god Ptah, and was kept in one of the courts of the Temple of Ptah at Memphis, where it was consulted as an oracle. To be chosen Apis, a bull must have certain sacred marks; it must be black, have a square white spot on the forehead, the figure of an eagle on the back, a beetle on the tongue, and double hairs in the tail. An Apis mummy was wrapped couchant as carefully as a human being, in yards and yards of linen; the head protruded, the nose being bound with interlacing bands and even the horns encased each in its separate sheath. At death the Apis became an Osiris, identified like all the dead with the god Osiris. The Apis was always buried in the Serapeum, and over his tomb a

chapel built, where he was worshipped as a god under the name of Osorhapis. During the Ptolemaic period the similarity of the name Osorhapis to that of the Grecian god Serapis led to the ready adoption of the Hellenic deity into the Egyptian pantheon.

The Serapeum consists of a number of subterranean corridors four hundred feet in length, some of them cut out of solid rock, with chambers for sarcophagi on either side. The chapels above the vaults were enclosed by a wall which, in the time of the Ptolemies, was crowned by Greek statues and approached by an avenue of stone sphinxes.

Herodotus relates that Cambyzes when making the conquest of Memphis in 525 B. C. happened to visit the temple while the Egyptians were holding high festival over the discovery of a bull calf bearing the sacred marks. Thinking their rejoicings were in derision of his reverses in Ethiopia, and believing it incredible that such a nation should choose a bull for a god, he plunged his sword in contempt into the animal's thigh; the priests later buried the Apis secretly.

Such has been the oft-repeated tradition. The discovery, however, of an Apis sarcophagus inscribed with the name and figure of Cambyzes kneeling before a sacred bull re-



MARIETTE'S HOUSE, SAKKARAH.

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veals a change of heart in the conqueror, which is further confirmed by a tablet erected by one of his Persian commanders stating that Cambyses had restored the Temple of Neith at Sais, renewed its revenues and festivals, and had performed all the accustomed religious rites of a Pharaoh.

Moreover we now know that Cambyses did not kill the bull, but merely wounded it. A Serapeum stela bearing the name of Amasis, ruler in Egypt at the time of the Persian conquest, records that "the holiness of this god (bull) went forth to heaven" in the fourth year of Darius, and "that the beautiful lifetime of the god (apis) was eighteen years, one month, six days," therefore this bull must have been Apis when Cambyses arrived at the Nile, and it had evidently survived his sword-thrust several years.

Nor is this all. Mariette, the discoverer of the Serapeum, being called back to Paris before he could complete his examination of its contents, had buried in the sand fourteen cases taken from the tomb, until such time as he should return. Later among the lot was found one coffin which had escaped the fanaticism of the early Christians, and this mummy was that of the identical Apis stabbed by Cambyses. The condition of the thigh bone,

showing an attempt to knit together, proved conclusively that the bull had lived some years after it was wounded. Thus does the accuracy of modern archæology correct the current traditions of ancient history.

Not far from the Serapeum is the famous Mastaba of Thi, four thousand six hundred years old. Not only is it one of the best preserved tombs in all the valley of the Nile, but the bas-reliefs mark the climax of Egyptian art. Thi was Royal Architect and Manager of Pyramids to a king of the Fifth Dynasty.

Formerly this Mastaba stood above ground; it is now entirely buried with sand from the wind-swept desert. The interior has been excavated; its walls are covered with remarkably realistic scenes from the country life of the deceased, all instinct with the joy of life. The hieroglyphics are beautifully executed, the lines deeply cut and well-spaced. The entrance is a small vestibule containing two pillars before which stands a statue of Thi in long wig and short apron, a staff in one hand, a club in the other. Just to the left is a closed chamber called a serdab, which contains several more statues of Thi, and to which the only communication is by a small cleft barely wide enough to pass a hand to admit incense.

The vestibule gives on a large square court, a hall for sacrifices and offerings to the dead. Ten pillars support the roof. In the floor of such a court is usually a perpendicular pit forty to eighty feet deep, with passage at bottom leading to the mortuary chamber proper. The passage would then be walled up and the pit filled in to prevent discovery. In this instance, however, we descend by a steep stairway and long gallery to the tomb-chamber of Thi, a room twenty feet square and twelve high, its ceiling upheld by two massive pillars.

Although vestibule, court, and passage were all covered with frescoes, the finest work was reserved for this inner chamber. Behind it is a second more secure serdab, likewise walled in, and containing a statue of Thi intact and parts of broken ones; on either side of the opening is a painting of a man offering incense to Thi.

Along the west wall are two stone stelæ, shaped like doorways, representing the entrance to the realm of the dead. Before the left stela is a horizontal slab which served as a table for offerings. The frescoes depict the slaughtering of animals and the presenting of gifts. Before these stelæ stood statues of Thi and his wife; the former we had already

seen in the Cairo Museum. (See Appendix I.)

An Egyptian officer mounted on a spirited dappled gray had accompanied the party to Sakkarah as escort. Our return was a "free for all" race — the guard and the two drago-mans leading the procession. Our burros were very tiny, and of course the tallest men always bestrode the smallest beasts. Two gentlemen were thrown headlong by the stumbling of their mounts, but fortunately came off unhurt.

Our Conductor, who is tall and well proportioned, sits his steed very gingerly. He assured me quite soberly that he is not made just right; that the upper part of his body is in fact too long for the length of his legs, so that he feels top-heavy when on donkey-back. There are others.

The donkeys, utterly unmindful of their riders' wishes, trotted or galloped to right or left as pleased themselves or the Arab boys, who kept close at their heels and surreptitiously belaboured them in the rear. I was riding along quietly, enjoying the landscape — an open expanse of sand and sky in every direction with no verdure or dwellings near to obstruct the vault of blue above, the distant cliffs and low mountain ranges showing clear



READY FOR THE RACE HOME.

against the eastern sky — and my burro was slowly picking his way along the narrow foot-path between two ploughed fields, when suddenly there came a resounding thwack, and my sleepy little beast jumped forward, mending his pace and nearly unseating me. Remonstrance was useless; the donkey boy was impatient to reach home and his fee.

Miss Martha, though eager to make the excursion, had been timid and doubtful of her ability to sit so small an animal. We had over-persuaded her, however, and after several attempts, for one hundred and eighty pounds is no light matter to be hoisted into a saddle, Hafiz managed to mount the lady. She had stipulated for two donkey boys, and was assigned a couple of tall youths who ran along and propped her up on each side. Thus supported she got over the ground at a pretty fair pace. The necessity of jumping so much *avoids* into the saddle caused our dragoon thereafter to discourage our heavyweights from going on further excursions, but we continued to urge Miss Shinn to take all the shorter trips.

On the home stretch Miss Martha was the last in. As I looked back I saw her coming, her bonnet on the back of her head. Her face, burned red by the heat of the sun, bore a look

of exquisite anguish as she gripped her two Arabs tightly about the neck. The weary donkey ambled gently forward. The runners nearly exhausted by strangulation, and anxious to end their agony as soon as possible, kept whacking the animal, allowing no pauses despite the outcries of its rider.

B. clung to her donkey-boy till he pleaded with her not to tear the clothes off his back. It is immensely amusing, for none of the inexperienced will own to being afraid. One little Englishman growing confidential, confessed to B. that he had not been on a donkey for nine years. Just then his runner laid on with a heavy stick, the donkey leaped forward — and the gentleman in question came a cropper backwards in the sand.

We were just in time for five o'clock tea which is served on the upper deck in the open salon amidships. Easy chairs, table, and piano make this a delightful lounging place, cozy and comfortable. Here Madam Shinn and two or three elderly people had spent the day writing letters, playing chess, and reading their Baedekers. They inquired eagerly for details of our trip. After this twelve mile excursion, we feel equal to whatever is in store for us farther up the Nile.

• The sun set in a clear sky and sent up over

the heavens a rich lemon glow which was reflected on sand and water. Night fell suddenly with almost no twilight intervening, and it instantly turned cold. Canvas awnings were at once let down on both sides of the promenade deck and electric lights turned on, making it as warm and bright as a lady's drawing-room.

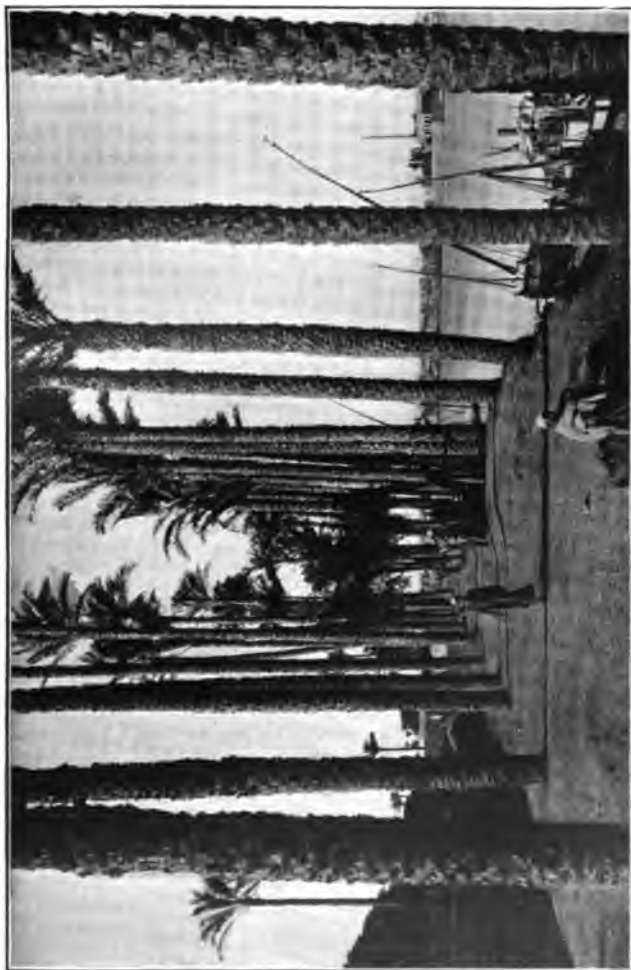
Our other passengers are British, with the exception of a young bride and groom from Chicago, Mr. Simmons — the artist from California above mentioned — a Boston editor, and a lone Spaniard with whom I have exchanged a few words, but I find my Spanish rather rusty.

One of the English tourists remarked to me, "You speak different than the lady from Chicago, — you pronounce like an English-woman." I could have told her there was no doubt about her nationality — her "different than" proclaiming her a Britisher at once.

1

*"S. S. Rameses," on the Nile,
Wednesday, December 7th.*

TO-DAY we did not leave the ship, but have rested, written letters, promenaded the deck, and watched the scenery fly by, the channel being close in shore. We have had a perfect panorama of palms all day. You mustn't get tired of hearing about palms, for they're all there is in the shape of trees. So far the big dom palm and the date are the only varieties in evidence. The latter, stripped of all but the topmost branches, dominates everywhere — not in small clumps, but by the thousand, forming a perfect forest of tall, spindling trees. Sometimes a cluster of seven will rise from one stump. The vista into the groves seems strangely clean and clear, for there is no under-brush, the trees rising straight and free from the yellow earth. The fellah values his date palm at a thousand piastres, fifty American dollars. The natives build fences of cane about them, to protect the dates while drying from the depredations of wild animals, — hyenas, wolves and jackals.



VISTA OF PALMS ON THE WEST BANK OF THE NILE.

The cane grown in this district is for sugar, and the many tall chimneys we pass are those of sugar factories. String after string of camels hidden under loads of cane, and of donkeys buried under bundles of these same long stalks, pass continually.

Farther up the valley in the warmer sections cotton also is raised for export. The Kaffir corn, distinguished by its big conical tassel, attains a height of from ten to twelve feet; it is largely cultivated, and makes excellent fodder. Our sweet American corn has been tried, and yielded a fine crop the first year; the second year it lost much of its flavour, and the third it reverted to the native staple — all due to the mischief of the bees, no doubt.

This same persistence of type obtains in everything Egyptian. The strain is so virile that no admixture of nations can obliterate the racial characteristics. We meet in mosque and market men who might well have served as models for the sculptured figures on the walls of ancient tombs and temples.

Twice a day our quiet barefoot sailors swab the decks. In early afternoon two squads go, three abreast, down the narrow passage without our cabin wielding their mops, the leader chanting a prayerful strophe to which the men every other breath sing an antiphonal

chorus: "Hal-li'sah Al'lah! Hal-li'sah Al'lah!" again and again — "Help us, O Al'lah, Help us!" Its minor key makes the chant sound weird and sad, but the work is done well and quickly. In advance of the sextet always walks a sailor who keeps filling his bucket in the Nile and pouring a flood upon men and deck. Again at six in the morning these same noiseless workers go by our door cleaning the deck, but this time without the solace of song.

Enveloped in woollen cowl and robe of brown and white, the crew make picturesque figures grouped on the lower deck at night. Although our ship is two hundred feet long, there is small space forward; however, standing above at sunset I saw a sailor below spread down his outer robe, step upon it with unshod feet, after bathing them in the river, and begin his evening prayer to Allah. No matter where he is nor who there is to observe him, the devout Moslem never neglects this exercise.

After drifting so many days and nights on the bosom of this mysterious river one can better understand the primitive cosmogony of the primeval Nilotes. As we float along between desolate strips of sterile sand, under the burning arch of heaven upheld east and

west by long lines of barren yellow cliffs, and surrounded by solitary wastes, we seem to have arrived at some Ultima Thule,—to have been borne back to that elemental hour before time began, when the earth was without form and void. To her early children this long valley, these hills, the belt of blue above, and their wonderful life-giving Nile were country, world and universe.

His curious pantheon the ancient Egyptian constructed in similar wise. This narrow winding valley was the slender attenuated god Keb, low lying; the sky above, the still greater goddess Nut. Beneath the earth another Nile flowed—connecting with this Nile at the First Cataract. The sun which beat so fiercely overhead was worshipped by all tribes alike, although under different forms and by various names. At Edfu Helios was called Horus—his emblem a hawk with outspread wings flying the heavens and bearing a sun-disc. At Denderah Apollo was a solar child, a son born each morning of the sky goddess Nut, or a calf, the daily offspring of the heavenly cow. At Heliopolis Re reigned—his symbol an obelisk or a beetle. The sky was a sea over which each dawn the solar god radiant with youth sailed in his day-boat accompanied by all the starry host of disem-

128 FROM CAIRO TO THE CATARACT

bodied dead rescued by Re. At the decline of day the god, aged and feeble, entered his dusky barge, to bring brightness and joy to the spirits of the underworld, as he passed on his nightly journey from west to east through the subterranean caverns of the underground Nile.

*"S. S. Rameses,"
Thursday, December 8th.*

THIS afternoon we landed at Beni Hassan, where we were greeted by a great onslaught from the donkey-boys, who kept calling to us, "Here are donkeys on the stop!" The waiting burros were standing ready saddled in a long pen, those nearest the gate being furnished with men's saddles; the dragomans, however, insisted the ladies should mount first. A great lashing and slashing of animals, boys and men followed, fierce altercation and much bad Arabic, but at last we were off in a cloud of dust, this time with two donkey-boys apiece. I remonstrated with Abuh, aged fifteen, and bade him send back Hassan, aged nine; but both explained in loud voice that they were brothers — both had Papa Turah and Mamma Turah, hence were indeed brothers; moreover, the younger spoke the better English. At Sak-karah all the donkeys were named "Yankee Doodle," but at Beni Hassan I got a "Rameses" — a far more appropriate cognomen for an Egyptian burro. Women and children

pursued us in a body as we rode through their village, all singing the same song, "Bakshish! Bakshish!" with accent on the last syllable.

After the party had dismounted at the Speos Artemis the donkey-boys crowded so near and quarrelled so vociferously that Hafiz had to crack his long whip repeatedly to make them retreat before he could give his little speech of explanation. The tomb consists of a single large chamber cut out of solid rock; three only of its columns are left to uphold the ceiling.

A quarter of an hour's ride farther brought us to the cliffs of Beni Hassan, in the upper tier of which had been cut thirty-five tomb-chambers. Indeed the whole hill-slope was riddled with holes—mummy-pits in which the poor had been buried, but which had been reopened and robbed of their inmates. We had a stiff climb to reach the cliffs, picking our way between yawning pits and passing every now and then a human skull or thigh-bone that had been thrown up on the sand and left to bleach in the sun.

On the walls of one tomb, that of Khnum-hotep, is portrayed a company of Semitic men and women, thirty-seven in all, robed in delicately bordered woollen garments of various colours, and clad in leather sandals. They

lead gazelles and carry metal weapons and harps of fine workmanship. The men are teachers, and they bear fragrant cosmetics, much prized in the warm Egyptian climate; their leader is one Absha, a Hebrew.

In another chamber we found a concave sixteen-sided column with square block for capital and flat stone for base. Could this have served as model for the Doric column of the Greeks? The inner chambers of most of the tombs have a deep pit for secreting the mummy laden sarcophagus. Over the tomb of Khati in this same series we first meet the peculiar Egyptian column, a cluster of four stems with capital of lotus buds, bound together at the neck and painted in brilliant red, yellow and blue.

The Babylonians excelled in the treatment of masses but were unacquainted with the column and the colonnade, which originated in Egypt — Greece to the contrary. One Pyramid temple of the Fifth Dynasty employs huge monoliths, some patterned after the palm, the spreading branches forming the capital, others representing bundles of papyrus stalks crowned with clusters of swelling buds — columns perfect in proportion and exquisite in detail.

The sacred court of a temple of the An-

cient Empire 2000 B. C., adorned with an army of these stately stones of faultless symmetry and perfect spacing, confutes the assertion that the Egyptians knew not the treatment of voids, and establishes their priority of claim to the introduction of both column and colonnade. How many previous ages it had taken this people to evolve the type, who can tell? Column and colonnade, with giant slab for architrave, comprise the essential elements of all great architecture.

Soon after noon we tied up at Assiut, one of the largest cities on the Nile above Cairo. To our surprise, we found a limited number of victorias instead of burros in waiting. The palaces of the Viceroy and the various foreign consuls line the boulevard fronting the river; and the palms, acacias, mimosas, and beautiful gardens testify likewise to the wealth and culture of the inhabitants.

We drove through the city to the white cliffs beyond to visit more tombs, but found them less interesting than those of Beni Hasan. In a corner of one vestibule, however, stood, minus its feet and with bony arms crossed on its breast, the mummy of what was once a man, pathetic in its helpless desolation. Beside it lay a heap of mummied animals — cats, wolves and jackals — all of which had

been carefully interred by ancient Egyptians and as ruthlessly resurrected by modern vandals. Their presence is accounted for by the fact that Assiut was in ancient times the shrine of Wep-wat, the jackal-headed god of the dead, to whom the jackal, the wolf of the desert, was sacred. This worship of animals was a cult which arose during the decline of the Egyptian Empire. When first introduced the figures of animals were regarded as types of attributes only — not until later were they revered as idols.

Higher up is another row of tombs, the second of which, known as the Soldier's Tomb, has painted on its walls squads of infantry carrying spears and shields. In a still more remote spot there was recently opened a chamber from the shaft of which were taken the little wooden soldiers now in the Cairo Museum. Each wore a heavy wig to protect the head, and carried a leather shield and a long spear terminating in a leaf-shaped point.

Pushing on to the brow of the hill with the assistance of the ubiquitous Arab boys, we were rewarded with a glimpse of the Sahara Desert — waves of pinkish-yellow sand undulating into the distance as far as the eye could reach. Before us lay a Mussulman cemetery; through its narrow lanes men and women

were passing on their way to pray at the small dome-covered tombs before which they laid food and drink.

Returning, the public highway, raised above the surrounding fields, was thronged with vehicles, people on foot, and families in long two-wheeled carts. The town square of Assiut was boisterous with people making holiday. A crowd of fifty or sixty formed a circle about two men who were engaged in making passes at one another with long poles. When one was downed, a fresh competitor would enter the lists.

A crude merry-go-round was taken possession of by the delighted people. The boys pointed to these machines with pride, and our dragoman asked if we had any such wonders in America. While we looked on an Arab ran up to the carriage, threw down his robe, spread out his cards, and began telling our fortunes.

From this scene of merry-making we drove to the Presbyterian Mission, where Dr. and Mrs. Alexander have lived for twenty-eight years. They received us graciously and told us of their work. Their church has a membership of five hundred, and the boys' school accommodates four hundred boarders and a hundred day-scholars—the pupils being,

for the most part, the children of the congregation, converts from the Coptic faith. Although their expenses are great the establishment is almost entirely self-supporting. Its scholars are sent all over Egypt. Now that the Christian schools have become so popular, the Mohammedans are subscribing money for more advanced teaching in their own institutions, which are still, however, mostly for the study of the Koran.

The school charges a small tuition. The boys are fed beans, lentils, bread and molasses, and little else. Students who pay extra are furnished with table-cloth, napkins, knives and forks, and are taught how to use them. There is also a school for girls, and the boys often stipulate that the girls whom they are to marry shall first receive instruction there.

Moslem women, Mrs. Alexander says, have a hard time; a follower of the Prophet may have four wives and as many concubines as he can support. If a wife displeases her husband, he has only to say before one witness — even a servant — “I divorce this woman!” and she is sent home. He will support her children for a time, but ultimately they too are cast off. It is customary for several brothers and their large families to live together, an arrangement naturally resulting in

much quarrelling and discord. His religion forbids the Moslem to taste liquor, but few observe that law. When invited to a foreign dinner or reception, Mohammedan officials are said to drink like fish.



A VENDER OF COPTIC VEILS.

TO VINU
ALPHABET

"S. S. Rameses,"

Saturday, December 10.

WE did not leave Assiut until ten this morning, which delighted the peddlers, who spread down their wares on the high river-bank and kept up a continual advertising of clay pipes, gold and silver bangles, and Coptic veils — all specialties of the town. These veils — the same gorgeous affairs as those at the Cairo wedding — are of cotton or silk net so heavily clamped with gold and silver that one wonders they do not tear.

To-day we made no landings, but remained on our luxurious little steamer. If anything is wanted we have only to clap our hands, "clap hands till somebody comes." It is a delightful way in which to pass one's days for a season — not a care but to go to meals; nothing to do but gaze at the flying banks of the Nile, and see village after village pass, palm-grove after palm-grove, and cane-field after cane-field swim by.

The Nile is as yellow and muddy as the Tiber. The rich silt brought down in solution

by the current is precipitated at each overflow on the surrounding fields. Herodotus spoke truth when he called Egypt "the gift of the Nile." So swiftly flows the river that our steamer is able to make but seventy miles a day headway against the current, although steaming from five in the morning till ten at night. As there are no lighthouses we tie up at dusk and lie by till dawn, since the pilot must see his course. The river meanders far and wide, but the channel, in most places, is narrow and shallow. So far we have stuck in the mud but twice — once at five in the morning when we lost our anchor and were delayed over an hour in getting away.

The Nile is from one to four miles wide, while the fertile strip it irrigates varies in width from a few feet to eight or nine miles. To the early Egyptians their river was a milch-cow sustaining the land with her precious moisture. The cow-goddess, Hathor, or Isis, was the emblem of the fertility of the Nile.

The white limestone cliffs to the west, rising a mile or two back of the river, are honey-combed with tombs and mummy-pits, which look from the ship like holes where wolves might lurk or jackals howl. Nearer inspection shows them clean-cut, a square block



A SERIES OF SHADUFS.



having been removed for some temple or pyramid, or to make a tomb for an ancient Egyptian. Near by along the sand-dunes in shallow water stand numberless tall blue crane, the same species as those of our California marshes.

The wells, of which the shaduf is the most common, are a constant source of entertainment. In some places they occur every fifty yards along the bank. Tied to a beam resting on well-posts, made of bundles of cane-stalks caked round with mud, is the well-sweep — a pole or the trunk of a palm tree — weighted at one end with a ball of adobe. The bucket is a reed hoop from which depends a skin with deep pouch in the centre. A native, stripped to the waist, will stand all day long working his shaduf, lowering the bucket into the pool below and emptying it into the field above. Often there are three tiers of wells with two well-sweeps to a cross-beam, each manipulated by a fellah, who seems tireless, working from dawn till dark.

The sakkiyeh or water-wheel, is another contrivance for lifting water. These sakkiyehs consist of two wheels; one large and vertical, thirty feet in diameter. Running in the groove of its rim is a circular chain set with a series of clay buckets which scoop up the

water as they descend and empty it above as the wheel revolves. This first wheel rotates upon a horizontal one, which is turned by a donkey. We have just passed such a sakkiyeh worked by a camel. It seems an indignity for so noble an animal to be bound to so ignominious a circuit; a donkey would surely have sufficed — and a small one at that. The fellah who owns a sakkiyeh accounts himself rich and is the envy of all his less fortunate neighbours.

Many of the wells are most picturesque, being shaded by pergolas, with columns of mud, over which vines make a welcome shade for man and beast, as the stately camel or patient ox slowly turns the creaking wheel in his tireless round, while a small boy, sitting cross-legged on the rim of the horizontal wheel, stick in hand, keeps the animal to his task. Occasionally we see a sakkiyeh operated by both an ox and a camel, one on each side. This latter beast of the desert was not known to the Egypt of the Pharaohs, being a later importation of the Greeks and Romans.

Every town has its favourite watering-place. At sunset groups of black-robed women bearing empty jars, pointed at the base, and laid horizontally on a circular head-piece of cloth, come trooping Indian-file down



A SAKKIYEH.

the narrow foot path of the bank to fill them in the Nile. Some are content to dip their vessels from a rock near shore, but the wiser virgins wade out to the fresher water of the current. When filled a friendly hand is needed to lift the olla to its owner's head; once placed there, slightly tilted, she walks homeward bearing it aloft with the ease and grace of a Hebe. These twilight groups, with their beautiful urns, make charming pictures silhouetted against the oriole-tinted sky, as they turn to gaze at our passing steamer.

The villages remind me of the Indian settlements of our Western States. Most of them are one-story huts, the walls of mud bricks sun-baked, with a few stalks of cane for roof. The goats and fowls take to the roof. Natives stand knee-deep in mire working the clay for the bricks, their arms caked with mud to the elbows.

Yesterday we ran across two or three herds of goats, the first we have seen, for almost all these animals have been killed to furnish skins for the water-carriers. A patch is placed over the tail. The skin is filled in the Nile or at the street-pump, which is presided over by an Arab sitting tailor-fashion in a little wooden box, to whom the carrier pays a small fee. The peddler then goes the

rounds of the streets, holding the neck of the goat-skin twisted in his hand, ready to serve a customer at a moment's notice, from one of the half dozen glasses slung round his belt.

The sail-boat of the Nile is unique; in the distance its crossed lateen sails resemble a swallow resting for a moment on the water with wings spread ready for flight. Nothing more picturesque can be imagined than a fleet of these gliding away before one.

The boats turn up abruptly at the bow, while a big rudder swings from the square stern. A wide board along the side keeps the cargo from falling into the river. The freight consists of cane, immense earthen jars, cotton or grain loaded en masse or in sacks. The pottery, a ware similar to our Spanish ollas, is fragile and cumbersome. The big sail-boats are fitted with wide nets of open mesh, capable of carrying many cubic feet of this brittle merchandise, which bulges out on either side, overhanging the water three or four feet beyond the gunwales.

Vessels loaded with grain are an equally novel sight. A huge sack or pit eight or ten feet in diameter and as many high is made in the centre of the boat with strips of yellow matting. Into this the golden grain is poured. Often two such vessels are lashed

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SAIL-BOATS ON THE NILE.



MARKET-BOAT ON THE NILE.

90 MIN ABSTRACT

together side by side, and sailed down to Cairo. The wind is usually strong enough to drive the sail-boats up stream; returning they ride with the current. When becalmed, the pilot poles his boat along; or if the water is deep he must resort to tracking; two or three sailors swim ashore carrying a line in their teeth, and then follow the tow-path; when the road vanishes up a precipice they plunge into the river again.

Now and then we pass a large vessel, its long towline falling from the head of the topmast, while the six or eight bridles tied to the shore-end fit over the shoulders of as many men, who laboriously wend their way along the bank with heads bent like hounds straining at a leash. Other boats are rowed by men standing at the oars stepping backward and forward as they ply them.

Wood is a scarce article in Egypt and much too precious to burn. The dung of cattle is substituted for fuel and makes a quick fire. The collecting of it is the especial business of little girls who sweep the refuse from the streets into small baskets which they bear on their heads. After being mixed with clay and made into cakes it is plastered on the sides of the mud huts to dry.

To fertilize the land the fellaheen rely on

the guano of pigeons, large flocks of them being kept for the purpose; yet it costs more than it comes to, as the birds consume more than they produce. Every town has a dozen or more peculiar pylon-shaped turrets, or pigeon-towers. They are made of rows of earthen pots, laid on their sides and piled tier on tier, the whole set in a mortar of mud. These mounds make capital nesting-places with a horizontal fringe of twigs at the mouth of the jars for the birds to perch upon.

The fast of Ramadan, which has lasted a month, closed two nights ago with the advent of the full moon, the signal for beginning the three days' feast of Bairam, the Mohammedan Christmas. All day long swarms of boats crowded to the guards with men, black-robed and white-turbaned, — their women folk stowed away in the holds below, — were crossing the river to pray in the cemeteries on the western banks of the Nile.

A broad sheet of shallow water, a level stand of corn, a taller even growth of dom palm stretching for miles north and south between long ranges of low hills and palisaded cliffs, now yellow, now pink, or blue from a passing cloud, with overhead the soft blue-gray sky, all-embracing — this is Egypt.

We have just been training our glasses on

various waterfowl; a flock of clumsy pelican circle overhead, then dive perpendicularly for prey. Close in shore stand a line of dainty white ibis, with a scattering of tall blue crane, watching for unwary fish.

Our cabin and table boys are gowned to the ankles in long white cotton brightened by touches of red, their scarlet slippers and broad sash of crimson serge repeating the colour of the flaming tarbush. All affect a moustache but disdain a beard. We took turns feeing the table steward; when one of the party forgot this delicate little attention the boy in most injured tones jogged the memory of the delinquent with the remonstrance, "Nobody no give me no think this two days!"

Every evening as we sit at table over our dessert Hafiz, the big broad-shouldered dragoman, comes rolling in like a sailor; his fez nearly touches the ceiling as he takes his stand in the centre of the low cabin, the bland smile which illumines his good-natured countenance disclosing a double row of large white teeth. He invariably begins his after-dinner speech descriptive of the sights of the morrow with the preface: "Ladies and gentlemen! To-morrow you will be called at seven; breakfast at half after seven. At eight we will

leave the boat and proceed on donkeys for half an hour to the famous Temple of Denderah," etc., etc., reciting with lazy drawl all the facts and history of the ruin to be visited as he has memorized them from the guide-book. Hafiz not only has a remarkable memory, but reads all the simpler hieroglyphics as well. Each night he closes his recital with some new verse reminding us of:

"The little red tickette,
O do not forget it!
For if you don't take it,
You can't pass the wickette!"

His final injunction is ever the same: "No donkey-racing allowed."



MOUNTED POLICEMAN, UPPER EGYPT.

*On the Nile,
Monday, December 12th.*

THIS morning we were up betimes, and by eight-thirty were mounted on Egyptian ponies bound for the temple of Denderah, our first large temple.

Not far from the boat a path led by a short cut through a field of tall corn where we could ride in delicious shade dodging the leaning stalks. As we turned into the field, however, the owner stood ready to dispute our passage, and brought down his stout staff upon the head of my donkey-boy, who happened to be in the lead. Immediately all the other boys rushed forward, while the retainers of the farmer likewise rallied to his assistance, and the battle raged fast and furious for some minutes. The farmer and his aids were being worsted with some blood let, when the local official, attending our party, came galloping up on a fine gray steed, stopped the fight, and himself led us through the corn. We felt it wrong to trespass, but the donkey-boys explained that the law com-

pels a man to leave a public road through his field. This man had planted the whole way with corn and was objecting to our passing single file along one furrow. Our elderly English M. P. kept chuckling to himself all morning, "Oh, but it was a beautiful fight! — only sticks, no rapiers!"

A ride of twenty minutes brought us to a massive pylon, half buried in the débris of centuries. Its gateway admitted to a court covering a large area. From earliest Egyptian history this spot has been held sacred. The present edifice was erected at the beginning of the Christian era in the time of Cleopatra; its restoration and completion were due to the Emperors Domitian and Trajan.

On the eastern side the accumulated dust of two thousand years has levelled the roof with the earth, and on it the fellaheen have built a whole village of mud huts. The northern entrance, however, is buried only to the top of the balustrade which rises two-thirds the height of the tall pillars of the vestibule. Into this hall, therefore, we had to descend by a long flight of steps, being thus able to examine close at hand the details of the great columns which are sculptured from base to abacus with full-length figures nearly life-size, and are crowned with curious four-

sided Hathor-headed capitals. The temple was sacred to the supreme goddess Isis, who as mother of Horus and as associated with Athor, goddess of mirth and beauty, is here revered as Hathor, the Egyptian Aphrodite. The hawk-headed Horus, the lad with the side-lock, the youth with his finger in his mouth, also finds place on these walls as son of Isis and husband of Athor.

Taught by the ancient Egyptians, and calling themselves Ptolemies, the Greco-Romans, heirs of Athens and the Parthenon, restored and completed the temple of Denderah in the style indigenous in Egypt, and on a scale commensurate with the magnitude of the temples of the Pharaohs, their acquaintance with a more perfect architecture and a more exquisite art being betrayed only by greater delicacy of line and more sensitive touch in their treatment of the incised reliefs covering the walls.

I wish I could fitly convey to you something of the impression made upon me by this noble hall.

The twenty-four columns are spaced in six rows of four each throughout the hall; columns and walls are covered alike with reliefs representing gods and kings and extending around the entire wall in four horizontal se-

ries averaging four feet in height; below is a deep dado of rushes and growing plants and above a wide frieze. The division of wall space is novel and imposing.

The outlines of the incised designs being deeply cut and the figures rounded up in the centre give a depth and fulness of form, an effect intensified by the light falling upon them from above, while the dust of the desert sifting lightly over the surface softens the whole with its velvet touch. Bits of colour still remaining — blue, red and green — show how splendid these walls must once have been.

In its evolution Egyptian sculpture passed through successive stages, from mere drawing in outline, incision of the rock surface and chiselling of the design in low relief, to the cutting of the figure in the round, clear of the wall, so that it stood erect without support. Beyond that their art did not go; they made little attempt to indicate the anatomy of the human form which they carved with childish simplicity, leaving it lumpy and wooden. This problem the Greeks, the nation of sculptors, although developing much later, early met and mastered. Nevertheless the Egyptian was long the only Oriental artist of early history who could carve the form of man in stone.

While he loved beauty in nature, fashioning his drinking cup after the lotus and carving his chair leg like that of an ox, the Egyptian knew nothing of art for art's sake, but shaped his block of marble or more difficult granite with a very definite practical purpose. To the sculptor the head meant the man, and he tried by every device known to art and science to render the features with utmost verisimilitude, impelled thereto by the curious religious superstition that the stone must be made to fit, since it was to clothe the soul of his patron during immortality. He wrought

"To fashion the birth-robcs for them
Who are just born, being dead."

This explains that wonderful life-likeness of the Mémphite portrait statues of the Old Empire, the accurate perfection of which art has never been surpassed. The canons of sculpture being fixed thus early, the art of later dynasties was mere stereotyped copy of set smile and prescribed posture — any innovation in expression or attitude of idol or image, either of king or god, being punished as impiety.

The ceiling of the Denderah Temple typifies heaven and is peculiarly Egyptian. The

long slim figure of the sky goddess, Nut, extends the length of the ceiling, like the letter "E," her arms reaching across one end, her feet over the other. The early Egyptian dwellers in this section of the Nile valley imagined in the heaven a huge female figure so elongated that standing tiptoe on the eastern horizon her body arched over the atmosphere until her finger-tips touched the farthest western limits of the land. Shu, god of the air, stood beneath with uplifted arms supporting her body which was studded with stars, while Keb, the earth-god lying below with foot and hand joining those of the sky-goddess Nut, completed the cosmos-kings. Each night Nut swallows the sun which is seen entering her mouth. After traversing her body the orb re-issues from her lap new-born each morning.

The inner great hall is supported by six splendid columns with varied capitals, in the form of the blossoming lotus, the bending papyrus, and the long curving branches of the palm. The walls are likewise divided into horizontal tiers with accompanying dado and frieze, the symmetry of the orders equally fine. These temples are modelled in style and proportion after those of the more ancient Pharaohs which they replaced and re-

stored. The builders of such halls must needs have been a superior race to have planned such magnificent structures.

The golden images and sacred barges were kept in the small dark sanctuary beyond, into which the god-king or high priest only was privileged to enter, and he but once a year. On one side is the chamber for the gods' wardrobes, their sacred wreaths and perfumes.

Again we were given candles and one by one crept down a low narrow stairway to the crypt, we women descending backward, the stout ones giving up the quest, allowing discretion to curb curiosity.

A number of small crypts or closets had been left in the thickness of the walls for the hiding of images and treasure. All are ornamented with exquisite bas-reliefs, far finer and of a period nearly a century earlier than those of the great halls above.

Following the sculptured procession on the wall, we climbed by an easy stairway to the roof in which were occasional openings left to light the rooms below. The descending procession of another series of bas-reliefs would return us to the hypostyle. Above, on the roof, were a few small chambers. On the walls of one were depicted the rites by which the resurrection of Osiris was celebrated; and

on the ceiling of another had been found the only circular map of the heavens known in Egypt. It is Roman and dates from 85 A. D.

In this land of little rain, of clear skies and unclouded nights, a land where the harvest waits on the river — the rise and fall of tides regulated by the movements of the moon — men early learned to observe the heavens, to follow the stars in their courses, and count the cycles of earth's pale satellite. It was not strange therefore that this agricultural people should have been the first to discover the length of the sidereal year, which period they fixed at 365 days, with an added day every fourth year. With a cunning almost uncanny they knew to divide the year into twelve months of thirty days each, instead of reckoning by the lunar month of most primitive peoples — intercalating five sacred feast days at the end of each year.

Julius Cæsar adopted this Egyptian calendar, redistributing the extra day among the months — a doubtful reform some consider — and re-christened it "Julian." Gregory XIII in 1582 made a further slight change, giving final form to this very calendar which is the one now used by the whole civilized world, Russia excepted.

The Egyptians had estimated the year as

beginning in July on the day when Sirius rose at sunrise in the latitude of the southern Delta — which heliacal rising of Sirius modern astronomers can compute within four years according to our standard Year of Grace. Our boasted modern calendar therefore was calculated and observed at the mouth of the Nile in the year 4241 B. C. — the earliest fixed date known to history.

In making the outer circuit of this temple of the Egyptian Aphrodite there confronted us from its south wall the famous sculpture of Cleopatra, its most ardent devotee and Egypt's greatest queen, — she who reigned by the willing homage of her subjects and who, when taken captive, subdued the haughty rulers of the world by the spell of her beauty. Drawn larger than life, with almond-shaped eyes, curved nose, and rounded form — her full lips wearing the stereotyped smile of the conventional Egyptian figure — Cleopatra is depicted in the glory of conscious womanhood, ruling as much by personal charm as sovereign right. She wears the insignia of Isis and of Egypt, the disc and the cow's horns, the asp and the crook. Cæsarion, her son by Julius Cæsar, joins her in offering homage to Hathor. The name of this great queen written in Greek and in hieroglyphics

on the walls of Philæ, above the first Cataract, which we are to visit later, was potent to unlock the charmed secrets of Egypt's most archaic writing. Above the Cleopatra group are two massive projections, evidently water-spouts, carved in the shape of lions' heads.

Near the main entrance of this Denderah Temple is a small peristyle chamber called the Birth House, which was sacred to the worship of the son of Hathor and Horus; such chambers are found near all great temples of the Ptolemaic period.

Around the hillock of rubbish to the right of the pylon, two hundred men and boys were busy excavating. A tall stout Nubian, blacker than a negro, stood on the edge of the pit, whip in hand, urging on with occasional stroke of the lash the continuous line of natives who filed past him with baskets of earth on their shoulders, their long blue gowns modifying the force of the stroke, which they seemed not to mind, for they laughed as they passed. The farmers are only too glad to have this earth, which makes excellent fertilizer, for the carting of it away.

Late this afternoon, as we passed the first of the three sandy islands below Luxor, we suddenly caught sight of the slender obelisk and lofty pylons of the great shrine of Kar-

nak, the most stupendous temple of Egyptian antiquity, if not of the whole world. Opposite it on the western plain stands the Ramesseum with the seated Memnoni keeping guard over all. Rounding another bend of the river there came into view the splendid colonnades of the Temple of Luxor, which extends along the river bank, the low white walls of the modern town forming a fringe about the beautiful ruin.

Just below lay our landing station. Here we remain for the next three days at the modern town of Luxor, built on the ruins of ancient Thebes. Some friends of the crew were awaiting at the wharf; their greeting consisted in shaking hands three times, then gracefully raising the hand to heart, lips and forehead.

The sun was sinking fast as we hurried ashore and ascended the bank to get a nearer view of the Temple above. The lingering rays of the dying orb touched column and architrave with rosy light and turned the sand about them deep pink.

Just then some one called my name, and turning I met a lady who introduced herself as Mrs. Bacon. A mutual friend had apprised her of our coming. She is the wife of an English artist who has spent many

winters painting in Egypt. He usually rises betimes, she said, to catch the first flush of dawn, and works till ten, then rests during the glare of mid-day; and again at four, when the tones grow warm and the shadows become blue, he will work over his pallet till dark.

- Mrs. Bacon occupies herself with her pen. Her "House-boat on the Nile," in our ship's library, is an entertaining little volume with charming illustrations by Mr. Bacon.

The lady led the way to a high point on the bank beyond the Temple where lay at their mooring various sailing craft, loading and unloading, their tall slanting masts etching the sky. Close beside them was the village watering-place, to which came a constant stream of dark-robed women, their jars tilted on their heads, their garments fluttering in the evening breeze and showing black against the golden sunset. Some were bathing hands and feet, others filling vessels, all at the same little cove. The soft chatter of their low-pitched voices sounded most musical on the evening air. We must have seen a hundred such figures file past in the quarter hour of short twilight. This, Mrs. Bacon told us, has been her husband's favourite subject.

Tuesday, December 13th.
On the Nile.

At nine this morning we started for the great Temple of Karnak, two miles distant, most of us on donkeys, the more timid in the few victorias the town boasted.

A smart carriage passed bearing the smiling ten year old daughter of a Pasha, and her governess, the child gazing with frank uncovered face on the world about her. A few years hence her fair features will be concealed behind a veil, she will be thrust within a harem, or if she goes abroad it will be only when carefully veiled and in a closed carriage.

My Arab shouted, "Rig-lek! rig-lek, Annahel!" accenting the last syllable with voice and stick, and Annahel ambled off gently down the long winding lane that is Luxor's principal thoroughfare, and which was crowded with native spectators eager to see our progress. The hum of children's voices studying aloud came out to us through the open doorway of a Moslem school. It was but a matter of a short half hour's ride,

yet ever and anon Israfeel would interrogate, "You saddle all right? You all right?" and when I replied in the affirmative, Israfeel would metaphorically pat himself on the back, exclaiming, "Annahel bery gode donkey! Israfeel bery gode donkey-boy!" and he kept reminding me of the fact, hoping it would tell in the amount of his fee. B. led the line of tourists, her boy, Adam, true to name, being the first to reach the temple pylon.

Turning northward and taking the road nearest the river we soon came upon traces of ram-head sphinxes couchant — giant monoliths which line the mile and a quarter avenue eighty feet wide, connecting the great Temples of Luxor and Karnak. Between their fore-paws stand statuettes of Amenophis III. A second avenue of sphinxes, parallel with the first, leads from the Temple of Mut, east of Luxor, also to the Temple of Karnak; a short cross avenue similarly decorated connects the two. Anciently all these ways were paved with stone.

Leaving the outskirts of Luxor we rode over a stretch of open ground and on into an avenue shaded by lofty palms, the granite rams recumbent at their feet. At the southwest corner of the vast court enclosing the

group of pylons, temples, columns, obelisks, statues, and sphinxes, erected by the various Pharaohs of ancient times to the honour of the great Amon-Re, stands the splendid portal of Euergetes I, its coved cornice ornamented with the winged disc of the sun, and tinted soft blue and green.

Within more sphinxes conduct to a broad pylon, the four vertical grooves of which, with holes for fastenings, anciently held a like number of tapering flag-staffs. The pylon, often hundreds of feet wide and a hundred or more high, with broad base and gently sloping sides, was the massive gateway invariably erected by ancient Pharaohs before temple and palace, and is a feature of architecture peculiarly Egyptian. Beyond Euergetes' portal are the usual great court, hypostyle, or columned hall, inner sanctuary surrounded by ambulatory, or corridor, and small chambers—the whole comprising the temple of the god Khon, son of Amon and Mut—a typical shrine of the period of the New Empire, B. C. 1200.

The more sacred fane of the supreme god Amon stands in the centre of the great granite pile. Early in Egyptian history this spot was held sacred and the kings of the twelfth dynasty, B. C. 2400, erected over it a small

shrine. Eight hundred years later Thutmose I made Thebes his capital, and with the revenue from conquered lands constructed two large pylons with connecting colonnades before the little sanctuary.

Succeeding him came his brother, Thutmose III, "the Alexander of Egypt," who pushed the boundaries of the empire to their farthest limit, extending from the oases on the Libyan Desert to beyond the Euphrates. Mighty in works as well as deeds, Thutmose erected a multitude of obelisks, emblems of the Sun-god, Re, all over his realm. To-day they are scattered far and wide, adorning the capitals of many foreign countries; Italy, Turkey, England and America each boast a monolith of this prolific architect. Moreover at Thebes, Thutmose III built on behind the shrine a wide colonnaded court and enclosed the whole Karnak group with a protecting wall. Here was found the famous Karnak Table of Kings, giving a list of the Pharaohs from the earliest Egyptian annals down to the Eighteenth Dynasty, B. C. 1700. This tablet is now in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris.

Amenophis III added a third pylon. It was reserved, however, for the Nineteenth Dynasty — the great Vulcans of Egypt, to

erect the Cyclopean columns of the gigantic hypostyle hall of this "Throne of the World." Ramses I began the work by building a massive pylon and setting up one great column; Seti I added seventy-nine others; the remaining fifty-four are due to Ramses II, who also constructed a second larger girdle of walls around the entire group.

About B. C. 1000 the Libyan kings, then ruling the Land of the Nile, enclosed an area of a thousand square yards in front of the shrine, thus forming a splendid cloistered court, in the centre of which the later Ethiopian monarch Taharqa placed, possibly as pedestals for statues of gods, six lofty columns seventy feet in height and thirty-five feet in circumference, duplicates of the mammoth pillars of the great central hall.

Finally, to cap the whole wonderful structure, the Ptolemies of the fourth century B. C. constructed a sixth gate of honour, a monster propylæa at the western entrance close to the Nile, a still more worthy portal to the sanctuary of the great Amon-Re. Spite of earthquake and inundation, this huge buttress-shaped pile of masonry, two thousand years later, still measures a length of nearly four hundred feet across the front of the great court, while the sloping walls of its moles

tower upward over a hundred and forty feet. Bare of decoration or inscription, it nevertheless awes by sheer size and mass.

Aside from the column, Egyptian architecture is rectangular in plan and pyramidal in elevation. Even the earliest temples of the Pharaonic epoch show this pyramidal tendency in the sloping towers of their propylæa and in the tapering of their obelisks, while among the buildings of the Ptolemaic period the inclined outline dominates everywhere.

A climb up the outer stairway on the north to the platform sixteen feet broad rewarded us with one of the most entrancing views in all Egypt. The valley at this point is unusually wide and fertile. The ancient bed of the river is easily traced. The bare hills recede on either side, the higher eastern range terminating in lofty irregular peaks, while the palisaded limestone cliffs to the west are as full of tomb-caverns as an old oak of woodpecker's holes. The fertile plains between are dotted with villages. Groups of palms and tamerisks cluster here and there, and likewise form a grove about the ruins at our feet.

From the parapet we looked down on what was once ancient Thebes, and tried to recall the glories of that hundred-gated city, its splendid temples and palaces, its obelisks and



VIEW FROM THE PYLON OF THE TEMPLE OF KARNAK.

70 1111
ABSTRACT

statues of granite, its ornaments of ivory, silver and gold. At her period of greatest splendour Thebes had spread her borders far and wide over the plain on both sides of the river, but all has since been rifled, first by the Persian Cambyses, after by the Grecian Alexander, and finally by imperial Cæsar. Naught but the mighty ruins of her massive temples remain.

Just below us as we faced the morning sun, lay the great quadrangle of Karnak, a city of temples. Colossal statues showed here and there above ruined heaps of stone, while beyond the calyx-crowned columns of the hypostyle rose the pointed fingers of tapering obelisks. To the right shimmered the sacred lake where aforetime floated the temple barks of priestly ceremonial. Lately this site has yielded up great treasure; five hundred and fifty statues have been recovered during the past year from the bed of the lake — images buried, no doubt, at the approach of some foreign conqueror.

Each side of the rectangle has its special gateway and avenue of sphinxes leading to other temples. From the great pylon on which we stood a wide way flanked with ram-headed sphinxes extended straight to the Nile, a half mile distant, and was continued

on the farther bank to the Temple of Kurna, where a network of like avenues connected it with some half dozen other shrines. Once a year the sacred boats were taken from the holy of holies and carried in procession down the main avenue and across the river on visits to gods of other temples. As we lingered on the turret, mountain, plain and temple were overspread with the soft rosy light of an Egyptian morning; the yellow sand flushing pink, while the gleaming Nile and verdant palms gave a refreshing sense of coolness and shade.

Suddenly there was a ferocious barking. Turning, we saw on the roof of the mud hut opposite two big black dogs of mongrel type barking frantically at a little yellow cur that was passing meekly down the road. A small boy beside them was keeping guard over some newly made loaves of bread laid on the roof to sun-bake. Below, the walls of this same hovel were plastered thick with cakes of dung drying for fuel. Natives passed slowly by on their patient Egyptian burros, while the little girl scavengers were busily cleaning the streets.

Retracing our steps and climbing over broken statues and overturned columns, Hafiz paused first on the south side of the rect-

angle at the Temple of Ramses III — its fine court lined with great granite Osiride pillars, — piers having before each a heroic figure of the god swathed as a mummy. The dragoon also pointed out on the south wall of the second pylon the famous relief of Sheshonq, the Shishak of Scripture, who gave shelter and refuge to the rebel Jeroboam, an exile from King Solomon's court. This Pharaoh later, during the reign of Rehoboam, son of Solomon, invaded and sacked Jerusalem. The bas-relief here shows Shishak grasping by the hair a group of kneeling captives whom he is about to smite with his club. The cartouche of one victim was supposed to be that of Rehoboam, but it has now been indisputably proven to be the name of a town called Intamelek.

Returning to the main court we pass the headless granite colossus of Ramses II still erect on its pedestal, and enter the second pylon, which gives at once on what is probably the loftiest aisle of columned stone earth boasts to-day, a work of the ancients left for man to wonder at. In the central nave twelve mammoth pillars, each thirty-five feet in girth, tower upward course on course for seventy feet, three courses more than measuring the stature of a man. The sequoia only

is comparable to them for size and height. The columns close-set, their calyx capitals projecting far, make it difficult to obtain the vista of this narrow lofty aisle in one perspective. The pylon gateway best commands the nave with the Thutmose obelisk of the inner court closing in the apse.

What was Solomon's Temple compared to this? Even the Parthenon seems a toy, albeit a most exquisite one, to this gigantic pile. One must stand and gaze upward, letting the eye follow the shaft till it pierces the sky, to realize the majesty of these mighty trunks. As I stood thus, low scattering clouds drifted across the empyrean overhead, and the towering capitals seemed to lose themselves in the filmy mist. So too, thought, seeking to unravel the mystery of the primeval faith which reared these mighty pillars in homage to prehistoric gods, loses itself in an impenetrable mist of fear, superstition and ignorance. The human mind staggers under the tale of the centuries, dazed by the reckoning of innumerable ages.

More than three thousand cycles has this terrestrial globe counted since first these columns rose. What have they not seen! Invasion after invasion have they survived; the hosts of Palestine and Syria, of Persia and

Ethiopia, have swept over the land; Alexander and Philip, Cæsar and Anthony, have conquered and passed; Moslem and Turk by turns have held their land in fief. It has been a battle ground for the armies of England and France. The Nile has ebbed, the Nile has flowed, and yet these pillars stand! Rooted in the accumulating sand, erect, unmoved, they are accepted into the chronology of desert and sky, have part and place in the geography of earth and the universe.

How transient in comparison the life of man:

“As for man his days are as grass;
As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.
For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone;
And the place thereof shall know it no more.”

When will mortals cease their petty haste and learn the large patience of the enduring rocks and hills?

A forest of lesser columns in sixteen rows, with bud capitals crowning their forty feet of height, fill the remainder of the immense hall; imposing figures of gods in delicate flat relief or sunk relief confront us from every shaft, the strong sunlight deepening their shadows to intense black. Here and there a column has fallen and its drums are strewn

domino-fashion over the ground; others lean in threatening attitudes. The massive stone slabs that once roofed the central aisle — all are overthrown.

Our meditations at this point were interrupted by the discordant singing and yelling of two or three hundred men and boys in long cotton gowns and tiny white night-caps. This army was carrying on their heads baskets of earth to heap about the bases of columns in process of re-erection. The Egyptian always sings as he works, and the untrained voices of these workers sounded like a band of howling coyotes!

You will remember reading of the overturning of eleven of these Karnak columns by the earthquake of 1899. These are the ones now being restored by M. Legrain, an enthusiastic archæologist who has devoted himself to the preservation of this great hall.

The foundations have first to be renewed, then the huge stone drums piled one upon another; as the column rises more and more earth is heaped around it, forming an inclined plane up which the upper drums are rolled by means of ropes and man-power. Similar ramps of earth, Diodorus tells us, were used in the original construction of these temples.

M. Legrain has also just this morning set



HOUSE OF M. LEGRAIN.

three additional gangs of men and boys to excavating in as many different places; two parties are digging pits six by ten feet square in the main court and a third is making further examination of the old sacred lake south-east of the sanctuary. The men do the digging and heavier work while the troops of boys carry off the dirt, many of the lads being able to handle only very small baskets. The daily wage is from one and a half to two piastres, a piastre being five cents; which is considered good pay in Egypt.

While repairing the bases of the columns M. Legrain discovered the walls of a still more ancient temple, likewise of magnificent proportions, its date not less than 5000 or 6000 B. C. Some reliefs of fine workmanship found in the débris attest the high standard of pre-historic art.

On the outer south wall of the great hall are sculptured scenes commemorative of Ramses' famous battle with the Hittites. Of the central building little remains. There is still standing one of the two obelisks erected by Queen Hatshepset, daughter of Thutmose I, and sister of the second and third Thutmoses. This obelisk is of pink granite from the quarries of Assuan, and is the tallest now left in Egypt, being ninety-seven and a half feet in

height. The inscription relates that it was hewn, transported and set up, all within the short space of seven months. Its pointed shaft, formerly tipped with shining copper, was one of the many monuments of ancient Thebes which gained for that metropolis the title of the Golden City.

In an inner court stand two granite pillars; the one on the south, graven with a lily, typifies Upper Egypt; while that on the north bears the papyrus of the Lower Nile. Thanks to the dry Egyptian climate the edges of these inscriptions are as sharp and clear to-day as when first cut, more than 3000 years ago, while the writing on the transported Cleopatra needle has in the moist climate of New York crumbled in less than a century.

The holy of holies, of which the walls only remain, is a restoration by the Greeks. Bits of its roof strewn over the court show yellow stars upon a blue ground. Of the innumerable statues, reliefs and columns, heroic and colossal — many of them usurpations by later potentates who erased the original inscription and rededicated the monument to themselves — I have said nothing. The whole is a vast mine of history, art and archæology, that one longs to linger over and seeks in vain to unravel.

The sun was now overhead and its rays grown fierce. We beat a hasty retreat to our cool little steamer by the river's brink, wondering what could Egypt show more after the marvels of architecture just seen.

In the early afternoon the Professor, who is a perfect interrogation point, and who visits every mission and hospital en route, eager for data, invited Miss Shinn, B. and me to accompany him to Miss Buchanan's Mission School for Girls, which he had hunted up the night before.

Miss Martha is interested in missions; yet when she sees the rabble crowd around her, she turns away and exclaims, "How dreadful these people are! I am afraid of them! I don't want them to come near me!" We laugh and tell her these are her "dear heathen!" One must honour the missionaries who try to uplift these ignorant masses by means of schools and by teaching them rules of decency and cleanliness.

Just outside the city in an airy suburb we found the Mission — a large stone building with central court and sleeping accommodation on roof and balcony for warmer weather. It has been erected scarcely two years.

Miss Buchanan, the principal, told us her experience. She had come to Luxor six years

ago with little money and no introductions. Taking an old adobe house in a narrow street of the native quarter, she had it renovated and freshly plastered. There this frail little woman of delicate, refined features and sensitive nature established herself with a Syrian woman for companion. A faithful Arab whose family she had nursed acted as watch-dog. She there managed to house forty boarders and instruct 150 day scholars. Contributions from Home Missions and visiting tourists finally made possible the erection of the present commodious structure.

When they first come the girls have to be taught everything, even how to sleep in a bed; so afraid are they of falling out that at first they have actually to be held in. Most of them are stupid and underfed when they enter, but a few weeks of more ample diet works a wonderful change. Their faces brighten and they look like different beings.

One morning Miss Buchanan found a day-pupil, a girl of fourteen, crying. Asking the cause, the girl replied that her uncle was going to marry her to an old blind man; that her father was dead and her people threatened to throw her into the Nile if she did not obey. Her kind-hearted teacher im-

mediately offered to take the child to live with her.

"But," exclaimed the latter, "what will become of me in summer while you are away?"

Miss Buchanan consoled her by also promising to take her to Alexandria during the hot summer months. The girl then joyfully acquiesced, and has now been with her mistress two years; she will probably marry a mission boy.

One wealthy Egyptian brought his daughter to be entered at the school. When told the board was four dollars a month, he protested that it was too high, but paid it, exclaiming, however, "I should not mind if it were for a boy!"

The class rooms were filled with happy little maidens, all shades of yellow — Copts, Syrians, Arabs, and Ethiopians. Even the tiniest had her veil of silk or cheese-cloth draped over her head, her nose-ring, and bracelets and anklets galore. They struggle with the rudiments of the three R's, and are also taught to embroider.

Miss Buchanan has one American and two native assistants. A large class is soon to be graduated and sent out to teach. This is the

only school within a circuit of two hundred and fifty miles among a population of two millions. No one who visits the school can resist the appeal of such work.

At four we joined the party at the Temple of Luxor. Although its length exceeds that of two city blocks, it was called by the Thebans the "Beautiful Little Temple," in contrast with the greater shrine of Karnak beyond. Both were sacred to the gods Amon and Mut, and to their son, Khon. Thutmose I began the construction of the nobler courts and more imposing colonnades of the House of Amon in the northern Apt of Thebes nearly two hundred years before Amenophis III, who lived in the later years of Moses, built the Little Temple of Luxor to be Amon's shrine of the southern Apt.

Amenhotep IV, son of the latter, was called the Heretic King, because he erased the name and demolished the images of Amon, and erected beside them a shrine to the new god of the Solar Disc. This innovation, however, was not popular with the Egyptians, who at his death razed to the ground the sanctuary of the strange god.

Seti I restored the image of Amon, while the great pylon and splendid obelisks — one

still *in situ*, the other decorating the Place de la Concorde in Paris—were added by Ramses II, the greatest builder of all the Pharaohs. You will remember his date was B. C. 1888. He also caused to be hewn for the temple six colossal black granite statues of himself, two seated and four standing, the seated figures being forty-five feet in height. Between the columns of the inner cloister Ramses likewise erected eleven heroic standing images of his Majesty with a tiny figure of one of his wives beside each, but well in the background.

The Temple of Luxor had been completely buried, but the whole interior and the western wall beside the river are now excavated; débris, however, built over with the mud huts of the fellaheen, still abuts on its eastern border.

Although little more than half the height of Karnak's hypostyle, the central colonnade rising forty-two feet and still bearing aloft its massive architrave, is most imposing. The reliefs on the walls of pylon and chapel portray the New Year's Festival of sacred barks with images of the gods being convoyed down the Nile from the northern House of Amon at Karnak on their annual visit to the

idols here in the Luxor fane of the southern Apt. Their return at nightfall is pictured on an opposite wall.

Over the glittering sands of the Libyan Desert the laggard sun, looming large from the distant horizon, was now fast sinking in a golden glory, its long lines of light casting a radiant effulgence upward over the whole western heavens to the very zenith. The Nile, made crimson by the reflection, rippled with the chance zephyrs of closing day. Below in mid-stream, outlined against the evening sky, lay the little island from which rose a cluster of tall palms and the folded sails of a boat just brought to mooring for the night. Above and around us glowed Luxor's giant walls and columns as in a furnace, their limestone surface catching fire from the burning rays of the departing orb of day. A hush fell over the company, awed to silence by the nightly miracle of an Egyptian sunset.

*On the Nile,
Wednesday, December 14th.*

WE were up betimes and by eight were seated in little canopied feluccas and being ferried across to western Thebes. The current is so swift and the sand-bars so numerous that it needs a skilful oarsman to land one anywhere near the bright patch of coloured robes, red fezes and scarlet saddles of the hundred Arabs who had crossed with their donkeys at dawn, waking the tourist with their noisy chatter, and had been awaiting his arrival ever since.

Hafiz cautioned us to leave the boat one at a time that he might mount us properly. This injunction, alas! we failed to heed. As one after another jumped ashore the Arabs, considering us their legitimate prey, rushed forward, dragging their donkeys by the bridle and almost driving us into the river. Claudius Hafiz, tall and broad-shouldered, plied his black-snake vigorously, beating back both men and beasts. But no sooner would he turn to lift one lady into the saddle than the

Arabs would surge forward on the other side. A few of us women managed to secure a mount and get out of the mêlée, but the men were not so fortunate.

The Professor, who is a light weight, was pushed hither and thither; twice he got one foot in the stirrup—only to be pulled off by a rival runner, and twice he measured his length on the ground. He finally managed to escape on a very hard trotter, two lively urchins pursuing, and keeping up a sharp rat-tat-tat-tat! on the lean shanks of his poor burro. The helpless Professor, who has always an anxious look when so high in air, kept shouting, "Slowly, slowly! stop! stop!" but all to no purpose. His donkey carried off the palm in the race across the desert, while its unhappy rider bounded higher and higher and his temper got hotter and hotter! Three times he jumped off, vowing vengeance on his tormentors, and chased them far afield over ploughed ground. But the wicked imps fled ever before, only to return and again slyly urge the donkey forward, first on one side, then on the other.

My beast was "Lovely Sweet," while B. had its twin, "Lovely Nice." "Cyclone," "Minnehaha," and "Whiskey and Soda" are also favourite names. I asked the bright lad

who ran beside me how old he was, and although he could not possibly have seen twelve summers, he replied quite soberly, "I am not a boy, I am a man; I'm twenty. Yes, yes, I'm a man! My father is dead" — their fathers are *always* dead! "I'm a man of family; I have a mother and two little brothers to feed. One lady," he added by way of suggestion, "gave me some shoes from Assuan — three shillings the cost! Very dear!"

As it was a long hot run over heavy sand, we paid the boys double the usual fee of a shilling, so they need not wait long to be shod, but they'll never run as nimbly in shoes over sand and stones as they did in their bare feet to-day. The Luxor native is very poor; a day's wage is but twelve or fifteen American cents, and the hours are long. Men are eager for work and gladly run the hot four hours through dust and over deep sand to win the tourist's shilling, which is far more than they could possibly earn as masons or carpenters.

After a short halt at the ruined Temple of Kurna we pushed on for forty minutes over the sandy waste, skirting the Libyan hills, and entered the little hot close Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, the Necropolis of the eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth

dynasties—so aptly called “the Westminster Abbey of Egypt.” The noonday sun shone down upon us with tropical fierceness. At one point only an overhanging boulder made a few feet of shade. Never before had I so realized the force of the beautiful Scripture—“Like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.”

Of the many sepulchres discovered in these hills the tourist visits but four or five of the best preserved.

Belzoni, the Paduan athlete and one of the earliest Egyptian archaeologists, graphically describes his exploration of a tomb discovered by him in 1817 in this very valley. After scrambling for three or four hundred feet over the loose stones of a hot stuffy gallery, and having in places to crawl over sharp rocks, he had to force his body through a small aperture scarce a foot high. Emerging into a cave lofty enough to permit of a sitting posture, he rested his robust form on what proved to be a rotten mummy-case which gave way beneath his weight. Throwing his shoulders back to save himself, there came tumbling down upon him a lot of loose legs, arms and mummy rags, while the dead dust of bygone ages and buried kings rose in stifling clouds and filled throat and nostrils.

Belzoni humourously remarks that although he had lost the sense of smell, he could taste that the mummies were rather unpleasant to swallow, and he was compelled to lie still until the hurricane had subsided. The proximity of the piles of mummies revealed by the flickering torches in the hands of his naked dust-covered Arabs, themselves like mummies, at first filled him with horror; experience, however, accustomed him to the sight and to the hot close atmosphere.

At another time he discovered the opening to a tomb gallery behind a torrent which poured over a steep cliff. The real entrance to the sepulchre he found afterward, twenty feet below the river-bed. Belzoni's quest was papyri which he found laid on the breast, tucked under the arms or between the knees of the mummies.

No such hardship to-day confronts the tourist who enters these mountain caverns; he now descends by comfortable steps along a cleared passage swept of dust and in many instances lighted by electricity.

We visited the various subterranean sepulchres of Seti I and the great Pharaohs bearing the name of Ramses. In some cases we penetrated five hundred feet into the interior of the mountain and to a depth of a hundred

and fifty feet below the entrance. The limestone walls have a thin coating of plaster tinted deep cream or soft grayish brown. The figures were drawn in, in black outline with touches of red, green, blue and yellow. The finest tombs show frescoes as bright and clear as the day they were painted. The illustrations usually begin with the passage of the soul on its way to the underworld; the snakes and demons to be encountered are portrayed with the god who will help the Ka shown beside them.

In the tomb of Amenhotep II, the walls and four pillars of the innermost chamber are covered with paintings. A railing divides the main room from a lower recess into which we dimly peered. When all the company were assembled, the electric lights were suddenly turned off, leaving us for a moment in dense darkness. A second later there glowed, from the depths below, at the head of the big granite sarcophagus, a single incandescent light revealing within the coffin the mummied form of Amenhotep II, lying in state, the dried funeral wreaths still about him — just as he had been laid there thirty-four centuries ago! This is the only one of all the forty-one royal mummies buried in the "Valley of the Tombs of the Kings" that has been allowed to lie



VALLEY OF THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS, SHOWING ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB OF AMENHOTEP II.



in its original tomb, and even that has not escaped robbery of its golden ornaments. A thick glass plate now covers the sarcophagus, while beside it lies the broken granite lid. One feels decidedly guilty to be found thus confronting the body of the great king who had taken such precaution to secure himself a resting-place inviolable from posterity.

Near by had been placed the funeral barge used to transport the mummy across the Nile. In a small chamber to the right lay the bodies of a man, woman and child, each with a gash in its breast, killed, probably, to bear the dead king company in the future life.

Francis G. Moore, who visited Luxor January 19, 1904, describes the impression made by this tomb better than I can give it:

“In a spacious tomb-chamber hewn out of the solid rock of a mountain near Luxor, Egypt, ancient Thebes, approached by a pathway cut for more than a hundred feet into the heart of the mountain which contains the tombs of the kings, lies the mummy of King Amenhotep II, in the stone sarcophagus in which it was laid more than 3400 years ago. An electric light at his head illumines the calm features and reveals the wreaths of flowers with which his body was decked for burial. When it is borne in mind that all the

important events of recorded history have happened since he was laid in his tomb, and that Moses, the great Hebrew leader, and Merneptah, the Pharaoh of the Exodus, were yet unborn when this same Amenhotep sat upon the throne, it is impossible to look upon his impassive countenance without profound emotion."

— The following beautiful lines are by the same writer:

"AMENHOTEP RESTS IN HIS TOMB"

"Asleep in the Mountain's heart, oh King
Of Egypt's ancient line !
How strange would seem this later world
To those sealed eyes of thine.

"The Nile-tide bringeth life and hope
While countless ages roll ;
But not three thousand years have solved
The mystery of thy soul.

"Three thousand years of dreamless sleep,
God's cycles traveling fast,
Are but three yesterdays with Him, —
A night-watch that is past.

"How brief the span of human life!
Earth's dynasties to thee
Are fading names on shifting sands
Of Time and Eternity.

"The Jewish Kings have turned to dust ;
The Persian's might is spent ;

No more the haughty Syrian strides
In pomp before his tent.

"The Lion-heart and Saladin
Have met on Judah's plain !
And round Marengo's marble chief
The Mamelukes charge in vain.

"Thou wert sleeping there when Bethlehem's star
Was blazing in the sky ;
Still slumbering through the awful gloom
Which hung o'er Calvary.

"And thou must sleep till Gabriel's trump
Shall sound above thy head ;
For thou must stand, at last, before
The Judge of Quick and Dead.

"Then, if to duty thou wast true,
In that far distant past,
The Christ who died for me and thee
Will give thee peace at last."

As we came up from the suffocating catacomb into the bright sunshine we ran into a party of a hundred and fifty "Cookies" being conducted over the Necropolis. One elderly lady who had just made the round of the tombs was a particularly pathetic object. Her bonnet had slid to the back of her head, and her face was blistered red by the sun. As her donkey-boy lifted her into the saddle, she clung to him crying, "There, there! Now put my leg over"—she was riding

astride — “ Now hold me on, and now wait for the rest of the party! ”

Returning we climbed a steep narrow path over the Libyan range, walking all the way; first, because it was too steep to ride up, and then because it was too steep to ride down. My mite of a boy played the gallant amazingly well, holding my arm with one hand to assist me over the stones, while leading the donkey with the other.

The broad stone Rest-house close to the barren cliffs was a welcome sight. Here we had luncheon sent over from the ship. While we rested the Arabs displayed their relics, among which was the bone handle of a shaving-brush — a souvenir of some archæologist's visit, no doubt.

Near by are the remains of the Funerary Temple of the famous Queen Hatshepsut. Long ramps with broad flights of steps lead to three wide colonnaded terraces rising one above another. The Temple contains bas-reliefs illustrative of the successful expedition to Punt made during the reign of this Queen. Hatshepsut ascended the throne at an early age and is always represented in male attire and with beard, and all references to her employ the masculine pronoun, excepting when she is apotheosized as a goddess.

As we ascended we paused on the middle platform, and looked across at the many workmen excavating an extensive ruin adjoining. It has since proved to be a Temple of Mentuhotep III of the Eleventh Dynasty, B. C. 2500, the oldest building in Thebes, and the only temple of the Middle Empire extant. Moreover, it evidently served as a model for the leading features of Queen Hatshepsut's shrine.

The cliff, behind, contains many chambers which were tombs of the various queens and princesses of the royal harem; all bear the inscription, "The royal favourite, the only one, the Priestess of Hathor." In each was found the skeleton of a cow. The walls are richly sculptured with scenes illustrative of the future life of these palace ladies. One pictures an attendant offering a bowl to a princess, saying "Beer for thy ghost."

In an inner chamber of this ancient Temple was found an undisturbed chapel of Hathor, goddess of the mountain of the west. The frescoes on the walls are perfectly fresh and bright; the roof is tinted blue with yellow stars. In the centre of the chapel is the life-size image of a cow in painted limestone. The horns had been covered with gold-leaf, and the neck was decorated with flowers and

papyrus, "as if the cow were coming out of the water." She is suckling a boy who is also represented under her neck as a man.

On the way home we passed by ploughed fields where fellaheen with wide hoes were making little mud walls round patches of wheat six feet square preparatory to irrigating them. One would stand within and his companion without and each push the earth toward the other, singing as they worked.

The favourite team for ploughing is a camel and an ox — the tall and the short of it — harnessed side by side, ten feet apart, just out of reach of each other's heels. Slowly, very slowly, they moved, dragging the plough, which was merely a sharp stick a foot and a half long, and which only served to scrape the top of the ground. The earth is black and cakes hard, when dry, like our adobe at home. Every inch of ground, even the lowest banks down to the water's edge, is planted with wheat or vegetables. Several times we heard women and children screaming in the fields and were told they were only making a noise to scare away the birds. A little gray bird smaller than our mocking bird, is the special pest.

We always try to be among the first in the race home to the boat in order to escape the

dust of the twenty riders and their numerous runners. A cup of tea and a hot bath is the goal for which we strive.

As we sat in the small boat waiting for the timid riders, of which there is always a goodly number of both sexes, we watched the Arabs making the donkeys jump into a sail-boat. Poor beasts, they dreaded it, and some of them had to be almost lifted bodily into the vessel. They were packed in closely, head and tail, like sardines in a box. Every morning at dawn they are ferried across, and again at night are carried back to Luxor.

At dinner the Professor had a sad tale to relate of his impotence in the hands of his vicious donkey-boys; but he gleefully assured us he'd be ready for them to-morrow, and forthwith flourished a stout whip of rhinoceros hide which he had purchased the moment he reached Luxor.

Luxor,
Thursday, December 15th.

WE again crossed the Nile and each tourist was immediately claimed by his Arab runner of the day before. My boy spied me at once, saying, "You number thirty-six," pointing to the leather tag on his arm to assist my memory. "You donkey 'Lovely Sweet.'" This facilitated matters.

"Come on, Miss Shinn," I called. "What's the name of your thoroughbred?"

"Professor!" promptly replied her Arab.

"Why! you little wretch!" Miss Martha expostulated, "yesterday you said his name was 'Whiskey and Soda.'"

"But," replied the imp, smiling sweetly and trying to ingratiate himself in the lady's favour, — "I think you like 'Professor' better. Yesterday you all time call 'Professor! Professor!' so I change name and call donkey 'Professor.' Donkey no care!"

So too the Chicago bride found her mount of the day before had been re-christened "Charlie!" in honour of her husband — a

delicious bit of flattery, doubtless not always appreciated. The Professor, however, insisted on a different donkey, and enforced his wishes. The sight of his whip kept all boys at a respectful distance while he jogged peacefully along at the tail of the procession.

Across ploughed fields we rode in the fresh morning air and came face to face with the great Colossi of Memnon, which loom dim and gray against the white limestone cliffs of the Libyan mountains beyond. There they have sat facing the east, greeting each rising of the sun for more than three thousand years. These giants of stone seated on cubical thrones, decorated with the entwined lotus and papyrus of Upper and Lower Egypt, tower sixty feet above the level plain, and are visible for miles around. The stone is cracked and broken and the faces sadly marred.

They are statues of Amenhotep III, during whose reign the children of Israel were kept in bondage in Egypt. This Pharaoh set up these images in front of a temple which he had erected, but of which nothing now remains. The northern Colossus is the Singing Memnon. Various Roman generals wrote of having heard it emit a metallic sound just after sunrise. This led to the invention of the myth that when Memnon was slain by Achil-

les in the Trojan War an image of him in stone appeared at Thebes hailing his mother Eos each dawn with plaintive cry. After the overthrow of these monoliths by the earthquake of 27 B. C., Septimius Severus restored them, adding five courses of stone to the northern one, the more shattered of the two; thereafter it emitted no sound.

A half hour's ride farther brought us to the extensive ruins of the temples of Medinet Habu and the great Ramesseum. Heroic Osiride figures of the renowned Pharaoh stand twenty feet high in front of each column. Near by lie the huge head and shoulders of the most colossal statue in all Egypt, with the hieroglyphics of Ramses II graven on arm and throne. The total height of the Colossus is estimated to have been fifty-seven feet.

As we walked through the deserted courts gray sparrows twittered and chattered and peered saucily at us from every crevice and cranny of the massive blocks. The dragoman had frequently to stop and clap his hands to silence the noisy chirping before he could continue his explanations. After having written you in detail of the greater Karnak, I will spare you a description of these temples, wonderful though they be.

We were back in time for tiffin and spent the afternoon visiting the down steamer which returned this morning from Assuan and was anchored near by, and in inspecting curio shops. Every one bought enamelled lotus hat-pins and brooches of real green beetles. The bridal couple from Chicago were especially fascinated by the pseudo-antique amulets.

"See here, Octavia, what do you think of this green cartouche?" — a stone two inches long and half as wide engraved with curious hieroglyphics — "The man says it's a genuine old one — came from the mummy of Ramses the Great: it's only eight dollars. Make a fine seal for a fob, wouldn't it? Your brother, Bob, might like one! — something rare and unusual — and the fellows at the club too! Oh! I say!" — turning to the dealer — "have you any more of these cartouches? Are they all royal? You guarantee them all ancient and royal? Well, then let me have twenty-two of them!"

"Very well, your honour," replied the obliging merchant, "it fortunate I can give you; I have ver' rare, ver' exclusive cartouche, very genuene!" emphasizing the last syllable, as he produced from a special drawer twenty-two green stones of identical colour

and nomenclature — all manufactured in Birmingham without doubt, but most satisfactory to the gentleman from Chicago, who breathed a deep sigh, as he exclaimed: "By Jove, but it's a relief to have those fellows off my mind, they've been worrying me ever since I landed in Egypt!"

"Do come and see this big blue beetle!" called Octavia. "Isn't it a dear? The very thing for a pendant! and these sweet little scarabs an inch long will make fine hat-pins for the girls!" Then addressing the antiquary, the bride gave her order: "I'll take this splendid big blue scarab and four dozen of those dainty bug hat-pins."

And yet foreign residents complain of the incurable mendacity of the native dealer! Their own gullibility never seems to occur to them. The government forbids the sale or export of antiquities and posts placards to this effect in all public places.

Again toward the close of day we wandered through the columned aisles of Luxor's Temple, past its standing giants and enthroned colossi, and at sunset reached the high bluff on the river bank where the Egyptian women congregate nightly with their picturesque jars.

*On the Nile,
Friday, December 16th.*

AT ten this morning, the "Rameses" made Esneh, where we stopped an hour. Climbing the high bank we walked through the primitive little village. It was market-day and the town-square was crowded with country folk displaying their wares; clay pipes and bowls, bright slippers and tinselled scarfs, were spread all over the ground. In one corner sat a maiden buying a red glass bangle. She had to soap her hand, and squeeze and squeeze, to force it over her knuckles — once on, it need never come off and would be a joy for ever.

A large escort self-appointed followed us the short distance to the Temple of Esneh. The building was entirely buried. A long flight of steps led down into the lofty central hall, the only portion excavated. The present edifice dates from the time of the Roman Empire, and in architecture and decoration resembles that of Denderah, the bas-reliefs on wall and column being likewise four-tiered.

The Temple of Edfu, which we reached at three this afternoon, is the most complete of the early Egyptian shrines, and the best preserved ancient building in existence. It dates back to the third century B. C., and although formerly covered with débris, has been entirely excavated. It is unique in that a high girdling wall encircles the whole structure, leaving an inner passage around the entire temple proper.

In the great cloistered court the populace was wont to assemble to witness the sacrifices offered on the altar that stood in its centre. The imposing hypostyle hall was adorned with reliefs of Cleopatra and her husband, Euergetes, adoring the gods. One small chamber was the library; on the walls of which were hieroglyphed a catalogue of its clay tablets long since destroyed. The extent of the Temple, its elaborate decoration and wonderful state of preservation gives one a most adequate idea of an ancient Egyptian house of worship.

As we raced through the village to the landing B.'s donkey began to bray, and from some side alley came an answering whinny. Looking behind, B. saw a baby donkey come running after its mother. B. spurred on with all possible speed, and the dapper little Egyp-

tian soldier, who had accompanied the party to the ruin and had escorted her to the top of a shaky pylon, now dashed up on his spirited steed and assisted her to dismount before the hungry little beast arrived.

We found dear Madam Shinn anxiously awaiting our return. With the contentment of age she enjoys the leisurely life of the boat and spends her days on deck, the recipient of the attentions of the whole ship, — flowers, postcards, curios and coins, all are showered upon her. Although a ready listener to all our exploits, she steadfastly refuses to accompany us on any expedition inland. Her favourite reading is President Roosevelt's "Big Game Hunting in the Rockies." She takes especial delight in his description of the black-tailed deer and the white-tailed deer, which she always describes as "so very interesting!"

One evening after dinner, as we stood about the deck drinking our coffee, Madam seated herself at the piano and began playing the Russian hymn, to the surprise and delight of every one. Then followed "America," which pleased both her British and her American audience, and finally she set the feet of the young folks in motion with a sprightly jig.

*On the Nile,
Saturday, December 17th.*

THIS morning early we passed through the narrow gorge of Silsileh, glimpses of which we got through our cabin-windows while dressing. The formation here changes to limestone, and it is from these cliffs that many of the statues and building blocks of the temples of Upper Egypt have been taken.

At nine we went ashore at a deserted spot to visit the Temple of Kom Ombo, which is splendidly situated on a high bluff directly overlooking the river. The propylæa has been washed away by the Nile, but the building is now protected from further encroachment by a stone wall erected in front of it.

The Temple of Kom Ombo is peculiar in being dedicated to two deities — to Horus the hawk-headed god and to Sobk the crocodile-headed god, spirits of good and evil. Not only has it two main doorways to hypostyle and vestibules, but also two inner sanctuaries, side by side. As we paused near the entrance to the little Birth House we were surprised

to discover on its floor six or eight crocodile mummies of various sizes.

The natives who came to meet us were Sudanese, bearing deep scars on their temples — tribal gashes made in infancy. Tall, slender, of very black skin and with hair braided in tiny wisps — they are a much more primitive type than the Egyptians of the Delta.

“Look at the May Queens!” called the Professor, as three or four naked children fantastically garlanded with wreaths of greenery round head and hips sprang out of the bushes and came dancing toward us down the path with outstretched palms. But it was the naked little hunchback who reaped the richest harvest of coppers from our party. After the steamer had swung out into mid-stream, we looked back and saw him resurrect from a potato-patch his erstwhile discarded rags and scramble into them.

The arable strip here narrows to two or three hundred feet, the desert almost descending to the river on both sides.

We are now nearing the end of our course, and although eager to see Assuan and Philæ we nevertheless feel a regret that our exploration in this ancient and fascinating land will so soon be over. It has taken twelve days to come thus far, and we will go back in

seven, touching at but two new points—Abydos and Tell el-Amarna.

Soon after three o'clock we arrived at the foot of the First Cataract and tied up at Assuan, the Syene of the Greeks, the southern boundary of ancient Egypt and the beginning of Nubia. Here we remain the next two days.

Assuan is a town of hotels, all built on the one main street fronting the water, with the Cataract House at the extreme southern end around a bend in the river on the very edge of the desert. Its verandah faces the setting sun and overlooks the Nile, which at this point is broken into many channels by huge boulders rising from the river-bed. Although but a few years old Cataract House has been enlarged twice. Its interior has the horse-shoe arches and fine lattice screens of Moorish architecture.

Hafiz had a number of row-boats in waiting and took us across from Assuan to the upper end of the large rocky Island of Elephantine, called by the ancients "The Door of Egypt on the South." This southern key to the country, the Romans always kept carefully guarded, their two other garrisons being stationed respectively at Cairo and Alexandria, to fend off attacks from the east and the sea.

We inspected the ancient Nilometer standing in the island's famous well, which the early Egyptians believed lay directly on the tropic. This marble column to-day as of old records the height of the river. Strabo mentions it and says that the measurements told on this shaft were watched by peasant and assessor alike, for the higher the Nile the greater the taxes.

An arch and a few slabs of granite bearing an inscription of the Emperor Trajan are all that remain of buildings of the period of the Roman Empire. The view from the top of the island south up the narrow mountain gorge through which the Cataract dashes over stones and around black boulders, with the sun sinking behind the western bank, is most beautiful!

A short distance above Elephantine is another smaller island which has been purchased as an estate by an Englishman who intends to make it his home. As the island is mostly barren rock, shiploads of earth are being spread over it, preparatory to the making of a garden.

At the railway station we saw a group of camels kneel to be relieved of their loads which were at once transferred to the freight vans of a train bound for Cairo. Assuan is

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an important shipping centre; thither come camel caravans from many inland points — Dongola, the Soudan and farther Central Africa.

*Assuan,
Sunday, December 18th.*

THIS is a most fascinating town. All day long sleek well-groomed camels in bright scarlet trappings are paraded up and down the boulevard by Bisharîn tribesmen who are noted for possessing the finest animals of this class, and who seek to divide with the Egyptian and his burro the shekels of the tourist. Each driver carries a clean goatskin ready to throw over his patron's saddle. The soft high feminine voices of these children of the desert are most persuasive. Several of our passengers, the bride and groom from Chicago among the number, succumbed to their lisp-ing blandishments and even had themselves photographed up aloft.

By the way, there is a great difference between camels. The Arabian species is more correctly a dromedary, having but a single hump; his easy gait and docile temper gives him the ladies' preference. In point of speed, also, he is superior to the sour-faced, loose-lipped, snarling camel from Bactria, who,

like the elephant, has a long memory for slights, and repays injury with interest, and whose two humps shake you just that much more. All the camels in Egypt seem to be of the latter variety, one excursion on which quite satisfies the tourist's ambition to ride this noble beast.

The Bisharîn is the most picturesque figure in Assuan, and the most primitive inhabitant of Egypt we have encountered in our journey through this ancient land. Tall and slender, with long face, square brow and protruding lower lip, he is especially conspicuous by reason of the mass of kinky black hair which bushes out like a halo all over his head, and falls about his neck in a short thick cluster of tiny braids terminating in a coin or a cowrie, the whole caked with mud or matted with castor-oil made from bushes grown by himself.

Scattered along the Upper Nile are nine of these Bisharîn tribes over whom the Egyptian government has placed one of their own sheiks, resident at Edfu. They are not an agricultural people, but support themselves by fishing and by raising goats and camels, the tending of which is the care of the children. A good camel will bring twenty dollars, United States coin.



A GROUP OF BISHARÍN.

As nomads, wandering over the desert, the Bisharîn were a war-like, barbaric people; but contact with civilization has caused them to deteriorate; their bravery and independence have vanished and they have grown weak and timid. Although quick to learn and easily pleased, they seem unable to acquire the more stable qualities of manhood, and their race is not likely to endure long. Being allowed the freedom of the town, the Bisharîn add greatly to the entertainment of the tourist.

They wear a long white cotton sheet loosely draped over the left shoulder and about the hips; the baggy trousers which hang on their slender figures are of the same material. Their weapons are long javelins and curious sets of knives and daggers, the sheath being a baby alligator skin, the feet of which are also enclosed and made into short cross-pockets for smaller blades. As we walked about Assuan the Bisharîn followed beseeching us in gentle, childish voices to purchase their strange weapons. One thought to make us capitulate by posing as a convert:—"I Clithstian, lady, pleth buy!"

The bazaars, like those of Cairo, are a series of low covered ways and are stocked with ostrich feathers, skins and horns from

the interior of Africa, and steel swords and blades inscribed with texts from the Koran; all souvenirs from the battle of Omdurman, September, 1898 — or at least, so their owners will swear to you.

Opposite the Cataract House is a pretty Moorish building which we mistook yesterday for an Egyptian mosque, but which we discovered this morning, when in search of the Episcopal service, was an innocent little English church built for the benefit of tourists.

This afternoon our party drove out a short distance into the desert to the ancient granite quarries of Assuan. Although our victorias had iron tires four inches wide, made expressly to prevent the wheels sinking into the sand, we had not gone far when the horses attached to the Professor's carriage balked and refused to haul the vehicle over the heavy road.

"It's always my luck to be the Jonah of the party!" the Professor good-naturedly exclaimed, as he and Miss Shinn got out and stood roaring with laughter at the efforts of the men to start the wheels and the horses at the same moment. It was evidently an old trick of these animals, and not unexpected, for an Arab, who must have been following,

came on the instant to the driver's assistance.

Finally at the foot of a low rocky ridge we left the carriages and plodded on on foot through deep sand to inspect the great boulders and masses of grayish pink rock which form the quarry of Assuan. It is an exceedingly hard stone, and from this ridge most of the granite blocks, statues, and obelisks of the temples of Lower Egypt had been hewn. We saw many right-angled niches from which square slabs had been cut. The mark of the wedge is noticeable everywhere; a series of holes two or three inches deep had been drilled in the stone; wooden wedges inserted and water poured over them; the swelling of the wood split the stone in a clean straight line. The Egyptian artisans were skilful mechanics, their masons using a bronze tool with a sharp edge. They were also early acquainted with the tubular drill set with jewelled teeth, and their work has never been surpassed.

A little higher up the hill, there lay, only partly detached, and with its lower twenty feet still buried in sand, a huge obelisk ninety feet long. Think of the labour of rolling such a shaft over the sand and then loading it on a barge!

Not far beyond we came upon a Bisharîn

camp. Their tents made of woven reeds or fine matting were set up in the centre of an ancient Arabian cemetery. A number of the men and children came running out to greet us — tall, lithe figures, erect and handsome. The women, who are seldom seen in town, now kept in the background; they ornament the left nostril by embedding a small scarlet bean in the cuticle.

Stopping the carriage we asked the men to dance. Laughing and chattering they formed a semi-circle and began to sing, "Al-lah'! Allah'!" clapping their hands to emphasize the last syllable, while one agile young fellow stood in the centre facing them, and at every cry bounded straight up into the air, four feet at a jump, his diaphanous drapery and voluminous trousers fluttering in the breeze and his long kinky locks flapping up and down to the rhythm of their measure. I could not help feeling how easy it would be for these emotional people to work themselves into a war-fever. For this simple and ludicrous exhibition we distributed some milliemes, but the sum was evidently far below expectation, for the recipients threatened to make a raid on us, when we whipped up and fled.

A turn in the road disclosed the low mud huts of a Nubian village. The Nubians are



A BISHARIN CAMP.

a larger, stouter people than the Bisharîn, black as coal, slower of movement, and good-natured and smiling, like our American negro.

After afternoon tea, in the cool of the day, we took a felucca and were again ferried across to the Island of Elephantine, a five minutes' row. A long wide flight of stone steps conducted us to the beautiful grounds of the Savoy Hotel, where the desert is literally turned into a garden. Bits of lawn carefully tended, rows of tall pink and white oleander, scarlet poinsettia, beds of La France and Pearl of the Garden roses, and large bushes of blood-red hibiscus made a gorgeous mass of colour. The wide trenches round each bush testified to the amount of water required. In this barren land a spot of greenery is a welcome sight to the eye.

Assuan is a charming place for an invalid, but an able-bodied person might find it a trifle monotonous. There is little to do but sail on the Nile, ride a donkey off into the desert, loaf, or play croquet — with an accent of the first syllable, according to the British dictum. The climate is considered above criticism, but all the three days of our stay there has been a stiff breeze from off the desert, which at times, I am told, gets to be a regular sirocco. Moreover, although the atmos-

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phere is dry, there is great variation of temperature in the twenty-four hours, mornings and evenings being cold, while noonday is decidedly hot.



MAIN BOULEVARD, ASSUAN.



NORTHERN END OF THE ISLAND OF ELEPHANTINE.



BEACH ON THE ISLAND OF ELEPHANTINE.

TO VINO
ALBINO

Assuan,

Monday, December 19th.

THIS was the day reserved for the visit to the great dam. B. and Miss Shinn went by train to Shellal, but as we will not have many more opportunities to ride, the Professor and I decided to go the six miles on donkeys. My beast was a racer and put out for the desert at a lively gallop without waiting for me to learn which road to take. He had spied some riders ahead, although not of our party, and set out to overtake them. I only hoped they were going where I was supposed to be going. I sawed on the bridle, but it was an old one and beginning to split, and I had much ado to hold the animal.

The Professor had flourished his rhinoceros hide at starting and laid out two donkey boys with a cut apiece when they attempted to hasten his Rosinante, and left them far behind. He appeared upon the horizon half an hour later with a third who, however, kept a respectful distance.

As we neared the little village of Shellal we caught sight of the beautiful calyx-

crowned columns, temples and kiosque of picturesque Philæ rising golden-brown from the centre of what seemed to be a great lake. It was the vast reservoir confined by the massive wall of the dam across its southern outlet.

The Nile reaches its maximum level the last of October, when it measures, at the foot of the First Cataract, a rise of fifty feet above low water mark, while at Cairo the tide touches but half that height.

Canopied barges, gay with red cushions, and with tiny scarlet pennants dressing the ropes, conveyed us to the island, which the natives have localized as the scene from "The Thousand and One Nights," relating to the Vizier's imprisonment of his beautiful daughter Zahr-el-ward, Flower of the Rose, to keep her from the attention of the king's favourite. In the end the lovers married and were happy ever after.

In ancient times Philæ was just over the Nubian line, and not included in Egyptian territory. Even Herodotus fails to chronicle it. During the reign of the Ptolemies Nubia was a powerful independent kingdom, embracing all modern Nubia and the northern Soudan, and was ruled by queens bearing the title of Candace.

"It is the eunuch of a Candace," say Messrs. Hall and King, "who was converted to Christianity as he was returning from a mission to Jerusalem to salute Jehovah. 'Go and join thyself unto his chariot,' was the command to Philip, and when the Ethiopian had heard the gospel from his lips he went on his way rejoicing."

Meroë was the capital of this Candace; here and at Naga were semi-barbaric temples of Egyptian type. Various Pharaohs had also built shrines in the deserts of Nubia. Pyramids erected over some very early sepulchres are now found at Barkal — a curious renaissance of ancient tomb-architecture in the very latest era of Egyptian history.

The temples now covering the Island of Philæ date from the Ptolemaic epoch, and were dedicated to Isis and Osiris. These buildings are beautiful and ornate though small; their charm is feminine compared with the rugged masculine strength of Karnak's giant towers. Philæ was supposed to be one of the burial-places of Osiris, and on the decline of his cult at Abydos, this fane attained great vogue. It was called the Holy Island and no one was allowed to land without the permission of its priest.

Philæ being so far south was one of the

last places in Egypt to come under Christian influence. Sacrifices were offered at this shrine as late as the time of the Christian Emperor Justinian.

Our landing was made at a broad flight of stone steps leading to a granite quay. Along the western wall is a splendid colonnade a hundred yards in length. Most of the year the temples are inundated, but fortunately it is yet early in the season and the floor of the great court is still dry. Here we found three artists in as many corners busy with palette and brush, working against time and tide which will overtake them two weeks hence. The columns are a deep golden-brown and their floral capitals are painted in soft pastel reds and turquoise blues and greens — more colour than we have seen on the pillars of any other temple. Behind an overturned altar in an inner chamber is a niche which was probably the perch of the sacred hawk Strabo mentions, “as sick and nearly dead” when he was at Philæ on his famous visit to Egypt.

From the top of the pylon sixty feet high before the Temple of Isis we could overlook the whole Island, and were amazed at the extent of its buildings. Climbing over the various levels of the roof, we came to the

shrine's most holy chapel, the Osiris chamber. On its walls are frescoed the story of the god's death and resurrection. The several parts of his body, said to be buried in fourteen separate places, are suggested by various drawings, — a mitred crown, a head surmounting a column, an arm and head resting on a stela, a pair of legs reposing on a pylon.

Lower down four canopic jars are pictured, supporting a bier on which lies the mummy of the god. Beyond again the body of Osiris is seen hedged about with blossoming lotus buds rising on slender stalks — the lotus the emblem of eternal life. A third couch discovers the lifeless form at the moment of returning consciousness, with head, left arm, and leg uplifted, as if in an effort to rise. Above the body poises the winged Nephthys, breathing upon Osiris the breath of life, while beside him stands the sublime Isis calling to him with outstretched arms to awake from his long sleep to the endless bliss of immortality. This is the most beautiful and precious of all the legends of ancient Egypt. By no more sacred oath could the Egyptian swear than "By him who sleeps at Philæ!"

Below exploration on foot was limited by the invading water. Resuming our seats in

the boat, we were rowed around on a level with the capitals of columns, in and out of vestibules and arcades, and finally came close to the exquisite little Kiosque, familiarly known as "Pharaoh's Bed," which figures in every picture of Philæ. It reminded me for size and grace of the Erectheum of the Parthenon. The delicate calyx capitals of the Kiosque were left unfinished. The plain square block above each was to have been shaped into a head of the goddess Hathor. The reliefs on the inner walls representing Trajan making offerings to Isis are likewise incomplete.

Small boys in short dug-outs pursued us, one hand outstretched for bakshish, the other bailing out water—their brown bodies wet from frequent capsizings, glistened in the sunshine.

A ten minutes' row brought us to the steps of the great dam across the top of which we were pushed in hand-cars used for carrying stone. The Professor kept saying that the water was damned—irretrievably damned! I warned him not to baptize in it, or he might turn up in the next world at the wrong place.

The dam, which is the largest in existence, is a mile and a quarter long, 92.4 feet high, 82.5 feet thick at the base and 26.4 feet wide at the crest. It was begun in 1898 and com-

pleted December 10, 1902. Its hundred and eighty sluices, averaging twenty-three feet in width, are arranged on four different levels. Part of the sluices only were open, and the water poured through these with tremendous force, forming far finer cataracts than the natural one below. A canal and four locks thirty feet wide has been made on one side the dam, for the passage of ships to the Upper Nile. The river begins to rise in July and by the end of November the sluice gates are closed one after another. Toward the last of February the reservoir is full. The water is distributed by the first of July when the river is again at normal level.

The engineers thought the water of the reservoir should be a hundred and fourteen metres above sea-level in order to impound sufficient for irrigating the country, but out of deference to the archæologists, who wished to protect Philæ from inundation, they made it only a hundred and six metres high, with the result that Egypt clamours for another dam, and Philæ is flooded most of the year.

Behold how nature mocketh at man's vain efforts to improve her workmanship! This Assuan dam which was to furnish an inexhaustible supply of water, and abolish famine in Egypt, is now cursed with all the fervour

of Oriental hyperbole by the very fellaheen who expected untold benefit from its construction.

Water there is in plenty, but the crops grow less and less, the cotton poorer and poorer, its fibre ever more brittle. The scientists must once more go to school and learn to undo the harm their famous barrier has wrought. Impounding the water has likewise precipitated the rich sediment, which, brought from the upper reaches of the Nile, had fertilized and enriched the lower valley, and had produced the fabulous crops of former uncontrolled high Niles. The work which was supposed to be finished is in reality only just begun.

The Egyptian government has nevertheless now definitely decided to raise the Assuan dam eight metres. The archæologists, however, are to be allowed five years in which to make a continuous excavation of both banks of the Nile for a hundred and fifty kilometres in Nubia, from Kalabsche to Derr.

Dr. George A. Reisner, formerly of the University of California, has been appointed superintending archæologist, to excavate the buried monuments along the route, and publish records of the same. Prof. Maspero is

to have charge of the restoring of known temples, and the copying of their inscriptions.

A gentleman from New York offered three and a half million dollars for the privilege of transporting the Temple of Philæ to America and setting it up in Central Park. But Egypt realizes too well the income her tourists bring, to part with such a treasure. The Government has, at a cost of £22,000, had the whole temple braced up, underpinned and bound together with steel girders encased in water-tight cement, and stretching from quay to quay. The Kiosque and colonnade in particular have been firmly underpinned with cement piers and are now in fact more stable than any other temple in Egypt.

We had tiffin on the Rest House verandah, under a canvas awning, high on the western bank, overlooking the calm expanse of the reservoir lake, with Philæ floating in the distance, and the waterfalls of the sluices roaring at our feet. Beyond the dam, B. scooped up from the Nubian Desert a handkerchief full of sand, with which to stock an hour-glass. Later she learned that this sand was much too coarse to pass the regulation time-piece of our forefathers.

Walking along the stone quay we could

gaze down into the three locks, the water of the upper one eighty feet below. The locks were crowded with small steamers, barges, and sailing craft built for the upper reaches of the Nile. Six of our passengers here took leave of us to go a week's journey farther up the river to the Second Cataract and to Khartoum, beyond which begins Ethiopia.

We had planned to shoot the Cataract on our return and got into a large stout row-boat manned by six men, one at each oar. After leaving the lock we carefully threaded our way in and out among big boulders and basaltic rocks until the current caught us and swept us into the rapids. For a minute things were lively! The boat danced and rocked and a big wave came over the side and drenched the crew; but the excitement was over before it had well begun. The remaining six miles we simply rowed down stream with the aid of the strong current, the crew singing as they plied the oars. We were thankful for the awning, which protected us from the direct rays of the sun, and shut out the reflection from the rocky cliffs of the narrow gorge.

I have just learned that there are six cataracts in the Nile. This first one extends over six miles, nearly the whole way from

Philæ to Assuan, and is merely a series of rapids.

Toward the lower end of the Cataract we came to the Island of Sehel, which has more than two hundred ancient inscriptions engraved on the faces of its rocks. One, dating from the Ptolemaic epoch, repeats the tradition of a low Nile lasting seven years, and causing a seven years' famine in the reign of the very early King Zoser of the Third Dynasty, whose tomb, the Step Pyramid, we saw at Sakkarah. The inscription further relates that the drought was finally broken by making offerings to the Cataract god Khnum, who again renewed the inundations. This famine was two thousand years before that recorded in the Bible as occurring in the time of Joseph. Khnum was the great local god of this region, and the ram the animal specially sacred to him. A whole necropolis of these rams has recently been unearthed by the French on the Island of Elephantine — the great stamping-ground of this god.

Many of the boulders in the river are black as coal and must have furnished material for the dark diorite statues now housed in the Cairo Museum. Wherever a foot of soil finds lodgment, there the papyrus antiquorum of Egypt grows wild; it is the same tall reed

with bushy fibrous head which we cultivate in California under the name of Nile grass. The two names of this little plant — byblos and papyrus, furnish us with our very important English nouns — “Bible” and “paper.”

I looked in vain for crocodile, and feel aggrieved that the natives had not scared a few down this far, for the delectation of tourists. The little boys, who go up and down the streets of Cairo carrying stuffed crocodiles on their heads, give a false impression of the locale of these reptiles. I must confess I was lured up the river, partly by the hope of seeing them on their native sand-banks. Not one did we see. They are among the delights that await the more venturesome travellers, who push inland to Khartoum, crocodiles now being extinct north of the Second Cataract.

One woman, I am told, went even farther south, bent upon finding a hippopotamus to paint in his special habitat. A Greek dragoman in Cairo told of taking a party of American tourists south into Abyssinia on a hunting trip. A hippopotamus was sighted in a marsh surrounded by tules or rushes. Each man took his position, with gun levelled at the game, and the dragoman himself was sta-

tioned with a kodak, ready to snap-shot the scene for future reference in proof of their bravery, when, unfortunately for the fame of the sportsmen, the beast at that moment turned toward them, and the picture the camera caught was of huntsmen casting away their weapons and fleeing to cover.

It has taken us just an hour to return. As we neared Assuan a drum was hauled out from under a seat and a man began thrumming on it with his fingers in lieu of drumsticks. Higher and higher sang the chorus, more and more strident sounded the voices as one of the crew passed up a dirty white cap for bakshish — a gift — over and above the fare.

At sunset the Roman ruins crowning the southern end of Elephantine's rocky ridge stood outlined against the western horizon; the palm trees showed like fine lace on the blue above, while the huge boulders of the Cataract made black shadows on the glistening water, which reflected the amber sky.

Thus far and no farther; we have penetrated into the country nearly seven hundred miles from the mouth of the Nile; we have gone to the top of the First Cataract, walked over its dam, and viewed the quarries from which

all the wonders of statuary, obelisks, and temples have been hewn. To-morrow we must turn our faces northward again toward the more beaten paths of travel.

"S. S. Rameses,"

Tuesday, December 20th.

JUST after leaving Assuan at five this morning, we were awakened by a great shouting and splashing. The ship had run aground and was an hour in getting off. It has taken two weeks to come up the river; by hard steaming we have made five and a half miles an hour. Returning, with wind and tide to favour us, we will average twelve to fourteen and cover the whole distance to Cairo in a week. In fact so rapidly did we move to-day that I dared not take my eyes off the landscape lest I miss something. It is like a moving panorama, except that we do the moving; and, as the channel is often but a few feet from shore, we can see perfectly everything being done on land.

The farther up the Nile we go, the less clothing the natives wear. A fellah will stand all day working at the well, or hoeing in the field, with nothing on but a turban and a loin-cloth, the hot sun beating down on his bronze

body. The colour of an Egyptian's skin is not yellow like a Mongolian's, but red — red as any army bean!

This afternoon there was a sudden jerk and we stood still. For two hours the sailors toiled while the current swept the "Rameses" clear around. Anchors were carried out in boats and dropped in shallow water; then every man of the crew took hold of the stout rope attached, and pulled it along the lower deck, stamping and shouting in unison, as the nervous little quartermaster in red fez and European uniform of blue cloth gave the word.

The quartermaster runs the ship, for there is no captain. He shouts his orders right and left, runs fore and aft, lends a hand, then jumps on the railing and scrambles aloft like a monkey to see how things are going on above. Presently he slides down another pillar to the lower deck to boss the crew below. After pulling on ropes, shoving poles into the mud, and endless shouting and howling, we at last slid off the sand-bar clear into four feet of water, which is all the ship draws. A row-boat was sent out and a half-naked sailor jumped into the yellow Nile to dislodge the anchor; it was hauled aboard, and once more



TAKING SOUNDINGS IN THE NILE.

40 yml
amphicel

we were in motion. Fortunately it is still early in the season, and the river high, or we would have had many more such delays.

On account of the continual shifting of the channel, and the fact that sand-bars sometimes form over night, lighthouses are useless. A picturesque figure stands ever at the prow, his practised eye detecting by the colour of the water where the shallows lie. Every few minutes he tests with long pole the depth of the stream and calls out the feet to the pilot above.

The flies these warm days are still one of the pests of Egypt as they were in the time of the Israelites. They are thick and sticky; brush them away, and the next moment they return. If thus troublesome now, what must they not be in summer?

My sympathies go out to the ancient Egyptians who were afflicted with so many plagues; Deuteronomy forgot to include dogs in the list, but they should certainly be counted in. These animals are as miserable a looking lot as those of Constantinople, of which Mark Twain writes—lean, hungry black curs with curly tails, and there is the same species in yellow. Every night when we tie up near some town, we can hardly sleep

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for the yelping of the canine portion of the population.

To-night we steamed into Luxor just in time to see the full moon rise behind the colonnade of the Temple above the landing.

"S. S. Rameses,"

Wednesday, December 21st.

THIS half day the "Rameses" stayed at Luxor gave time for another visit to the Temple of Karnak. It is now familiar ground and grows more wonderful the more we study it. We also strolled through the shady gardens of the Luxor hotel where statues of Mut, the cat-headed goddess, taken from her neglected temple in the suburbs, were disposed along the pathways. It was at this hotel late one evening on a former visit I had asked to see the landlady if she were not retiring. The servant answered, "I go see," and walking to the end of the corridor he deliberately stooped down and peeked through the key-hole. Returning, he said that she was.

Both B. and the Professor have been fascinated by the hieroglyphics and have advanced so far in their study as to be able to recognize the cartouches of Ramses and the greater kings wherever they find them. This afternoon B. composed the cartouche of her

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own name, naïvely adding below it the hieroglyphic for princess, after the manner of an ancient Egyptian maiden of high degree.

*On the Nile,
December 22nd.*

THIS morning at nine we reached Baliana and took donkeys for the long two hours' ride to Abydos, eight and a half miles inland. It was one of our most interesting excursions, for it led through a fertile district cultivated all the way, and we had an excellent opportunity to see the life of the modern Egyptian farmer at close range. After clearing the town of Baliana we crossed a wide canal and passed out along a highway crowded with natives on foot, camels carrying merchandise, boys driving small herds of goats, and women and children riding on burros or in carts. It was market-day and the road was thronged with people coming hither.

Villages surrounded by clusters of palms sprang up here and there along the way, with stretches of green between — fields of alfalfa, cane and wheat. It is a rich land, a land of waving wheat and ripening corn, of herds and flocks, of dates and palms. There were no fences or visible boundaries, but nevertheless

each small patch must be well defined, for it was watched over by a man or boy. In one corner of the field a small tent or mud hut, with a fence of cane thatch close about it, indicated the summer home of the tenant. Half a dozen goats or a single cow constituted a farmer's herd. The animal would be tied by a few feet of rope, allowing it to pasture in a limited circuit. For field work the fellah utilizes the water buffalo, a dull gray animal, almost hairless, the size of an ox, with long horns laid back flat along its neck.

This being the Egyptian springtime, everywhere in the fields are to be seen the herds with their young. A baby burro, gray and shaggy, no bigger than a hobby-horse, ran clumsily up to a big curly sheep and put its head lovingly over the neck of the woolly beast. The sheep are mostly brown or black and are of the fat-tailed variety. These appendages, which are a foot wide and ruffled along the edges, almost touch the ground. Children spend their days in the open field tending the flocks and playing with the tiny kids and lambs. As we rode along the little shepherdesses would run up carrying a glossy kid or soft lamb for us to pet, and then demand bakshish for the privilege.

The air was vocal with voices of birds. A

young Englishman in the party pointed out several species. The wag-tail and the small lark are the most numerous. The hoopah, a big brown bird, larger than our robin, has a high red topknot and two white bars across wings and tail. The hoopah is found all over Egypt and must be an aborigine, for we recognized it in a sculptured relief on one of the most ancient temples of Abydos. Here and there a white ibis was feeding quietly in the alfalfa. Men were cutting the ripe cane stalk by stalk, and laying them down one by one on the ground — a slow process. Beyond in the barley field Ruth was following after the maidens of Boaz gleaning the grain that escaped their sickles.

All the way we had ahead of us the great perpendicular mountain range at the foot of which lie the ruins of Abydos, the most sacred necropolis of ancient Egypt. As is Mecca to the devout Moslem of modern times, so was Abydos to the pious Egyptian of earlier ages. Hither he came, during life, on a pilgrimage to worship the most holy Osiris, and hither he was brought after death to be buried beside the adored deity. Through the gorge of this very range the souls of the deceased were supposed to pass on their way to the barge of the sun.

As we approached our destination the green fields receded behind us, while the wind rose and blew the shifting sand in great clouds about us, making the atmosphere gray and turning the sun blood-red. We were already within the Libyan Desert. Taking the road to the right we passed under the walls of the small town and presently halted in the outer court of the ancient Temple of Seti I.

And now let me give you a few of the religious traditions concerning Abydos. Although the various members of his body were buried in as many different places throughout Egypt, the head of the great god Osiris was supposed to have been interred here, and the temple erected over it was considered the chief shrine of this god of the resurrection. This temple archæologists have yet to find.

Osiris, like the earlier Re, had the power to raise with himself all his worshippers; those buried beside him were sure of the companionship of the god in passing through the gorge of this western mountain, just beyond which lay the boat of the sun. Turn-face or Look-behind was supposed to ferry over the righteous who had no boat provided in their sepulchres. Turn-face was the Egyptian Charon, the prototype of the Homeric ferry-

man of the Styx, who ever kept a backward glance as he poled his barge along. This legend is one of the first evidences in history of a moral test being expected at the close of life.

Contrary to custom, these tombs were not excavated in the soft limestone cliffs, but were built in the sand below. The Necropolis dates from the Sixth Dynasty; its era of greatest splendour and popularity covers the period of the Eleventh and Twelfth Dynasties, B. C. 2160-1790.

About the beginning of Seti's reign the burial ground of the very ancient kings, which had long been lost, was discovered, and the name of King Khent was wrongly read as that of their great god Khent-amenti Osiris whom the Egyptians also regarded as an early king. In honour of the event Seti not only placed in this tomb a stone bier bearing an effigy of Osiris, but he also built here at Abydos this great temple to the spirits of his ancestors and to the seven chief gods of Egypt, Amon, Osiris, Isis and Horus, Herakhte, Ptah and King Seti himself.

Isis, the sister, wife and female form of Osiris, was worshipped as the feminine counterpart of this supreme god, and as mother of the divine child Horus. She shared equal

honours with Osiris in their great temples here in Abydos and at Philæ, while both at Der el-Bahari and Denderah she was revered under the name of Hathor, mother of Horus, — being there associated with Athor, the Aphrodite of the Greeks, goddess of mirth and beauty. In fact Isis was honoured in so many aspects as to be called goddess of ten thousand names.

The advanced attitude of ancient Egyptian religion toward women is evidenced by the similar reverence shown Isis and Osiris; nor was Minerva less esteemed than Mars by the early Greeks. Subsequent history adopting the creed that "might makes right," denied woman equal honours with man; even the Early Church bade her be silent in the assembly and submissive in the home. To-day, however, Christian Science restores her to her exalted position, places the woman beside the man on its platform — two equal reflections of the Divine Mind, equally expressive of Truth and Love.

This Abydos Temple was erected about B. C. 1350. Two large courts lead to two fine halls, from which open seven chapels dedicated to the seven great gods. Here were kept the barges sacred to these deities. The chambers are vaulted in the Hindu manner,

by the use of over-lapping slabs, the edges chiseled off to give the effect of an arch. The walls of the chapels are beautifully sculptured and painted in bright colours. One curious relief represents two serpents waiting to drink the blood of criminals which had been collected in a large skin.

In a corridor to the left is the famous Abydos Tablet of Egyptian kings, including the names of those recovered during Seti's reign. It consists of a series of vertical hieroglyphics exquisitely fine and evenly cut in polished alabaster; the names of seventy-six Pharaohs are given; those from the first King Menes to Seti I; unimportant and illegitimate monarchs being omitted.

Hafiz and Ahmed spread the luncheon on tables between the fat columns of the immense hypostyle hall, and here we rested and feasted to the loud humming of big bumble bees, as they flew in and out from sunshine to shadow, while the birds chattered noisily, peering down at us from capital and architrave. In the open court without stood a boy and his burro refreshing themselves with sugar-cane, the boy sharing it with his pet, impartially, bite for bite.

After resting in the cool of the stone corridors, we again mounted and rode still fur-

ther into the desert to inspect ruins of tombs and temples, all in a state of great decay. Beyond is a quaint little Coptic monastery where a group of small boys from six to eight years of age recited for us in English the Twenty-third Psalm. The eagerness of these poor people to learn English is pathetic. The chapel and dwellings surrounding were miserably poverty-stricken.

Since 1896 M. de Morgan, M. Amelineau and Professor Petrie have been excavating in the region of Abydos. They have found some pre-historic tombs of kings of the First and Second Dynasties and others thought to be pre-dynastic.

In twos and threes we came straggling back to the ship in the late afternoon, weary with the long seventeen mile ride — our last in the land of the Nile.

"S. S. Rameses,"

Friday, December 23rd.

THIS noon we again touched at Assiut, passing close to the beautiful grove of acacias, tamarisks and lebbeks. Every tree of any size is worthy of remark in this sun-kissed land where rain is almost unknown and everything must make way for food-producing plants; almost every inch of soil is sown to corn or cane, barley, wheat or alfalfa.

Assiut is two hundred and forty miles above Cairo and its reservoir feeds the canals of Middle Egypt. This great dam is over nine hundred yards wide, extending clear across the river; it consists of a number of narrow bays supported on close set columns. A double row of iron gates, one above the other, can be let down to conserve the water when the river is low or when the upper valley is to be inundated.

Soon after tiffin we arrived at the open gate of the Barrage. We headed for the lock, an opening barely fifty feet wide, and close to the

western bank, but missed it, the swift current carrying us too far one side. We had to back out, swing round and make for it a second time. The boat went from side to side, and every man of the crew was kept busy, jumping first to the right then to the left, and pushing against the granite walls of the lock, to keep the boat from scraping. It was slow work, and all the while the Professor kept exclaiming, "My, my! did you ever see the like? We would never make such a mess of it as this in America!" I hoped we should not, but I could not say, for I am not familiar with the locks of my native land.

We are now within two days' steaming of Cairo, and our three weeks' voyage on the Nile — one of the most delightful excursions a tourist could possibly take — is fast drawing to a close. Although the sun is hot, there is always a breeze on the water caused by the motion of the vessel; indeed at times it is decidedly chilly. As there are no fires in cabin or sal^{on}, one needs extra clothing for cool days and nights.

Our ship's passengers include a number of agreeable and interesting people. Lord and Lady Caldwell, a young Irish couple, know how to "do themselves well," as the English express it. With maid and valet in attend-

ance they are the perfection of neatness, always appropriately attired for excursions — she in short gray skirt, helmet, and walking stick; he in dark gray riding suit, the saffron vest of his particular hunting club, leather leggings, and gray topi draped with striped scarf — the long ends protecting the back of the head from the vertical rays of the sun.

The first night B. appeared in her gown of emerald silk overlaid with black lace, its colour appealed to his Irish taste, and Lord Caldwell complimented her on it warmly, only regretting that her Ladyship was too dark for the wearing of the green!

The English M. P. and the Boston editor of a denominational paper, both broad-shouldered "six-footers" of mature years, have endless discussions on things British and American. The Englishman with his young wife took leave of us unexpectedly at Luxor, his party whip having summoned him back to London by cable to help vote on some important measure that had been pending in Parliament, and on which there was shortly to be a division.

Another Englishman introduced a novel "give away" game of checkers; one player has the full quota of pieces, while his opponent has simply a king; the game goes to

the one who gets rid of his checkers first. Strange as it may seem, the man with the king is seldom the winner.

The pale-faced dapper little ship's Surgeon, in correct corduroy and leather leggings, has been most courteous to all, playing the host well in lieu of a Captain, of which officer the force is innocent. The Doctor assists the ladies to mount and is always on hand when the donkeys stumble, or their riders fall. Every pretty girl receives some attention, and the younger the girl, the more fascinating he finds her. A saucy Irish lassie with laughing blue eyes and retroussé nose, her face framed in a bewitching poke bonnet of red, led him a dance. He was her slave the two days of her voyage from Luxor to Assuan. Next morning, however, found him devoting himself to another maiden, to whom he criticised Peggy most unmercifully.

*On the Nile,
'Saturday, December 24th.*

THIS morning we went ashore at a deserted spot to view an ancient pavement of the ruined city of Tell el-Amarna. As we came to mooring we saw a row of natives squatting like roosting chickens on the bank above the boat. When we reached the top of the foot-path the spectators rose as one man, and surrounded our party. Four brawny Arabs, armed with long rifles, now stepped in front of us and led the way, keeping off the rabble of men, women and children. We crossed a field of growing wheat to a low stone house which had been erected over the relics of pavement to keep it from being carried away by the thieving population. These guards are necessary to safe-guard both floor and visiting tourist. The pavement consists of four or five sections of painted stucco, which had been laid about B. C. 1850 by Amenhotep IV, (Ikhnaton), the Heretic king before mentioned, who introduced the worship of the Rays of the Sun.

As its chief exponent, this Pharaoh rechristened himself, "Splendour of the Solar Disc." In the Cairo Museum are several bas-reliefs in stone of Ikhnaton, who is portrayed standing in adoration with arms outstretched, bathed in the effulgence of the sun's rays. Deserting Thebes and the famous shrines of Luxor and Karnak, Ikhnaton built with great splendour here at Tell el-Amarna his new capital, to which he gave the glorious name "Horizon of the Sun." The city and its new faith flourished but fifty years, the cult of Amon regaining ascendancy almost immediately after the reformer's death. To-day this royal city has utterly vanished, and naught but these fragments of pavement remain.

The several sections of pavement are painted in various designs. One with figures of captive warriors carrying bows is thought to typify "The Nine Nations of Archers," traditional enemies of Egypt. Another slab in soft blue and green is decorated with fish and ducks swimming among the rushes and wild grasses of a marsh. It seems a miracle that such delicate painting on a substance so fragile and in a place so exposed should have thus long escaped destruction, while so few

of the marble mosaic floors of Rome and Pompeii subsist to-day.

Returning, the same numerous escort attended us to the boat. Frequent notices posted in public places request the tourist to refrain from pauperizing the populace by indiscriminate giving of alms to the army of beggars. As we pushed off from land, however, the Professor could not resist the temptation of flinging ashore a handful of small coin — just for the fun of seeing the natives scramble for it. Like children these big blue-gowned figures, swarthy and vociferous, rushed forward and fell in a heap, struggling and fighting to secure the coveted coppers.

Claudius Hafiz and Ahmed, our dragomans, have been asking all the ship to write in their reference books. They come and crouch on the floor at one's feet in a deferential attitude, quite irresistible. Several days ago they began to besiege the Professor in particular, begging him for verses. He good-naturedly scribbled off a few stanzas, but when he read them to Hafiz, they did not suit at all. "No," said Hafiz, "you must put Claudius at the end of each line. Write it something like so:

"Who's always most agreeable and pleasant?
Claudius!"

The Professor ha-ha-ed and pooh-pooh-ed, but ended by asking Hafiz for an inventory of his talents. Nothing loath, and missing the sarcasm, Claudius proceeded to acquaint the poet with his accomplishments — his scholarly attainments, being able to read the hieroglyphics; his poetic genius, being a writer and reciter of verse — mostly doggerel, to be sure — and his amiability and wit.

Hafiz really is an unusual character. He is forty-four years old and has been dragoman eighteen years; possesses a powerful physique, and whenever we land, he goes out with his long whip to do battle with the donkey boys. Hafiz selects our animals for us, helps us mount, and each time we stop carefully counts the party, to see that none are missing; he explains the temples, reads any simple hieroglyphics we request, speaks well enough to be understood — a rare accomplishment in a guide — is ready with English jokes and apt phrases, and can even on occasion quote poetry.

When Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt went up the Nile, with his private party, Hafiz acted as dragoman and helped carry his patron's chair. The capitalist thought Claudius so

intelligent that he gave the dragoman a check for five thousand dollars in appreciation of his five weeks' service. Hafiz is a widower and has a son twelve years of age. When we went to visit Miss Buchanan's School at Luxor, Hafiz, who is anxious to marry again, begged the Professor to intercede in his behalf: "Speak a good word to the lady for me, so she'll pick me out a good wife."

Indeed Claudius Hafiz has had so much praise from tourists that he is decidedly spoiled. One Sunday after the Professor had conducted service on the ship Hafiz naïvely asked, "Did you say anything nice about Hafiz in your sermon?"

The Professor yesterday ground out a second string of verses which seemed more to Hafiz's taste. Ahmed, the younger dragoman, whom we all like better, is much more modest and gives promise of becoming an equally apt scholar. When he read the Professor's verses which Hafiz proudly exhibited, Ahmed seemed to appreciate the hyperbole, for he laughingly exclaimed, "Oh, that's too much praise!" This Claudius indignantly denied, insisting, "No, I deserve it *all!*"

The following is a sample of the baker's dozen of similar stanzas:

“ Who then in influence and looks
And in the learning of the books,
Will second only be to “ Cooks ” ?
But Claudius ! ”

Claudius said he would commit the lines to memory and recite them to us. Ahmed laughed at him, and said the English was “ too high ” for him, and that he would never be able to master it. But Claudius sat up most of the night studying the stanzas. This evening at dinner he made his farewell speech, wishing us “ Bon voyage,” and expressing the hope that we would come again to the Nile, and that he might have the pleasure of once more escorting us over the ruins. He closed by reciting the verses above mentioned, modestly omitting the last line of each.

"S. S. Rameses,"
Sunday, Christmas, 1904.

WE'RE trying hard to play that it's Christmas, but it seems little like a real one. We reach Cairo at four where we look forward to a jolly Christmas dinner, which will be memorable as our first meeting with the other half of our Round-the-World-Party.

At this juncture the question of fees occupies the moment most fully. Every man on board, from the quartermaster down to the humblest deck hand, has been bowing and scraping to every passenger on ship — all in expectation of a fee. One of the bare-foot crew is this moment standing outside the salon door, pretending to brush away cinders with his feather duster, but every time he catches my eye, he smiles, and bows, and says "Merry Christmas!" and finally, as I do not take the hint, he has put out his hand and asked for bakshish.

The two dragomans, two cabin boys, three table boys, and chief dining-room steward we have already remembered quite substantially,

but there is all the crew besides, who have done sundry little offices for us, such as dusting our shoes and brushing us off on our return from land excursions — all paid for at the time to be sure, but that is a thing of the past, and a parting gift is likewise expected.

I was asking the chief steward this morning how many deck hands there were. "Oh, eighteen or twenty," he answered, adding suggestively, "If you want to give them anything, just hand it to the quartermaster."

It seemed a large order, but for some time B. and I had been saving all the little silver piastre pieces that came our way; we now found that we had a large double handful. Going up to the Quartermaster, who was talking to several of the crew, we poured the coin in his hand, explaining that it was for himself and crew. He smiled and bowed so happily, that it quite repaid us for the trouble. Counting up later, B. and I found that, between us, we had given away over six pounds in fees, which seemed a great plenty in this land of small wages.

We have just passed a large leisurely dahabiyeh, few of which we have encountered hitherto. The dahabiyeh is not unlike the house-boat of the Thames, with the addition of a sail. The passengers pre-empt one end

of the craft, while the crew crowd the other. They sail slowly, but I would not willingly exchange the ample decks, comfortable cabins and speed of our little steamer, for the more exclusive leisure of such a vessel. Moreover, the genius of the dahabiyeh has a most evil reputation for making its occupants life-long enemies. Only the most amiable should venture to keep house in such narrow quarters, two months at a stretch. Just before leaving Cairo we noticed, in the Egyptian edition of the New York Herald, this unique advertisement: "Wanted by two Americans, companions for a dahabiyeh party. References exchanged."

This last day on the "Rameses" I have been going back in mind over our trip, to sum up what we have seen and learned of the architecture and history of ancient Egypt. We have now made the circuit of the most wonderful temples and tombs of the Pharaohs, with the exception of that of Abu Simbel, which is on the upper reaches of the Nile above the First Cataract.

Oldest of all are the tombs, the mastabas, and the pyramids. Go first to Sakkarah and visit the Step Pyramid of King Zoser of the Third Dynasty, who walked the earth nearly five thousand years ago; Khufu and Khafre

built their great Pyramids at Gizeh a century later. Although Mentuhotep II of the Eleventh Dynasty introduced a new style of sepulchre, a cliff cave with terraced chapel before it, the pyramid continued popular and was royalty's favourite type of tomb until 2000 B. c.

Later cliff chambers, secreted in the depths of the mountains west of their capital, were chosen by the Theban kings for sepulchres. During the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Dynasties, from 1600-1200 B. c. these subterranean tombs reached their climax of elaborateness and splendour. That the ancients honoured the mummies of their Apis gods no less, is proved by the finding in the Serapeum at Memphis of sarcophagi bearing the cartouche of Amenhotep III B. c. 1400.

Before each tomb was always its shrine, of which the splendid mausoleum chapel of Hatshepsut is the most striking example. Other Theban monarchs, however, desiring more extensive mortuary temples than the hills permitted, built on the plains below; the Ramesseum was such a memorial, and served for public worship as well.

Unfortunately the buildings of the Early Empire have almost all disappeared, so that even their location is unknown, but it has been

proved that certain sites were marked by shrines from time immemorial — especially Heliopolis, Memphis, Abydos, and Thebes; and it is argued that a race who could construct such monuments as the Mastabas and Pyramids would erect temples scarcely less imposing. Repeated restorations and reconstructions ended, however, in obliterating nearly all trace of the original buildings. Wood is thought to have been the first material used; later brick, and last of all stone. The introduction of stone was probably contemporary with the erection of the early Mastabas.

So far, the oldest and best preserved building of the Ancient Empire, which lasted from 8400-2000 B. C. according to the Tablet of Abydos, is the Granite Gateway leading to the Pyramid Causeway at Gizeh. The structures of this age are characterized by massive simplicity, by the phenomenal size of their granite blocks and by an absence of all decoration and inscription. They express stability and power.

Of the Middle Empire, the period from the Twelfth to the Seventeenth Dynasties, not a temple remains. A number of stelæ, some scattered ruins bearing reliefs and inscriptions — mostly of Pharaohs of the Twelfth

Dynasty — the lofty obelisk of Usertesen I, still standing at Heliopolis, and a few colossal statues, bearing the name of this ruler, are the chief relics of the four hundred years prior to 1600 B. C. The size and character of these fragments, however, taken in connection with the elaborate and beautifully decorated rock-hewn tombs of the monarchs of this time, are sufficient assurance that the temples of the Middle Empire were but little inferior in magnitude and importance to those of the earlier epoch.

It remained for the Pharaohs of the New Empire, the giants of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Dynasties, Thutmose III, Amenhotep III, Seti I, and the Ramses II and III, to construct the Cyclopian temples, pylons, obelisks, and statues which are to-day Egypt's chief crown of glory bequeathed from antiquity. Karnak and Luxor, Medinet Habu, Kurna and the Ramesseum, the shrines of Abydos, the rock temple at Abu Simbel, the Theban Colossi of Memnon, and the recumbent Ramses at Sakkarah — all are the work of that age.

And if you would know how well the Grecian Ptolemies and their Roman successors learned from the Pharaohs the lesson of Egyptian architecture, see Esneh and Edfu,

Kom Ombo, Denderah, and Philæ, smaller editions of the older shrines and excellently preserved; their capitals more ornate, perhaps, and their walls more elaborately decorated with figures of gods and goddesses.

Although hers are the oldest, Egypt boasts more temples and better preserved than either Greece or ancient Rome. The untrained eye rejoices in the completeness of those of Edfu and Denderah.

As I review the scenes just visited, each stands out in memory, separate and apart, for some peculiar beauty or individual charm. For sepulchral art one should see Sakkarah, and penetrate the subterranean tomb of Thi, Superintendent of Pyramids to a Pharaoh of the Fifth Dynasty; most brilliantly painted and delicately sculptured, it is accounted the finest funeral vault in Egypt. Or one may visit at Biban el-Muluk, the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, the still more impressive mortuary chamber of Amenhotep III — his royal mummy deposited there more than three thousand years ago, being the only one allowed to rest in its original tomb.

For picturesqueness and general effect the beautiful shrine of Kom Ombo, in soft grayish pink granite, standing high above the Nile

on a bluff overlooking the river, or the exquisite group of Philæ, rising from an island near the First Cataract, with slender columns and graceful capitals, painted rich yellow against the deep blue sky of the southern clime, are unsurpassed.

But for grandeur and sublimity the massive pylons, tapering obelisks, and mammoth columns of Karnak's splendid hypostyle, the seated giants of Luxor, Abu Simbel, and the Colossi of Memnon, are beyond compare! More stupendous and primeval still, however, are the Pyramids, the Granite Causeway Gate, and the Sphinx, pre-historic and unique in the chronicles of the race.

And over all Egypt spreads the magic of her skies, most potent at the end of day, when the brilliant sunlight softens to a deep pink, enveloping valley and mountain, statue and temple, in a roseate haze, and is reflected on the broad surface of the calm river, while one waits for the golden chariot of the glittering sun-god to sink slowly into the western horizon beyond the waste of desert sand. A rich amber glow succeeds, warming gradually to crimson, as the colour narrows to a thin band, outlining the tops of the darkening mountains.

Toward nightfall we pass many a patri-

archal scene. The muffled figures of a native herdsman, his harem, and their numerous children, gathered in the gloaming under the sheltered side of an open cane-thatched lean-to, crouch around the gleaming camp-fire on which the evening meal is preparing — its smoke, in the quiet air of the Egyptian twilight, ascending undisturbed by flickering breezes straight toward heaven.

It is far lovelier than I can describe, and as no two sunsets are ever the same, we try always to be on deck at that hour.

Slowly we passed the little boats, their lateen sails spread like birds poised on the bosom of the water. Below us on the prow at twilight the Moslem rises, and salutes the evening sky toward Mecca; kneels and presses his forehead to the deck. From shore comes a constant creak, creak — heard far into the night — the tireless Egyptian still working his weary water-wheel, still dipping the bucket of his well-sweep in his unceasing struggle for daily bread. Adam's curse lies heavy upon him.

Day after day, and night after night, for three weeks we have been privileged spectators of these homely scenes and time-honoured customs perpetuated through centuries. Their familiarity makes them only the more

fascinating. Although it is but three, tea is being served on deck — a last courtesy from the ship. Already the domes and minarets of the Citadel are in sight, while the grim Pyramids have been hovering in the western distance for some hours past. The river is crowded with blue-bordered sails all bound for Cairo. As we bear down upon fleet after fleet, they part and let us pass. The palaces and gardens of the eastern bank now fly by, and at last we come to anchor, just this side the great Nile bridge.

THE END.

APPENDIX I

THE Guide to the Cairo Museum, compiled by M. G. Maspero and translated by J. E. and A. A. Quibell is full of illuminating passages — many of them gleaned from recently discovered reliefs — bearing upon the religion of the ancient Egyptians. I have culled a few sentences dealing with the more important beliefs, and arranged them together, so that the plan of the tombs and their curious frescoes can be better understood and appreciated.

The ancient Egyptians considered man to be composed of a body and a soul, equally perishable if not nourished, or if either were destroyed. The soul they imagined in the form of a crane or a hawk, sometimes human-headed, a luminous spectre, or a double, coming into existence at a man's birth and surviving his death, and with a form exactly reproducing that of the man, woman, or child to whom it pertained. This double was called

a Ka. Each Ka had its own name, as is known from the finding on the seals in the tombs of the Pharaohs of their Ka names.

To insure to the Ka continuance of existence, the body must be preserved in its perfect shape. Dessication, and later mummification, were accordingly resorted to. The poor were simply "salted and dried," and wrapped in a mat of woven reeds; but the rich went through long processes of boiling with resinous gums and aromatic roots, and were then enveloped in hundreds of yards of fine linen, with fragrant herbs laid between the folds; thus "highly spiced" they were laid away in their painted coffins. In order to conceal the shrinkage caused by these processes, and to make the mummy more presentable, as well as comfortable, for the Ka to inhabit, a mask of cartonage, or painted linen, was made for the entire body; in the case of royalty the mask was usually of gold.

The mummy was laid on its side, facing the east, in a wooden coffin, which was then enclosed in a massive sarcophagus of granite or other hard stone, often hewn from one solid block. The lid was next cemented on to make it air-tight. A Pharaoh could not better recompense the services of a loyal subject than by the gift of such a sarcophagus.

It, as well as the tomb-chamber in which it was placed, was called the "House of Eternity," and a chapel erected before it. On the west wall of this chapel was then set up the stela or doorway, the entrance to the realm of the dead, which served as a Kiblah, indicating the direction where the mummy would be found.

At first part of the wall, later separate from it, the stela bore on its lintels the names and titles, and on its architrave the figure of the deceased, seated at his table of offerings. The treatment of the stela kept pace with the evolution of the religious ideas of the Egyptians concerning immortality. Originally it was probably a real door admitting the relatives to the mortuary chamber, but frequent rifling of the tombs by robbers led to the substitution of a false portal—the real entrance being concealed elsewhere. The same cause induced the construction of massive pyramid tombs and mastabas; and often the sarcophagus was hidden far below these structures in the bowels of the earth, and the passage to it filled in with débris, and walled up to protect the mummy from discovery and desecration.

Food, and all the objects to which it had been accustomed, were as necessary to the

spirit after death as before. These the relatives took care to supply, especially at every festival of the year, as any negligence on their part might be punished by the unsatisfied ghost. Vases, household furniture and utensils, stuffs, weapons, and indeed every kind of article which the dead had used in life, were placed in the mortuary chamber.

A table of offerings — in some instances a slab of alabaster supported on lion's legs, with depressed circles for food, and a groove down the tail for liquids to flow off — was placed before the table. As an article of food was laid down, the relative or officiating priest recited the proper formula, with prescribed gesture and requisite tone of voice. The double of the food then emerged, and was gathered up by the Ka, who came through the portal to receive it, and carried it to his table within, which we see pictured before him on the wall over the stela. Sometimes the poor would bury a little statuette of their dead at the door of a Dives' tomb, hoping their Lazarus might pick up some crumbs let fall from the rich man's table.

In order to supplement the efforts of the family in case they forget to care for the dead, the walls of the sarcophagus, chapel and tomb were converted into magic pre-

cincts. They were covered with pictures illustrative of the processes of producing food, — ploughing, planting, harvesting, slaughtering, and cooking; — all of which were endowed with latent life by virtue of prayers pronounced over them at the funeral services. Beside them, as an extra precaution, were hieroglyphed magic texts, to assist the memory of the Ka in making them effectual. If the mummy were hungry, or thirsty, desired music, or wished to go hunting, he had only to glance at the wall, and his wish was gratified.

Mr. Henry Copley Greene writing in the "Century Magazine" of November, 1905, describes the discovery, in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, of Ioua and Tioua, parents of Queen Thiy of the Eighteenth Dynasty; and the finding there of seventy-two jars of food — mummied legs of mutton, jars of still liquid honey, old chairs, beds, and chariots — the latter with a purposely broken yoke, as if to intimate that the articles had been *killed* in order that their doubles might serve the Ka of the deceased. I saw in the Cairo Museum a most remarkable "dead story," a piece of limestone inscribed with a tale, and purposely broken to kill it; it had been placed in the tomb of Sannotum, that

its Ka might amuse the Ka of the dead man when he desired entertainment.

There is also always on the walls an invocation to three gods—to Anubis, the inventor of swathing-bands; to the jackal-headed god, the guide of the sun through the heavens, and of the dead through the paths of the other world; and to Osiris, who was the first to escape from the tomb into the light of heaven, where he wanders at pleasure, the Paradise of Ialu. Osiris was especially revered, because of his power to raise with himself all of his worshippers, who became identified with him, and were thus enabled to walk the earth during the day.

For their guidance in the next life papyri of inscriptions, and magic texts from the Book of the Dead, were placed in wooden boxes, made in the form of Osiris, and laid in the tomb.

To facilitate the movements of the double in his excursions to the outer world, there was carved on the side of the sarcophagus, opposite the face of the mummy, and on the wall as well, a false door with bolts, which the Ka might draw as he went out, and fasten securely on his return. Over these doors were sculptured two eyes, representing the eyes of the mummy, looking out at the sacrifices and

rites being offered for it. Moreover, an artificial eye — sometimes of glass — was often deposited in the sarcophagus to protect the dead from the evil eye.

There is usually, on the mummy-case beneath the picture of the deceased, a representation of a bull running toward the western desert, indicating to the double the direction it must take on leaving the tomb, in order to reach the other world. Sometimes the bull is shown bearing the mummy on his back.

In the tomb of Mera, at Sakkarah, the statue of the deceased stands within the niche of the stela, with one foot advanced to step down and take his gifts. Another Sakkarah tomb depicts the head only as emerging from the vault; while a third shows the spirit half risen. They remind me of the marble effigies on the European tombs of the eighteenth century, some of which were portrayed sleeping, others kneeling, or leaning on an elbow; later artists sculptured the dead as standing on the lid of his sarcophagus; still later, the deceased was shown mounted on a charger, and some were even flying toward heaven.

As decay or accident might destroy the mummy, and thus lead to the second or irreparable death of the Ka, it was devised that a portrait statue of wood, or of stone, be

made of the deceased, as he was in the prime of life. This was to be consecrated by prayer at the funeral, and be made active by the ceremony of opening the apertures closed in embalming. In the tomb of Seti I such statues are shown set up on a heap of sand and undergoing purification by water and fire. They then have their eyes, mouth, nose and ears opened by a chisel, an adz, and a bag of carnelians, so that they may see and taste the food offered them. The image could be used in every way by the double, as it had used the body, when alive. Hereafter it could eat, drink and speak for him.

The statue was not only a substitute, but the man himself, re-animated with all his faculties. Moreover, the chances of immortality were greatly increased by having not one, but many, portrait statues made, some of them walled in, in the serdab, or sealed chamber off the sepulchre, with a crevice only left for the incense to penetrate and animate them; others were placed in various chapels. The dead could inhabit at will these numerous statues, which are wonderfully life-like works of art. The statues of the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Dynasties are the most truly individual. Occasionally we see a dwarf statue. The Ka of a dwarf would naturally have found a

fully developed body cumbersome to use. All this explains the erection throughout Egypt of so many portrait statues of the great kings.

The placing in the tomb of statues of the deceased's wife, children, and servants, likewise secured for him their companionship, since their doubles would naturally frequent their particular images. The funeral barge, used in ferrying across the Nile, was left in the tomb for the use of the Ka, in his passage from the cemetery to the other world.

As their ideas of immortality developed we find no longer among the Egyptians the conception of one indivisible Ka, but of several Kas, some dwelling in the tomb of the mummy, some in the chapel, and some in the statues, while still others could accompany the nobler part, or bird-soul, in its wanderings.

Nevertheless, the Ka had still to be nourished, in order that it escape the second death that meant annihilation.

Various devices at different periods were adopted to meet this need. Instead of one stela, two were erected—one at the tomb, and a second in some more accessible spot, where the reading of it aloud, together with the name of the dead, would procure him the necessary food. It was considered a pious act to read these formulæ, and, moreover, the

reader willingly did it, hoping that in the hereafter the god would feed him. Such exhortations as this are often met with:

“O! Ye princes, O! Ye first prophets, O! Ye high priests, O! Ye priests, celebrant and initiated in the mysteries, O! Ye lay prophets, O! Ye officials, O! Ye dwellers in your cities, all who may be in this temple, and who passing by may recite this formula, if you desire that Osiris Khontamentit may never cease to offer you his festival cakes, or if you desire that the jackal Uapuatitu, your god whose love is sweet, should make your heart glad like the heart of a king, for ever and ever, if you love life and hate death, and if you desire strength for your children, say with your mouth: *formula for thousands of bread, wine, cakes, oxen, geese, perfumes, garments, and all things good and pure which are for the life of a god, to the Ka of Sahotpabri, son of the lady Moutnibdidit.*”

A favourite place for the second stela was in some temple or at the great Necropolis at Abydos, one of the four tombs of Osiris, near the lofty mountain range, through the narrow gorge of which the souls of the dead had to pass in order to reach the western waters where the barge of the sun sinks into darkness. Those souls acquainted with the way

were allowed to enter the bark under the guidance of the god.

During the later Theban period it was the custom to go or send to Abydos, and dedicate a stela to one's self, or one's relatives. Thus the stela came to be regarded as a sort of resting-place of the soul on its way to the barge of the sun. Instance the following:

"As he passes, loaded with offerings, with the servants of Osiris, the Lords of Mendes exalt him, and the great ones of Abydos applaud him. He has put his hand to the helm in the barge of the Sun, upon the ways of the west, and the Lords of Abydos have said to him, Go in peace!"

On the stela is sculptured the solar disc with wide-spreading wings to indicate that the Ka, or bird-soul, is no longer confined in the tomb, but accompanies the sun by day and by night. Below it are the two eyes of the dead and of heaven — the right eye emblematic of the sun, and left of the moon. Space on the stela is then given to the many gods, to whom the table of offerings is now made, with an invocation exhorting them to share their gifts with the Ka of the deceased, since it may be absent in any one of their domains.

Here is a typical inscription copied from

a mortuary tablet enumerating the powers especially desired of the gods:

"Glory in heaven, power over earth, truth of voice in Hades, the faculty of entering and leaving his tomb, or reposing in the cool shade, of drinking every day from his tank, and receiving all nourishment from the Nile, all herbs in their season; that the bird-soul may perch upon the trees of his garden, that he should rest in the shade of the sycamore trees, and eat of their fruit."

In the end, therefore, the stela came to typify the universe, through which the Ka was now privileged to wander. "Those There" was the correct phrase used by polite society in referring to the dead: King Aahmes while feasting with his favourite princess pours a libation of water to "Those There."

The Egyptians of all ages, but more especially those of the later dynasties, from 700 B. C. on, were great believers in charms, which they wore and also placed in their tombs; two extended fingers of jet protect from the evil eye, and open the mouth of the mummy; a hand gives the dead authority to seize, and keep, whatever he needs; a foot endows him with power to walk; little tables of offerings enable him to recite the proper formula to himself to vitalize his gifts: "An ox with

legs tied together, and head cut off, furnishes him real meat through all eternity."

A pectoral with its scarab, placed on a solar boat, permitted the deceased to enter the barge, and adore the morning sun.

The oblong amulet of lapis lazuli in the form of a cartouche had the effect of securing to the dead possession of his own name, and informing him of the names of such of the gods as he might wish to invoke. This amulet was most essential to men and to things, since nothing existed which had not a name, and loss of name was equivalent to loss of independence and individuality. Even the gods themselves were subject to this law, and if invoked by their real names with prescribed formulas, were obliged to grant the request. The cartouche was usually left blank, so that no sorcerer should learn the name of the mummy, and work him harm.

A carving of a lotus was the talisman of eternal youth, this prolific flower typifying the immortality of the human soul. The Egyptian Christians of the first century employed to typify resurrection the figure of a frog, an ancient amulet emblematic of duration and renovation.

A little pot with two ears was the charm representing the heart and was laid on the

mummy to take the place of that organ, which was always removed and sealed in one of the four canopic jars. The thirtieth chapter of the Book of the Dead recited over this charm prevented the heart from appearing at the day of judgment, to bear witness against its former owner. Little figures of wood, or of limestone, in the form of a hawk with human head and hands, typified the soul, and was "seated upon the breast of the defunct with hands upon its heart, in order to restore life to it."

The Egyptian word for scarabæus being the same as the verb "to be," led to the scarab being adopted as the symbol of existence. It also typified the heart—without which man could not exist. This charm was worn by living as well as dead, and was always placed in the mummy wrappings. "The scarab upon the breast is the image of the transformations by which creation is continually renewed." A flying scarab, with wings attached by thread to its body, was fastened to the necklace on the breast of the mummy; it typified the sun on his diurnal passage across the heavens, and secured for the Ka of the mummy the power of entering into the day and departing out of it with the sun.

The Museum in Cairo contains the mummy

of a serpent carefully preserved in its coffin. The serpent was regarded as a protecting genius; even now in isolated towns every house, we are told, has a snake for its guardian spirit.

One curious representation of Osiris, thus far unique, was found still intact in the tomb of Maiharpiri, who lived in the time of Moses. It is a figure of the god of immortality made of growing corn. Over the frame of a low bedstead had been stretched a piece of coarse linen on which had been sown seeds of corn in the shape of an Osiris mummy. The bed had then evidently been kept under water until the corn was a foot or two high. The stalks were then laid flat on one side and dried thus and the whole placed in the tomb. This Osiride figure of growing corn was of course intended to typify the resurrection — a new growth emanating from the seed of a dead plant. The god himself was thought to have vegetated in this way before his resurrection.

Osiris was an indigenous Libyan god, far older than the Egyptian Re. Because he suffered, was slain by Set and the powers of darkness, and rose again to be ruler of the dead, he became to the Egyptians the type of resurrection, — an idea universal even in

the dawn of Egyptian history. The dead were identified with Osiris, and are called Osiris. An invocation made by the scribe, Ani, to Osiris corroborates this:

“Grant that I may be an Osiris, greatly favoured of the beautiful god” (Osiris).

Over his table of offerings, also, is the title of the dead — “Osiris, the scribe Ani.”

It now only remains to tell of the Ushab-tiu, or Answerers. They are little statuettes of wood, stone, or porcelain, usually made in the form of an Osiris mummy, for they were to take the place of the deceased who at death each became an Osiris. They were placed in the tomb sometimes by the thousand, and were required to answer instead of the deceased, when Osiris demanded of the dead certain agricultural tasks which he had a right to require. Engraved on the figures are formulæ exhorting them to answer — “O! ye answerers! If the monarch Phtahmosis is called, is chosen, to do all the works that have to be done in the other world, he who has fought with his enemies, if he should have to sow the fields, fill the canals, and transport the grain from east to west, like one whose duty it is to do these things, then do ye exclaim, ‘It is I, I am here,’ even if you should be called at any hour of every day.”

Sometimes these little answerers were enclosed in tiny coffins. There is recorded on the mummy case of Amenophis I two visits of officials "to verify the condition of the mummy and assure its up-keep." They were expected to replace the funeral furniture "of this god (Amenophis I)," who was worshipped with specially appointed services.

APPENDIX II

A Short Sketch of the History of Ancient Egypt, compiled mostly from Dr. James Henry Breasted's recent delightful and scholarly History of Egypt, and from Messrs. Hall and King's Egyptian History, Volume XIII.

THE written records of Egypt begin 4000 B. C.; the relics of the Neolithic Age found on the banks of the Nile antedate history several thousand years, while local remains of the Palæolithic period point to a still earlier epoch.

The flint tools and weapons found on the margin of the Egyptian desert and on the plateau above the Tombs of the Kings, in the flint quarries west of Thebes, are far finer and more beautifully wrought than similar Palæolithic relics of the contemporary Glacial period of Northern Europe and America. The most ancient Nilotes kept to the desert, for the Nile was then one vast jungle or marsh, the haunt of beasts and serpents. On these wind-swept slopes under a few inches of soil are shallow graves, in which, covered by an earthen pot or more often merely a

mat, lie on their left sides bodies with knees crowded up to the chin in the attitude peculiar to the period. Beside each corpse are a few flints, pieces of polished pottery and bits of copper. Earthenware of this age — a black and red pottery decorated with red concentric rings on a white ground — has also been found between Abydos and Edfu.

Although the Neolithic Age probably closed 5000 B. C., stone axe-heads, made in imitation of copper, continued until the Twelfth Dynasty, 3000 years later; after which time the only such implement employed was the ceremonial knife, "the Ethiopian Stone" of Herodotus, used in making the first incision in a dead body, preparatory to embalmment; no such curious knife, however, is extant.

To the period just preceding the monarchy is to be assigned not only a very perfect and highly ornamented buff pottery shaped by hand before the invention of the wheel, but also the finest flint knives in the world with handles of gold, and blades engraved with the same precious metal. Poor copies of these superb tools have also been found; they have proved to be archaistic flints made during the Twelfth Dynasty to gratify the antiquarian taste affected by that age.

The antiquity of iron in Egypt is likewise assured by the finding of a piece of wrought iron between two inner blocks, deep down in an air shaft of the Great Pyramid, where it must have been lying nearly 8,000 years. Further evidence of the age of this metal was obtained in 1902 by Prof. Petrie, who discovered at Abydos, among some bronze tools of the Sixth Dynasty, a fragment of undoubted iron. This latter find confirms the former, and establishes the fact that the Age of Iron began in Egypt a full 2000 years before its discovery in Europe 1000 B. C.

The skull form of the indigenous Egyptian, and his cramped posture of interment, indicate a kinship with the Libyans of the Mediterranean. Bodies primitively embalmed and lying full length are evidently of late date, for they are those of a more highly developed race; their tools testify to a knowledge of metals, an established government, and a more advanced civilization.

To this epoch belong the legends of a Red Sea origin; moreover, current reliefs of Upper Egypt depict the overthrow by the South of a different race of Egyptians, who, while indigenous, strongly resemble Libyans.

These various evidences point to Babylon as the home of the conquerors, and the Red

Sea coast—the land of Punt—as their route of approach; instance the following:—To Punt—modern Abyssinia and Somali-land, a country closely associated with Egyptian traditions, the early people of the Nile valley owe their fashion of the up-turned beard, so prevalent in reliefs of the period—a style reserved for the gods after the Third Dynasty.

In prehistoric Babylon extended burial and a simple method of embalming in salt, oil or honey was practised, the cramped attitude being totally unknown. In Egypt, on the contrary, full-length interment was a custom evidently imported; during the earlier reigns we find the two manners coeval—the fellah lying crouched on his side—the noble at full-length on his back. After the Fourth Dynasty extended burial is universal.

Moreover, the language of primeval Egypt is composite; to an elemental tongue, akin to the Berber dialects of Northern Africa, had been added notable Semitic words of higher culture.

The arts of Egypt—her wrought metals, reliefs and architecture, likewise show Babylon influence; a mace head found near the Nile is an exact copy of those of the ancient Asiatic city. Moreover, the conquerors under-

stood the art of engineering and taught the inhabitants to control the Nile by dikes and construct the canals, so beneficial to Egypt.

A stone monument called "The Stela of Vultures" found in Babylon and now preserved in Paris, depicts the casting out of an early Babylonian ruler to be devoured by vultures. A contemporary slate relief, dating from the First Dynasty, has been discovered in Egypt. It portrays a scene remarkably similar, — an official in long fringed garment of Babylonian type casting into a desert captives to be devoured by lions and vultures. The two reliefs also resemble in the peculiar clumsy mannerisms of their primitive art. The sculptures of the Second Dynasty are quite different, being more like those of later Egyptian epochs.

Again, the religion of pre-dynastic times reveals two distinct sources, — a barbaric animal and corpse worship, and a loftier sun worship, Babylonian in type, and Semitic in its monotheistic tendency. The landmarks of the Egyptian nomes, which must have been set up in very early times, were figures of magic animals — fetishes of semi-savage tribes. Heliopolis and Edfu, on the other hand, were the seats of a nobler sun worship,

where Re-Harmakhis was revered as god of the rising sun — his emblem a sphinx facing eastward — and Tum-Re, god of the setting sun, was honoured by an obelisk, reminiscent of the Semitic bethel, or stone pillar of Palestine. Not until the monarchy was well established were these two beliefs amalgamated into one national religion.

The most plausible hypothesis of the ethnology of Egypt, therefore, — according to Messrs. Hall and King, — is that the original Nilotes or dwellers on the Nile, a race affiliated with the Libyans of Asia Minor, were conquered by a people coming from the east, probably through the Straits of Bab el-Mandeb, and along the Red Sea coast — a Semitic people, whose home was Babylon, and who brought with them the ancient culture of the earlier Sumerian inhabitants of that city. This Semitic-Sumerian civilization, combined with that of the indigenous Nilotes, — produced the culture we now know as that of Ancient Egypt.

In the far dawn of history the ancient Egyptian calculated the calendar, and gave us our first authentic world-date B. C. 4241.

Heretofore Egyptian history has begun with the Pyramid builders of the Fourth Dy-

nasty, but recently the real names of four kings of the First, and two of the Second Dynasty, have been recovered.

Narmer, the last of the ancient pre-historic kings of Hierakonpolis, and the last likewise on Manetho's List of Spirits, is probably the Mena whom the XVIII Dynasty regarded as the first Egyptian Pharaoh. Votive offerings at Hierakonpolis record the conquest of Narmer, the Mighty, over the Anu of Heliopolis and the Delta — people of Semitic features. This conquest united the tribes into a nation; the erection of Memphis, the "City of the White Wall," the wall being of brick bound together with branches of palms and covered with white stucco, centralized the government; the dynasty was then established, and history began.

The high lights of that early Ancient Empire were Narmer or Menes, founder of Memphis, and first king of the first recorded Dynasty; Zoser, who annexed the Peninsula of Sinai, and constructed the first stone monument, the Step Pyramid; Khufu and Khafre, builders of the Great Pyramids, and Mentuhotep, who established the first world metropolis, by making Thebes his capital, and enlarging and beautifying the city.

During the thousand years' prosperity of

her Old Empire, Egypt launched the first sea-going ships of history — barring the ark — invented the column, constructed the colonnade, and developed a well organized government and a large body of law.

A period of anarchy followed — three hundred years of civil war between petty monarchs, — during which time many monuments were destroyed, and some of the finest sepulchres; seven diorite statues of Khafre which adorned the Causeway Gate before the Second Pyramid were then cast into the courtyard well, whence they have been rescued within the last century.

The Middle Empire opens with the Twelfth Dynasty, whose kings bear the names of Amenemhet and Sesostris. During the reign of Sesostris I messages began to be sent to and from Egypt and Palestine; this Pharaoh, moreover, was the first to lead an army in person into a foreign land, while Sesostris III was the earliest Egyptian to invade Syria. Sesostris III is also famous as the builder of the splendid temples of Heliopolis, where he erected his obelisk, and dug the sacred lake of which he boasts:

“My beauty shall be remembered in his house;
My name is the pyramidion,
My name is the lake” —

pyramidion being the pointed peak of the obelisk.

Amenemhet III — the Moeris of the Greeks — enlarged the Fayum basin, and thus formed Lake Moeris, the water of which made arable a large region, formerly desert. Statues of the founder, forty to fifty feet high, were set up about the lake. At Hawara, bordering Lake Moeris, Amenemhet III built his pyramid, and erected beside it a temple, the area of which exceeded those of Karnak, Luxor and the Ramesseum combined, and which served as an administrative centre for many nomes. Huge single stones constituted the ceilings of many of these halls, writes Strabo, who christened this temple the Egyptian Labyrinth because its size, plan and material of white stone, as well as other general features, bore a strong resemblance to the famous Cretan Labyrinth of King Minos at Knossos — a building of nearly contemporary date. With these Labyrinthine temples Mr. H. P. Hall likewise ranks the Temple of the Sphinx at Gizeh, which he regards as probably dating from the same Twelfth Dynasty.

That there existed early communication between Egypt and Crete many recent discov-

eries attest. At Knossos there have been found Third Dynasty Egyptian vases; also an Egyptian statuette of Abnub, an inhabitant of the Nile, whose name proclaims his period — the close of the Thirteenth Dynasty. The top of an alabastron bearing the name of Khian, — a Hyksos king, — a relic discovered at Knossos, forms a third link in the chain of evidence. On the other hand, Prof. Petrie has dug up near Hawara in Egypt, among Thirteenth Dynasty antiquities, fragments of a polychrome pottery, lately identified as Cretan ware of the early epoch of King Minos. These facts prove beyond question the intercourse of Egypt with Crete in the Twelfth Dynasty, and possibly even as early as the Sixth Dynasty.

The reign of Amenemhet III, which lasted until 1801 B. C., was the Augustan Age of the Middle Empire; its literature was imaginative, elegant in form, and ornate with metaphor. A peculiar, affected style of hieroglyphics was for a time the mode; birds without legs, bees without heads, and ducks without tails; these abbreviated images, however, had only a temporary vogue. The Egyptian version of Sindebad the Sailor, then current, describes the adventures of a man,

wrecked on a voyage to Punt, rescued by the serpent queen of an island, and returned in safety to his native land.

And, while the world was still young, we find a Faust, who, tired of life, seeks to convince his reluctant soul that they would better end existence, in the hope of entering a happier state hereafter.

One curious legend tells of a Sibylline seer standing before the Pharaoh, pouring forth Jeremiads of wrath on the powerful ruler and his rich nobles, threatening destruction of the existing régime, and prophesying the advent of a deliverer, "who shall be a shepherd of all people; there is no evil in his heart. If his flocks go astray he shall spend the day to search them. — Verily he shall smite evil when he raises his arm against it." By such strange oracles did the priest foretell the appearing of a Saviour of the people. From time to time similar prophecies occur in subsequent Egyptian literature. May it not be, as Dr. Breasted wisely surmises, that these curious utterances suggested to the Hebrew seers the form and matter of the Messianic prophecies, to which they gave a higher ethical and religious significance? Other compositions are variants of the old theme, "Eat, drink and be merry for to-morrow ye die."

Instance the following, which has a decidedly Egyptian flavour:—

"The gods who were aforetime rest in their pyramids,
Likewise the noble and wise, entombed in their pyramids.

None cometh from hence.

Encourage thy heart to forget it.

Celebrate the glad day!

Rest not therein!

For lo, none taketh his goods with him

Yea, no man returneth again, that is gone thither."

Then came an interregnum of two hundred years, during which Egypt was under the dominion of a foreign power—the Hyksos, or Shepherd Kings, whose rule extended over many centuries. They were probably Semites, judging by their name, which means "Princes of the Deserts"—simply Arabs; indeed the scarab of one Hyksos Pharaoh reads Jacob-El, seeming to indicate that the monarch belonged to the tribe of Jacob, or that the Israelites may have been desert or Bedouin allies of the Shepherd Kings. Their capital was in the north at Zoan, the classical Tanis, now known as Sâh.

In contemporary Babylon, Hammurabi, an early king of the First Dynasty, is also thought to have been of Arab origin, many

royal names of that dynasty being Arabic in form. From this coincidence Messrs. Hall and King surmise that possibly in the period just preceding 2000 B. C. some great migratory wave from Arabia had surged over Babylon, Palestine and the Egyptian Delta, leaving the Hyksos established on the Lower Nile, and kindred tribes, of whom Hammurabi is a descendant, in possession of the Babylonian Euphrates. Although thus early there may have been intercourse between Egypt and Babylon, as there certainly was between Egypt and Crete, of it we have no evidence.

After the expulsion of the Hyksos, however, we find that from being a provincial people Egypt had suddenly broadened her sympathies, and come into touch with many nations beyond her borders. The Hyksos, of whom so little is known, had understood and taught Egypt the handling of large forces, and had introduced the horse and chariot into the country; the use of cavalry, however, came later. In their Syrian campaigns the Egyptians had already obtained a knowledge of war tactics and strategic manoeuvres; and to their spear and bow had added a battle axe. With the arts acquired from the Hyksos the Egyptians in turn rose, conquered the

Semites, took possession of Palestine and Syria, and for five hundred years compelled both Assyria and Babylon to pay tribute to the Pharaoh. Thus did Egypt enter upon the world arena, her empire extending to the far Euphrates.

At the beginning of the Eighteenth Dynasty all Egypt was the personal property of the Pharaoh, and the tax amounted to one-fifth the yield of the crops, — a condition of affairs attributed, by Hebrew Scriptures, to the foresight of the patriarch Joseph, who had held the position of Grand Vizier at the Egyptian court, and was the first financier to effect a corner on wheat.

Amenhotep I was the last monarch to erect a Pyramid tomb. It now became the custom to excavate sepulchral vaults in the cliffs west of Thebes. Thutmose I, with the tribute taken from Syria and Palestine, began to rebuild the Theban temples overthrown by the Hyksos kings. Finding that many of the royal sarcophagi had been rifled, Thutmose inaugurated a more secret system of burial. He continued the building of the funeral chapel on the western cliffs fronting the Nile, but made the approach to the long gallery and mortuary chamber from the hot little valley hidden behind the ridge, thus

leaving the depth of the mountain between temple and tomb. The mummies of forty-one Theban sovereigns were thus secreted in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings.

At his death Hatshepsut being next in royal descent, was able with her party to over-rule the Thutmoses II and III, who were of humble origin, and to have herself proclaimed queen. Hatshepsut at once began the splendid mortuary temple of Der el-Bahiri, high on the western cliffs, and adorned its three spacious terraces with stately colonnades of exquisite proportions. To furnish rare plants and shrubs of fragrant myrrh, for the temple terraces Queen Hatshepsut sent to Punt the famous expedition, which is depicted in detail on the walls of her temple.

Hatshepsut, the Cleopatra of her day, is the first woman famous in history for the achievement of great deeds. Heir to a wide empire extending from the Third Cataract to the Euphrates, she began at once to beautify it with magnificent buildings. According to custom, she celebrated the Jubilee of her thirtieth anniversary of appointment to the throne by erecting at Karnak two obelisks, higher than any before hewn in Egypt, she herself measuring out by the pound the costly

electrum necessary for the gilding of their tops. To make room for these giant monoliths she removed the splendid cedar columns, and tore down the walls and roof of the magnificent hall, constructed by her father, Thutmose I.

When Thutmose III finally came to the throne he destroyed the images of his hated half-sister, chiseled away her name from temple and pylon, and, engraving his cartouche on these monuments, appropriated them himself. Thutmose even covered the Queen's name on the base of her obelisk with a lying sheath of masonry. Centuries later the mortar fell away and disclosed the name of the true builder.

The new Pharaoh was strenuous and warlike, with small taste for ceremonial pomp; he arrived at Thebes on the eve of his coronation, and early next morning took the road again for Palestine. Eager to establish his power, he began by quelling the revolts in distant provinces.

Crossing the plain of Sharon he encamped on the south side of Carmel. Three routes lay before him by which to reach Esdraelon. With the impetuosity of a Cæsar, and against the advice of his generals, he chose the shortest, — a narrow mountain pass. Fortunately

for him his army was able to file through, and re-assemble on the plain of Esdraelon, south of Megiddo, before their presence was discovered by the enemy. At dawn the following day Thutmose in his shining chariot of electrum gave battle: "The king himself, he led the way of his army, mighty at its head, like a flame of fire." The opposing forces broke, and fled at the first onslaught, abandoning a rich spoil of tents, weapons, and chariots of silver and gold. Escaping within their city, they closed the gates of Megiddo against Thutmose, their friends letting down scarfs to haul the belated up over the walls. "Their champions lay stretched out like fishes on the ground." Thutmose then cut down the surrounding groves, and built a stockade about the city. In a few weeks the Megiddese were starved into surrendering. The conqueror accepted their submission, and granted them life and liberty. The Egyptians were never guilty of the cruelty practised by the Assyrians, who slaughtered whole cities.

Thutmose III placed governors over the conquered towns, but took back with him, as hostages, those viceroys' oldest sons, to be placed in guarded Theban castles, and carefully educated. Later these youths were sent

to succeed their fathers, and usually remained loyal to the crown.

Seventeen campaigns, to establish and extend his kingdom, this Alexander of Egypt conducted within nineteen years. One by one he annexed the coast cities, and left them garrisoned and provisioned, as bases for succeeding wars. Leading his army in person Thutmose would appear as if by magic, wherever there was rebellion, before the enemy could organize. His power was felt on sea as well. Equipping a fleet this Pharaoh swept the Mediterranean, and exacted tribute from Syria, Cyprus, and Lebanon. Conquering Aleppo, Thutmose set up his boundary tablet on the far northern bank of the Euphrates, while at the same time he sent other expeditions south into Nubia to hold that land in fief.

Most of the important tombs of the Third Thutmose's time contain frescoes of processions of men from various countries bearing gifts to the Egyptian Pharaoh; the North represented by Semites, the South by Ethiopians, the East by people from Punt, and lastly and most important of all, the West by Keftiu from Cyprus and Crete. The counterpart of these Keftiu have lately been dis-

covered at Knossus, and Phaistos in Crete, among the frescoes on the walls of the palaces and temples of King Minos, the sovereign who sent these ambassadors to Egypt.

The Keftiu of the Egyptian tombs are readily identified by their peculiar costume, — high boots and ornamented kilt, and particularly by their coiffure, — long locks partly falling down the back, and partly plaited and knotted on top the head. It is noteworthy that one man carries the dagger of the early Bronze Age of Europe. Their gifts likewise are distinctively Mycenæan, cups and ewers of gold and silver, identical in design with those recently dug up in Crete. Not only in costume and head-dress, but in face and form, do these frescoes resemble that of the Cretan cup-bearer, uncovered in the Knossian Palace of King Minos.

Moreover the hieroglyphics of Crete, although they still await an interpreter, are found to resemble in many ways those of Egypt.

The above facts, taken in connection with similar corroborative discoveries of the period of the Twelfth Dynasty, prove the existence of a well established intercourse between Egypt and Crete, as early as the Twelfth Dynasty, and a probably still more intimate

communication during the Eighteenth Dynasty.

These Keftiu of the fifteenth century B. C. were pre-historic Greeks or Pelasgi, Crete being at that time part of Greece. The intense interest of these frescoes therefore is the light they throw on the beginnings of modern European civilization; proving, as they do, that our artistic ancestors, the Greeks, the guardians of ancient culture, derived that culture, not from the Assyrians, the Semites, nor yet from the Egyptians — as was long thought — but from the earlier inhabitants of Greece, the pre-Hellenes or Pelasgi, the Mycenæan Greeks or Minoans, the Keftiu of the Egyptian frescoes. These were the Greeks of the Heroic Age and of the Trojan War.

With the Nineteenth Dynasty, however, the Keftiu disappeared from Egyptian records, their kingdom being probably overthrown. Instead, we read of various turbulent sea-faring tribes, whose names many archaeologists identify with those of prominent Greeks — the Achaians, etc. Moreover, recent excavations in Palestine, which was named by the Philistines, and held by them two hundred years, reveal traces of Mycenæan culture, and thus establish the truth of

the Philistine tradition of an emigration from Crete, occurring, doubtless, on the disintegration of the kingdom of King Minos. Goliath, the champion of the Philistines, was then a Greek, a Pelasgian from Crete.

Such are the inferences to be deduced from the tomb paintings, made in 1500 B. C. and preserved to modern times by the marvellous dryness of the Egyptian atmosphere.

But to return: On his thirtieth anniversary of accession Thutmose III celebrated the usual jubilee, erecting at Karnak the regulation pair of obelisks, feasting the Egyptians for weeks, and dividing among the populace the rich spoils of many conquests. Between battles this strenuous monarch occasionally allowed himself the diversion of an elephant hunt. Once, when engaged in this sport, he was attacked by an infuriated beast, from which he was barely rescued by a brave general, who, rushing in, cut off the tusks of the animal, and then hastily hid between two boulders before the monster could injure him.

The hardy king was seventy years of age when he engaged in his final campaign, during which he destroyed Kadesh, the last stronghold of the Shepherd Kings. With this defeat the name of Hyksos disappears from history.

In 1447 B. C. passed from earth this first "world-hero," Thutmose, the builder of earth's earliest empire.

Amenhotep III, the greatest monarch of the Eighteenth Dynasty, came to the throne forty years later. He extended his dominion as far south as the Fourth Cataract, while in the north Babylon acknowledged his authority over Canaan, and all the potentates of western Asia sought the friendship of the Pharaoh. From the ruins of Tell el-Amarna have been resurrected more than three hundred letters, written on cuneiform tablets of clay, many of them dating from this reign; these letters pertain to matters of state, and are from Nineveh, Cyprus, and Babylon, and from the Egyptian governors of Syria and Palestine.

Amenhotep further bound the King of Babylon to his interests by taking that monarch's daughter in marriage and by the exchange of elaborate presents. The chief consort, however, and the one whom the king delighted to honour above all his queens of royal blood, was a woman of humble origin, the renowned Queen Thiy, whose rich tomb has been recently discovered, January 9, 1907, by Mr. Theodore Davis of Newport, Rhode Island. This discovery archæologists consider the most

important ever made, because of the number and variety of objects found, and the additional facts disclosed bearing on the great Eighteenth Dynasty. The rank of the royal lady may be judged by the costly appointments of her splendid sepulchre; not only are the urns, statuettes and personal adornments of gold, but even the nails of the ornate coffin are of the same precious metal.

In 1905 Mr. Davis had previously found the tomb of Thiy's parents. Her mother was a pure Egyptian, while her father Ioua, Superintendent of Temple Cattle, had that Semitic type of feature peculiar to men of north Syrian origin. To Ioua's initiative, no doubt, and to his royal daughter's powerful support, may be ascribed the introduction of the worship of the genial Aton, the brilliant sun god of Syria and Palestine. By being identified with the revered Re, heretofore associated with the austere Amon, the foreign Aton — Rays of the Sun — was more readily placed in their pantheon, and his cult foisted upon the Egyptian people. It was not, however, until the succeeding reign that the new god attained any great vogue. While adopting the new deity, the impartial Amenhotep at the same time continued loyal to the gods of

his fathers, and on their shrines bestowed still further favours.

A new order of architecture was originated by this Pharaoh, who built at Luxor vast pillared halls, with higher central aisle of taller columns, the roof of the nave being raised above the lower ceilings of the side aisles by walls, pierced with grated windows—the veritable prototype of Roman basilica and Renaissance cathedral, even including the clerestory; and all this was wrought fourteen hundred years before our era—a far cry to the famed forum of the Cæsars. Moreover, in front of the temple, this monarch constructed a magnificent forecourt, the colonnades of which are to-day the finest extant in Egypt. The mile and a half space between Luxor and Karnak the king converted into a beautiful garden, intersected with avenues of granite rams couchant. At Karnak he added a vast pylon, stelæ of lapis-lazuli and gold, and glittering obelisks tipped with electrum. And on the western bank of the Nile Amenhotep erected a still more magnificent mortuary chapel, its floors and gates likewise overwrought with precious metal.

Before this splendid shrine he set up, on lofty thrones, with diminutive figures of

Queen Thiy beside each gigantic leg, the two mighty seated Colossi — the Memnoni of his majesty, intended to endure until time should be no longer; but "He breaketh the proud in sunder!" Cracked and broken are now these images! their temples vanished utterly! Beyond these crumbling monuments lie fragments of the once splendid sandstone stela, thirty feet in height, formerly covered with gold and studded with gems, which tablet had marked the "Station of the Pharaoh" in his royal shrine. On it were graven these words: "My majesty has done these things for millions of years, and I know that they will abide on the earth."

Behind the temple near the cliffs was the imperial palace; its walls without glistening with glazed tiles of deepest blue; and all gorgeous within with pictured tapestry. Here the king supped sumptuously every day, from vessels of gold and silver, and on the lake which he had constructed beside the palace of his favourite wife, Amenhotep and Queen Thiy sailed in her royal barge, "Beauties of Aton." This was the Augustan Age of the Golden City. An Egyptian Lorenzo presided over magnificent Thebes.

Frequent issues of scarabs commemorated a twelfth coronation anniversary, a wild cattle

chase, and a lion hunt. Instead of receiving as a god the reverent homage of his subjects, Amenhotep adopted more democratic manners, both he and his family living largely in the public eye. Queen Thiy he consulted on all matters of State, and her portrait appears always in conjunction with his on the palace walls. After thirty-six years of splendour Amenhotep III died in 1875 B. C., and was laid in the little Valley of the Tombs of the Kings where, you remember, we saw his mummy reposing in its sarcophagus, — the only one of the forty odd left *in situ*.

Forces had for some time been fomenting to undermine the power of the empire. The new sovereign Amenhotep IV was not one to throttle them. Impractical and idealistic, the young king was strongly influenced by his mother, his wife, and his chosen priest. Philosophy fascinated him. Instead of following the lead of former hierarchs, Amenhotep IV, influenced by Thiy, adopted a more abstract religion, formulated a simpler creed, and inaugurated a purer worship — stamping his age with his own individuality, which must needs have been strong to overcome the enmity of the powerful priestly party, devoted to the cult of Amon.

The supremacy of the Egyptian empire

over the then known world had given the thinking hierarchs food for thought. Their philosophy had variously endowed their gods. Ptah, from being the god of builder and smith, had come to be revered as the inventor and maker of man and the world: "the Mind that fashioned:" the Word that was spoken "and it was so." Such, no doubt, was the origin of the Egyptian "logos," a doctrine adopted later by the Greeks.

Dr. Breasted well says that the Egyptians reasoned by analogy from the Pharaoh of an empire to a god of the world, and thus arrived at the concept of a universal deity. Each nome widened its mental horizon to embrace the idea of one single omnipotent spirit, but each gave that spirit the name of its most powerful god—that of its local shrine.

Amenhotep IV, however, broke with religious tradition, and chose for his Supreme Deity, the name of the new god Aton,—signifying, not the material sun, but the heat, the revivifying force of the sun's rays. The sun's disc Ikhnaton looked upon as the window of heaven through which the one God, the source of life on earth, shed light and heat; each ray was accordingly drawn with a hand holding out the sign of life.

The king proclaimed himself High Priest of Aton, and built, in the garden between Luxor and Karnak, a temple for this new worship. Throughout the realm the name of Amon was erased from altar and image, and the priests of Amon driven from their sanctuaries. Realizing likewise the inconsistency of his own name — a compound of Amon — Amenhotep re-christened himself Ikhnaton, Spirit of Aton. Abandoning Thebes and its vacant fanes he founded a new capital at Tell el-Amarna, and in the cliffs to the east Ikhnaton caused to be excavated a new necropolis with tombs for his favourites. On the walls of their sepulchres he had pictured, in natural manner, the lives of these nobles; nor were such frescoes longer disfigured with images of magic and demons.

Two hymns, exquisite in sentiment, one, strangely resembling the 104th Hebrew Psalm, were composed by this monarch, and inscribed on the tombs of his loyal subjects. There is space for but a few lines:

"How manifold are thy works,
They are hidden from before us."

"Oh thou sole god, beside whom there is no other."

The whole anthem breathes adoration for one Supreme Creator. The king had arrived

at the concept of one beneficent god ruling alone and caring for all creation, for fish and plant as well as bird, for Syrian and Nubian as well as Egyptian. This monotheistic heresy of Ikhnaton was the purest form attained by any pagan religion before the days of the Hebrew prophets. Sincere in his search for the absolute, Ikhnaton always subscribed to his signature the words "living in truth," and even in art insisted on being portrayed, not in the stiff stilted pose of former Pharaohs, but in the natural attitude of a normal man. Artist and sculptor did their best, but the reliefs show that the legs of their royal model were quite beyond their art.

Ikhnaton was far in advance of his age; the people understood not the subtleties of this new religion. During the last years of his reign troubles began to gather on the political horizon, and even before his death the Hittites, those traditional enemies, had begun to capture the coast towns and to invade Syrio-Palestine.

Having no son, Ikhnaton had appointed one of his sons-in-law successor. However, fortunately for Egypt, Harmhab, an able general, seized the throne and kept the kingdom from disintegrating. To legitimize his claim Harmhab had himself crowned by a

priest of Amon and then proceeded to the palace where he was proclaimed husband of the elderly sister of Ikhnaton's queen. He won the support of the dispossessed priesthood by re-instating the worship of Amon and by destroying, not only the temples of Aton, but the tomb of Ikhnaton as well. He even went so far as to obliterate the name of the reformer, who is hereafter referred to in Egyptian chronicles as "that criminal."

Harmhab re-organized the army and the government. His famous edict — the most important preserved from ancient Egypt — was especially designed to control the cupidity of tax collectors and kindred officials, and prevent their oppression of the poor.

Although the tomb of Harmhab, erected at Sakkarah, has long been destroyed, its fragments enrich a half dozen museums of Europe. That in Vienna depicts a band of starving exiles from Asia being led by an officer before Harmhab, then general. The fugitives beg a home in Egypt "after the manner of your father's fathers, since the beginning." Such petition proves Abraham's sojourn in Egypt to have been but a single instance of Asiatic Beduins being permitted to establish colonies along the Nile.

Seti I subdued Jezreel and Palestine, took

Tyre and the adjacent ports on which he levied a tribute of Lebanon logs for the flag-staffs and sacred barge of the temple of Karnak. Under this Pharaoh Egypt fought her first recorded battle with the Hittites, after which the two nations concluded a treaty. Peace being assured, Seti then devoted himself to restoring the shrines, and erecting a temple at Kurna. An inscription on the cliffs of the Silsileh quarry records that to every one of its thousand labourers the Pharaoh gave a daily ration of four pounds of bread, two bundles of vegetables and a roast of meat, with two fresh linen garments a month.

The necropolis of el-Ga'ab, long neglected and forgotten, and containing the tombs of the most ancient kings, had been re-located only a short time previous to the accession of Seti I; the sepulchre of King Khent being wrongly identified as that of the god Khentamenti Osiris, lord of Abydos. Thinking he had recovered the lost tomb of the divine Osiris, whom the Egyptians also regarded as an early king, Seti caused to be placed in this sepulchre a great stone image of the god lying on a bier and guarded by the hawks Isis and Nephthys. Here at Abydos Seti erected a vast seven shrine temple, the central chapel sacred to Amon, with Osiris, Isis and

Horus on the right, and on the left, altars for Herakhte, Ptah and King Seti himself. By pylon and causeway he connected his new temple with the tombs of the ancient kings, and on an alabaster tablet set in the wall of the sanctuary he inscribed the names of these early Pharaohs, with a relief of himself and his son, later Ramses II, offering homage to their royal manes.

The art of ancient Egypt reached its climax of Cyclopean effort during the reign of this Pharaoh. Although lacking the elegant proportions of Eighteenth Dynasty architecture, Seti's great hall at Karnak is acknowledged the most stupendous group of granite columns ever raised by human hand, and unsurpassed for massive grandeur. The sculptured battle scenes of the period are the finest extant; the reliefs on the walls of Seti's tomb west of Thebes are likewise of first rank, while the sepulchre itself exceeds in size and splendour that of any of his predecessors, and extends nearly 500 feet into the heart of the hills.

At his death a younger son seized the throne and reigned as Ramses II. To ingratiate himself with the nation, the new king began by completing the temple at Abydos on which is a long inscription to the following

effect: "The gifts and income set aside by Seti for the service and feasts of his mortuary temple are confirmed by Ramses, who promises to continue their maintenance as long as he lives. Seti is implored to intercede with the gods for long life for his dutiful son, which blessing Ramses reminds his defunct parent will reciprocate to the latter's advantage. Seti replies that an eternal reign is decreed for Ramses."

The Pharaoh then turned his attention to enlarging his empire. Dividing his army into four regiments — each named for a god — Ramses pushed northward into Palestine, intent on punishing Metalla, King of the Hittites: Hurrying forward, even ahead of the first division, — that of Amon, — the Pharaoh presently found himself alone with his few household guards, crowded close to the river bank, and attacked by the whole Hittite army. With a strength born of desperation, Ramses here fought his famous single-handed fight, overthrowing a score or more of princes, and even casting the King of Aleppo into the river Orontes, whence he was rescued by friends on the farther bank. Reinforcements were long in arriving. The Hittites discovering his tent, dropped their weapons to divide the spoils of Ramses' camp, and being

taken off guard by the cunning Egyptians, were driven back to Kadesh.

Large reliefs, illustrating with elaborate detail this royal episode of the battle, and setting forth with fulsome flattery the valour of the king, adorn the walls of many temples of this epoch. Here too are given long lists of the princes overcome by Ramses, "while he was alone, having no army with him" — no mention being made, however, of his rashness in inviting defeat, by separating himself from his troops. No such ambitious relief occurs in Oriental sculpture for the next six hundred years.

The royal rescue at Kadesh was the subject of numerous poems also. Tradition poetically makes the Pharaoh vow that only the royal hand shall feed the noble steeds hereafter that drew the imperial chariot in that memorable battle. Literature, however, was at low ebb, being comprised mostly of tales and formal hymns — lifeless compositions devoid of imagination.

The priests of Amon had now grown so powerful that the chief hierarch was able to appoint his own son as his successor. Men were conscious of sin, and prayed to their gods, "Punish me not for my sins," but their ideas of ethics and morals were faint and

confused, obscured by a mist of magic, intended to avert the consequences of crime. Animal worship — a late cult — arose at this juncture, and was practised by both priest and people.

In three years Ramses re-conquered Palestine, and during fifteen years he successfully defended his empire. This same Ramses caused to be built the "Store-city" Pithom — where the children of Israel toiled under their hard taskmasters. It is not unlikely, says Dr. Breasted, that there were many Hebrew slaves in Egypt, and very possibly some Hebrew tribe may have fled to avoid conscript labour, and have escaped over the unguarded southern end of the Suez Isthmus, below the northern line of fortresses.

There were many foreign colonies dwelling in Egypt at that time; among others a company of Phœnicians, who were allowed their own gods and temples. Moreover, the Egyptian papyri of the Nineteenth Dynasty contain many Semitic words which do not occur in Hebrew Scripture till four or five centuries later.

In the twenty-first year of his reign Ramses II effected a treaty with the Hittites — the first international covenant ever recorded, and one long observed. Thirteen years after

its inauguration the Hittite ruler visited Egypt to celebrate the marriage of his daughter with this Pharaoh. The royal city was then located at Tanis in the Delta, and a colossal statue ninety feet high of Ramses II adorned the capital.

Many jubilees marked by obelisks were celebrated during this exceptionally long reign, fourteen such monoliths being set up at Tanis. In Nubia Ramses caused to rise from the sands the wonderful shrine of Abu-Simbel, and there he and his Queen Nefretiri were worshipped as gods. At Abydos Ramses added a temple, and in Thebes he raised the splendid Ramesseum, and completed the great Karnak Hall, the slab across its splendid portal being forty feet long. The stupendous size of the structure makes one overlook the lack of perfect proportion, in which the works of the preceding dynasty excel. Many other monuments, hastily wrought and of coarse, heavy design, owe their origin to this prolific builder.

Thus in the past have the hieroglyphics of Egypt glorified Ramses II: a closer examination of these same stones by recent archæologists, however, has finally disclosed the deception practised by this boastful monarch, whose real character is now at last revealed;

instead of being the greatest potentate, he is proven the greatest pilferer. So insatiate was his thirst for fame that he hesitated not to rob his royal ancestors of statues and stelæ; erasing the names of former Pharaohs, he substituted his own on their buildings; in other instances he simply turned inward the side of the slab originally inscribed, and had his own name chiseled afresh, as author, on the now outward obverse side of the stone. Thus did Ramses II, to the wonderment of modern historians, effect a Monument Trust in Egypt, the graft of which monopoly the sifting scrutiny of modern scholars has only just disclosed.

During his long reign of 67 years Ramses II acquired a harem as large as a regiment; and his progeny, long lines of whom he delighted to have chiseled on the walls of his temples, were sufficiently numerous to furnish the throne with occupants for the next four hundred years. His thirty years' jubilee, and the repeated festivals of the succeeding twenty years, Ramses celebrated with a splendour surpassing even that of Amenhotep IV "The Magnificent."

During the last decade of his reign, however, the Libyan and Ægean races from over-

seas made their first invasion of the western Delta, and penetrated as far south as Memphis, but the aged monarch had not strength to resist them. Ramses II died in the year 1225 B. C. at the age of ninety, after occupying the throne nearly three score years and ten.

One after another, twelve of his sons had died, and Merneptah, the thirteenth, was already an old man, when he succeeded Ramses. Palestine again revolted, and was again subdued. The Libyans and the white races from Europe crossed a second time to Egypt, and were a second time driven out, leaving nine thousand of their number slain on the black sands of the Delta. The first mention of Israel as a nation known in literature — not including the Hebrew Scriptures — is found in Merneptah's Song of Triumph:

“The kings are overthrown, saying ‘Salem!’

Not one holds up his head among the nine nations of the bow.

Wasted is Tehenu,

The Hittite land is pacified,

Plundered is the Canaan, with every evil.

.

Israel is desolated, his seed is not,

Palestine has become a (defenceless) widow for Egypt.

All hands are united, they are pacified;

Every one that is turbulent is bound by King Merneptah.”

"Their seed is not," was the usual expression applied to a defeated nation, and has no especial reference to the slaying of male children, says Dr. Breasted.

Merneptah reigned but ten years. Having no time to construct a mortuary chapel of his own, he laid violent hands on the stately sanctuary of Amenhotep III, and appropriated its fine slabs for his own sepulchre. Merneptah died about 1215 B. C., and was buried in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, where his mummy has been found by modern archaeologists, its preservation disquieting those Hebraists who claimed that this Pharaoh was drowned in the Red Sea.

Anarchy followed.

With the accession of Ramses III the Twentieth Dynasty began. The Philistines, as usual, celebrated the advent of the new Pharaoh by pouring south like a flood over Syria and northern Egypt; "They laid their hands upon the land as far as the circle of the earth." Ramses, although his army was now largely composed of mercenaries, was able to defeat Philistine and Hittite, and of the latter we read no more in the annals of Egypt.

The Pharaoh's fleet likewise captured that of the Phœnicians, who learned from their

conqueror the priceless art of writing on papyrus, and before 1000 B. C. invented the alphabet, which was quickly adopted by the Ionian Greeks, and by them bequeathed to their Athenian brethren.

To Ramses III we owe the Temple of Medinet Habu, the clumsy form and careless finish of which proclaim the decadence of art. His children and horses the king named after those of his renowned grandfather Ramses II; he likewise imitated that ancestor in having a tame lion run beside his war chariot.

To the already enormous wealth of the temples Ramses III added increased revenues. The Papyrus Harris, a document one hundred and thirty feet long, — the largest left us by Oriental antiquity, — contains a list, compiled by Ramses IV, of the gifts made by his father, the Third Ramses, to the shrines of Egypt. The enumeration includes the inherited treasure as well, which was thus confirmed to the use of the temples. The power of the priesthood had now grown so great as to menace that of the throne itself. The temples, according to the Papyrus Harris, owned 107,000 slaves, — full two per cent. of the population, — and nearly one half the land of Egypt. And still the king's eyes were holden, and he added yet more to the income of the

monastic bodies. The state treasury was allowed to go empty that the sacerdotal storehouse might be filled; the starving populace meanwhile climbed the necropolis wall, and threatened to raid the granary.

A period of intrigue and internecine strife ensued. The Grand Vizier revolted; Queen Thiy schemed to secure the succession for her son, but failed, thirty of the conspirators being condemned to die each by his own hand.

The High Priest of Amon seceded, and with his temple troops maintained at Thebes an independent government. After Ramses III a line of nine feeble Pharaohs, all bearing the great name of Ramses, occupied the throne.

In the tenth century B. C. thieves began to rob the imperial tombs. The Pharaoh and the High Priest accordingly removed the bodies of the First and Second Ramses, and Seti I from the sepulchre of Seti to that of Queen Inhapi; other transfers followed for greater safety. Records of the successive removals, made during a period of 150 years, were hastily scribbled one under the other on each coffin. Of all the Pharaohs of the Eighteenth, Nineteenth and Twentieth Dynasties the body of one only, that of Amenhotep II, was allowed to lie in its original sarcophagus, and

even that was despoiled of its funeral trappings.

A permanent resting place was finally found for the sacred dead in an old tomb near the Temple of Der el-Bahiri. Here the royal mummies reposed for nearly three thousand years, until in 1871 modern Egyptians began to ravage the tombs, and modern archæologists compelled the vandals to reveal their discovery for the benefit of history and science.

Weary of the wars and luxury of their later civilization, the Twenty-sixth Dynasty had returned to the Puritan manners of their Spartan forefathers; they excavated tombs at Sakkarah, beside those of the Fifth and Sixth Dynasties, and even copied the delicate frescoes of the ancient sepulchres, but in a clumsy fashion, easily detected.

Following the age of martial splendour with its sense of security came the longing for a life of ease and luxury, and an attendant loosening of the moral fibre. With the relaxation of warlike vigour and vigilance arose a spirit of anarchy and greed; and the power and prestige of aged Egypt finally disappeared in a long mediæval night of Dark Ages, during which the ancient land was ruled by Libyan and Nubian, Ethiopian and Assyrian. At length in 525 B. C. Cambyses

came, and converted the narrow valley of the Nile into a Persian district, subject to his satrap.

Later the Ptolemies took the country — and Ptolemy Euergetes brought back to Egypt the images of the gods, carried off by Assyria and Babylon centuries before. With the rise of Rome at the beginning of our era, the Year of Grace, the hoary Empire of the former Pharaohs fell before the sceptre of the Cæsars, and was reduced to the rank of a distant province, to be ground beneath the iron heel of a Roman prefect.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

OF THE PRINCIPAL ANCIENT EGYPTIAN KINGS,
ACCORDING TO THE TABLE CALCULATED BY
DR. JAMES HENRY BREASTED

Introduction of the Calendar 4241 B. C.

ANCIENT EMPIRE

Menes, first king of the First Dynasty	3400 " "
Third Dynasty	2980-2900 " "
Zoser, builder of the Step Pyramid	
Fourth Dynasty	2900-2750 " "
Khufu (Cheops) builder of the Great Pyramid	
Khafre (Chephren) " " " second "	
Eleventh Dynasty	2160-2000 " "
Mentuhotep I	
Mentuhotep II	
Mentuhotep III	

MIDDLE EMPIRE

Twelfth Dynasty	2000-1788 " "
Remarkable in that each monarch during the latter part of his reign associated with himself a son as coregent	
Amenemhet I	2000-1980 " "
Sesostris I	1980-1935 " "
Amenemhet II	1938-1903 " "
Sesostris II	1906-1887 " "

322 FROM CAIRO TO THE CATARACT

Sesostris III	1887-1849 B. C.
Amenemhet III builder of the last Pyramid	1849-1801 " "
Amenemhet IV	1801-1792 " "
Thirteenth - Seventeenth Dynasty — The Hyksos, their capital being Zoan, in the north	1788-1580 " "

NEW EMPIRE

Eighteenth Dynasty	1580-1350 " "
Ahmose I	1580-1557 " "
Amenhotep I }	1557-1501 " "
Thutmose I }	
Thutmose III }	1501-1447 " "
Queen Hatshepsut }	
Amenhotep II	1448-1420 " "
Thutmose IV	1420-1411 " "
Amenhotep III	1411-1375 " "
Amenhotep IV (or Ikhnaton)	1375-1358 " "
Nineteenth Dynasty	1350-1205 " "
Harmhab	1350-1315 " "
Ramses I	1315-1314 " "
Seti I	1313-1292 " "
Ramses II — The Great — (Pharaoh of the Oppression)	1292-1225 " "
Merneptah (Pharaoh of the Exodus)	1225-1215 " "
Seti II	1209-1205 " "
Twentieth Dynasty	1200-1090 " "
Ramses III	1198-1167 " "
Ramses XII	1118-1090 " "
Twenty-first Dynasty	1090- 945 " "
Twenty-second Dynasty	945- 745 " "
Sheshonk I	945- 924 " "
Osorkon I	924- 895 " "
Twenty-fifth Dynasty	712- 663 " "
Taharka	688- 633 " "
Conquest of Egypt by Persians under Cambyses	525 " "

FROM CAIRO TO THE CATARACT 323

Egypt a Persian Province	525- 332 B. C.
Alexander the Great seized Egypt	332 " "
Egypt under Alexander and the Ptolemies	332- 30 " "
Egypt became a Roman Province	30 " "

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